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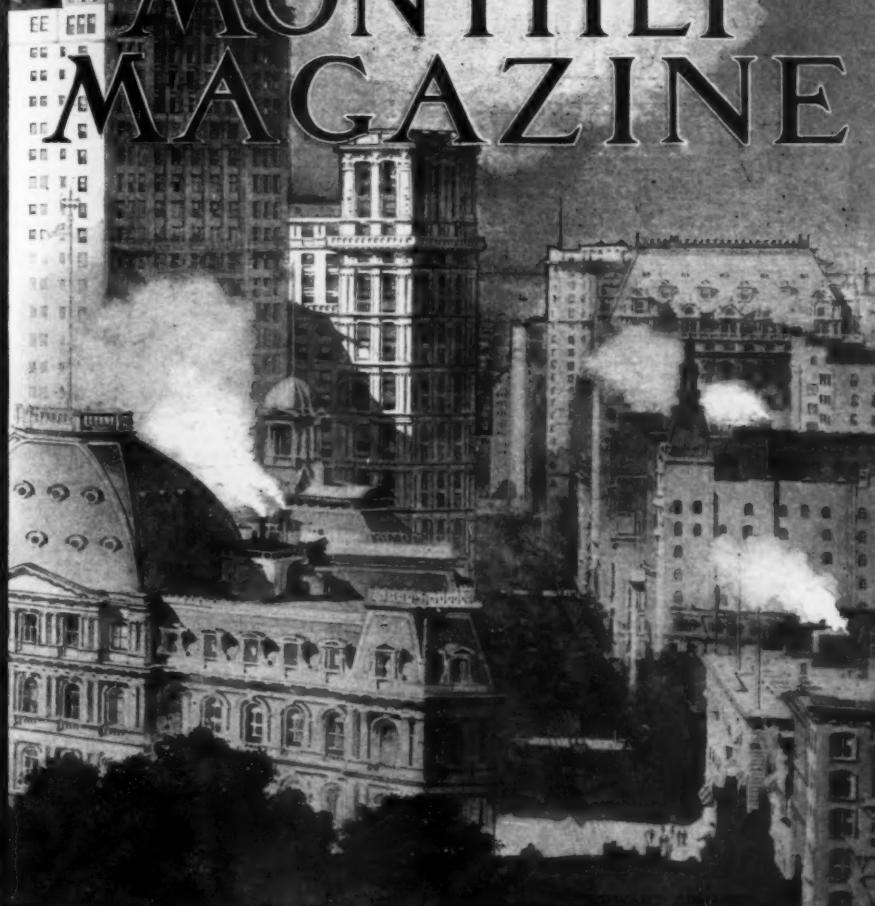
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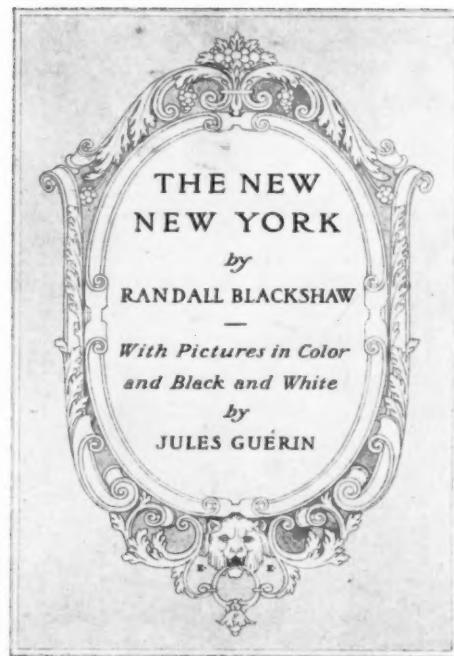
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MIDSUMMER HOLIDAY NUMBER.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

VOL. LXIV.

AUGUST, 1902.

No. 4.



THE NEW NEW YORK.

BY RANDALL BLACKSHAW.

WITH PICTURES BY JULES GUÉRIN. (COLOR PLATES ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.)

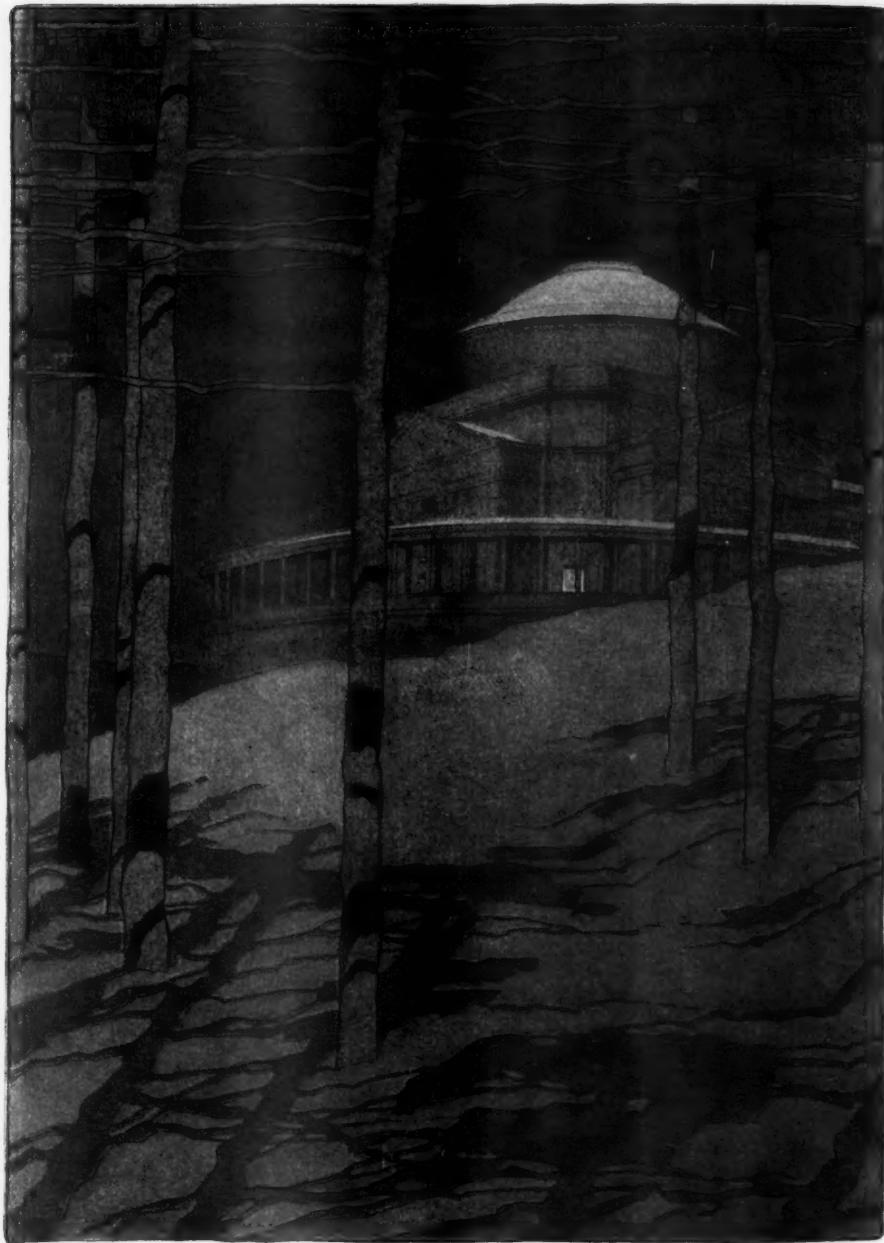
WHAT has been done to make a great city, of which Manhattan Island shall be the heart, what is now doing toward that end, and what has been planned for the near future, it may be worth while to note thus early in the twentieth century.

New York may never weave for the human spirit the spell that was woven ages since by Rome and Athens. Though it should attain to the hoariest antiquity, its very name must prevent its becoming, like those of the Greek and Roman capitals, a synonym for age. Its history began less than three centuries ago, when traders from Holland bought the island from the aborigines; and while the founding of Rome by the foster-children of a wolf may be an incident less well authenticated than this "deal" in real estate, it appeals to the imagination with far more potency. The identification of the town with the name and fame of the Father of his Country is a fact of cardinal interest, and one that the local historian justly emphasizes; yet the story of any one of a hundred Old World cities surpasses that of the New World metropolis in its attractiveness to lovers of the romantic and picturesque. Color and warmth are sadly lacking in the mental picture that rises at mention of the

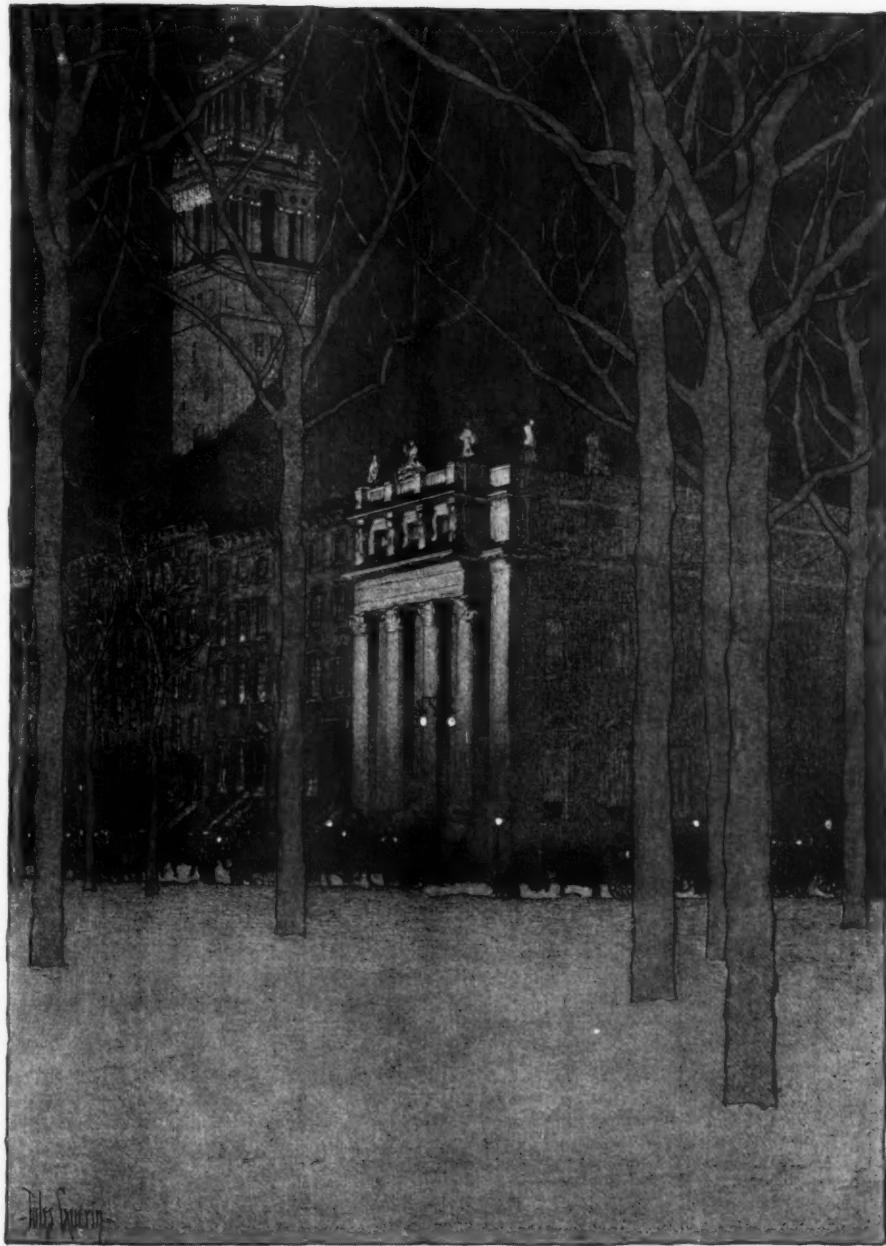
city's name. The chronicler may dazzle by the magnitude of figures expressing municipal growth and commercial achievement; but statistics, no matter how amazing, can never take the place of legend or ancient history.

But to-day a new New York is coming to birth which bids fair to vie, if not in historic interest, at least in magnificence and beauty, with even so splendid a capital as that of France. The fair new city lies in the embrace of the old one like the new moon in the old moon's arms, throwing into high relief the harsh parental outlines. One might almost fancy that the town had been bombarded by a hostile fleet, such rents and gashes appear everywhere in the solid masonry, ranging from the width of a single building to that of a whole block front, nay, even to a succession of blocks, as where the new East River bridge has made foot-room for itself on the Manhattan shore. The very spine of the island has been split by dynamite in preparing the way for rapid transit; and where excavations are being made in preparation for certain new buildings, it looks as if lyddite shells had exploded, ripping up tons upon tons of bed-rock and gravel.

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THE HALL OF FAME (McKIM, MEAD & WHITE, ARCHITECTS), UNIVERSITY OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.



THE APPELLATE COURT-HOUSE (JAMES BROWN LORD, ARCHITECT) AND THE TOWER
OF MADISON SQUARE GARDEN.

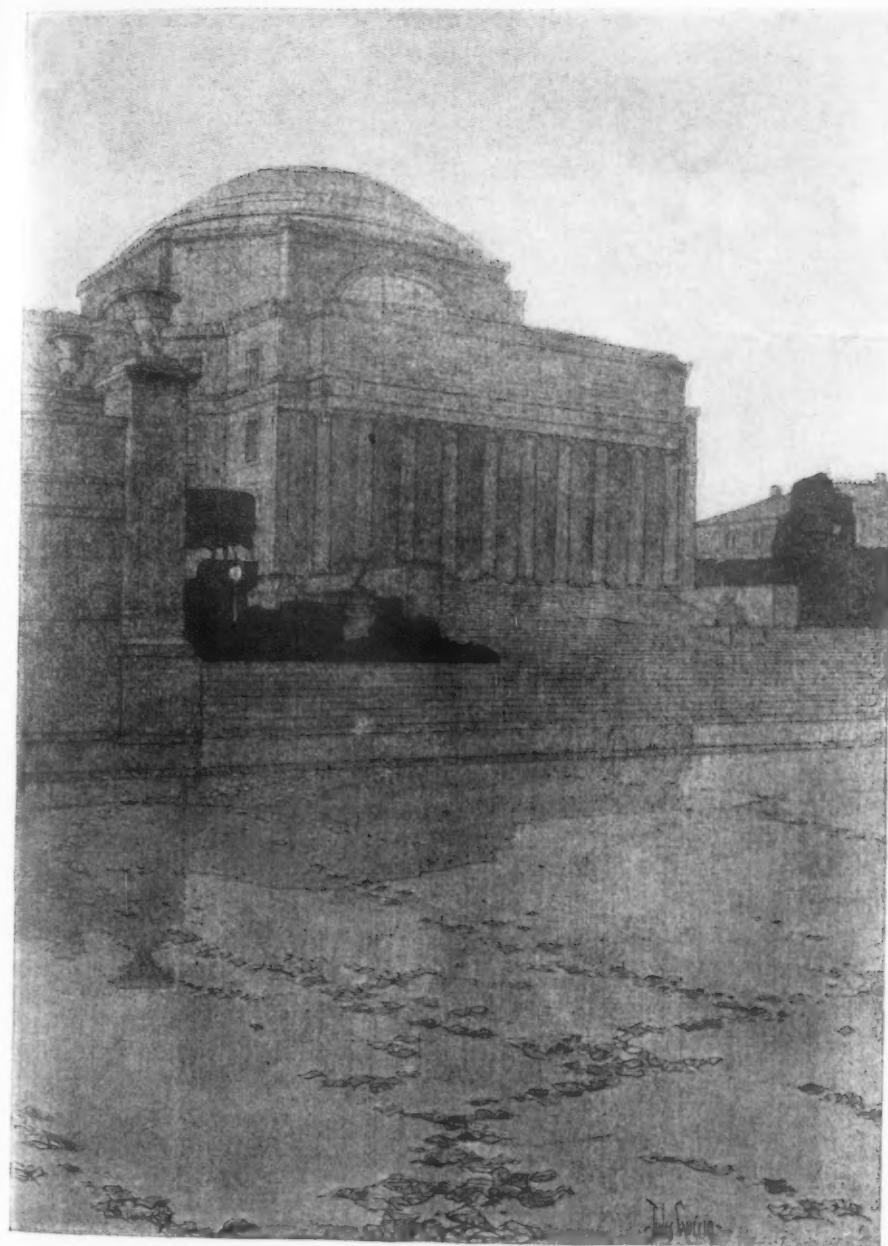
Reckless as all this seems, wasteful as some of it undoubtedly is, by far the greater part of the destruction wrought has been commercially inevitable, and in accordance with a law of growth that involves the reconstruction of the city's central and more crowded quarters simultaneously with the pushing forward of its frontiers. A hundred thousand dollars must be sacrificed, if necessary, to provide for the advantageous investment of a million. The sweeping away of blocks of tenement-houses is a mere incident in the making of an indispensable bridge or creating new parks for the poor; the old inadequate reservoir at Fifth Avenue and Forty-second street is yielded cheerfully when a site is needed for the great central building of the Public Library; and no protest is heard when the Egyptian temple in Center street, yclept the Tombs, makes way for a larger prison, constructed on strictly modern lines, or when St. Luke's Hospital at Fifth Avenue and Fifty-fourth street gives place to a club-house and private dwellings that adorn and enrich the neighborhood. The old Columbia College buildings at Madison Avenue and Forty-ninth street, recently replaced by handsome houses, had outlived their usefulness; and the extension of such a mansion as that of the late Cornelius Vanderbilt at Fifth Avenue and Fifty-seventh street fully justified the tearing down of the adjacent "brownstone fronts." But the pecuniary, or even the esthetic, gain is less obvious when a fine new house in the same avenue, overlooking Central Park, is destroyed to make room for a somewhat larger one; or a dwelling of the palatial character of the Stewart house at Fifth Avenue and Thirty-fourth street is demolished in the interest of purely commercial structures; or so new and costly a building as the Progress club-house at Fifth Avenue and Sixty-third street is destroyed to furnish a site for a pretentious private residence.

The longest and most important step toward beautifying the city was taken when Central Park was created from the island's rocky ribs. That was over forty years ago; and one might say that rather more than had been given with one hand, by the making of the park, was taken away with the other, some fifteen or twenty years later, when the elevated railways were allowed to be built. Had such a tunnel as is now being constructed been a financial or engineering possibility a quarter of a century ago, four of the city's main avenues

might have escaped disfigurement by the railroads on stilts that deface them to-day. The esthetic blight inflicted by these unsightly structures was by no means offset by the subsequent laying of subways for the telegraph and telephone wires formerly festooned overhead along many of the principal streets and avenues.

The need of Central Park is more obvious to-day than it was when the transformation of a midurban desert into an oasis was begun; and the laying out of Riverside Park and Drive—the pictorial effect and accessibility of which have just been doubled by the construction of two viaducts, one at Ninety-sixth street, and the other, on a vaster scale, over the valley through which One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street goes down to the Hudson River—and the creation of Van Cortlandt, Bronx, Pelham Bay, and other parks beyond the Harlem River, were measures of equally far-sighted civic wisdom. So, too, was the making of the Harlem River driveway, or the "Speedway," as it is popularly called; for the provision of a long and wide and level road on which thorough-breds should be allowed to show their paces every day removed an ever-present menace to the integrity of Central Park, since the owners of fast trotters, many of them members of the ruling Tammany ring, were unable to contemplate unmoved the adaptability of certain portions of the park to racing purposes. Only less important in degree were the northward extension of the East River Park at Hell Gate, the metamorphosis into a shaded lawn of the sandy East Side waste known as Tompkins Square, and the wholesale destruction of human rookeries, most notably at the Five Points and Mulberry Bend, to make room for small parks in the heart of the tenement-house district.

Hand in hand with the provision of small parks for the people has gone the creation of school-houses on greatly improved lines, thoroughly fire-proof, handsome and dignified in appearance, provided with roof playgrounds, and inclosing courtyards spacious enough to insure a permanent abundance of light and air. The City College is to abandon the inadequate building, which has long been a local landmark, at Lexington Avenue and Twenty-third street, in favor of a spacious home at Amsterdam Avenue and One Hundred and Thirty-eighth street. As the distance between the two locations is over six miles, this step is one of the most significant indications of the city's growth. And a sign of its growth in commercial conse-



COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY LIBRARY (MCKIM, MEAD & WHITE, ARCHITECTS).



THE WASHINGTON ARCH IN WASHINGTON SQUARE (STANFORD WHITE, ARCHITECT).

quence is to be seen in the establishment of a free high school of commerce, to be housed in a large and costly building in Amsterdam Avenue, the corner-stone of which was laid last December.

Recreation piers have been erected at several points along the North and East rivers, and the building of others has been arranged for. They are brightly lighted at night, and on certain evenings in the summer music is provided for the delectation of the crowds that fill them; and as there is no charge for admission by day or night, they admirably supplement the service of the small parks as breathing-places for the poor. Incidentally, they are an ornament to the water front. The same impulse that prompted the building of these piers has led to the establishment of public baths and public comfort-stations, and the adaptation of the old Castle Garden to use as an aquarium.

Piers for commercial purposes, more nearly adequate to the needs of a great port than the old ones in use these many years, are being constructed on both sides of the city. Along the North River, from West Washington Market, at the foot of Gansevoort street, to the foot of West Twenty-second street, a new sea-wall, 3000 feet long, is to be built, with ten great two-storyed piers, 800 feet long by 125 feet wide, at the foot of the intervening streets. As the river cannot be narrowed without the permission of the Secretary of War, the building of piers of this size, skirted by a street 250 feet wide, will necessitate the condemnation and removal of several blocks of property, the price of which, added to that of the piers themselves, each of which is expected to cost about \$300,000, and of the sea-wall, will make the total expense of this improvement something like \$8,000,000. And an effort will be made to gain the approval of the new administration for a plan to improve the docking facilities for half a mile or more farther northward. Along the East River, between Whitehall and Montgomery streets, a sea-wall and eight piers have been constructed at a cost of \$5,000,000 or so; and new piers have recently been built at Seventeenth and Eighteenth streets.

When the underground railway (the so-called "Rapid Transit" system) finds itself in running order, at the close of next year, one of the most vexatious problems that confront great municipalities will have been solved for New York, and one that has been exceptionally difficult of solution here, owing

to the island's length and narrowness. When the tremendous feat has been carried to a successful issue, and the greater part of the city's appropriation of \$35,000,000 has been converted into steel and concrete and fire-proofing, there will be little to show for it to wayfarers in the street. They will note, perhaps, the entrances to the subway stations, except those that are hidden in certain newly built hotels along the route; and between One Hundred and Twenty-fifth and One Hundred and Thirty-fifth streets, spanning Manhattan Valley, and at One Hundred and Forty-fifth street, crossing the Harlem River, they will find a steel viaduct carrying the railway-tracks. But the road, as a whole, will be as inconspicuous as a penknife in a pocket, and what is now the most useless and obtrusive feature on the city's face will have shrunk into a beneficent invisibility.

From City Hall Park, near the lower end of Manhattan Island, the Rapid Transit tunnel will carry four tracks to One Hundred and Third street and the Boulevard (Broadway), a distance of nearly seven miles. The left-hand fork of the Y will follow a northerly course, for another seven miles, to Bailey Avenue, on the farther side of Spuyten Duyvil Creek, carrying three tracks as far as the station at One Hundred and Forty-fifth street, and two from that point to its terminus. The other branch, with its two tracks, will trend to the northeast, passing beneath the Harlem River and terminating at Bronx Park. This terminus, also, will be nearly fourteen miles from the original starting-point. At about One Hundred and Ninety-fifth street, on the west side, and a mile north of the Harlem on the east, what has been up to those points an underground will become an overhead road, running on elevated tracks. In other words, about five and a half miles of the Rapid Transit line will be in the open air. At Manhattan Valley, elevators will carry passengers *up* to the stations; at certain other points they will carry them *down*—in one or two instances to platforms nearly a hundred feet below the level of the street. This depth is reached in the Washington Heights region, where for a distance of nearly two miles the building of the tunnel has involved mining operations very different from the open-cut excavations that have sufficed for the greater part of the work. Similar boring has been done under the northwest corner of Central Park, the total length of the "drift" in that neighborhood



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. C. MERRILL.

THE ELECTRIC POWER-HOUSE, SEVENTY-FOURTH STREET AND EAST RIVER
(GEORGE H. PEGRAM, CHIEF ENGINEER).

being about a third of a mile, and its greatest depth about sixty-five feet.

It will not be long before spurs of the underground road will be carried down Broadway and beneath the East River to Brooklyn, at an expense of \$8,000,000; and perhaps to Bay Ridge, and thence, by a plunge under the Narrows, to Staten Island. By the time this is achieved, the Pennsylvania Railroad will be carrying out, at an estimated expense of \$50,000,000, its stupendous project of a four-track railway, in two eighteen-foot tubes, extending beneath the mile-wide North River from the Hackensack Meadows in New Jersey to New York city, where it will open out into a station 1500 by 520 feet in size, between Tenth and Seventh avenues and Thirty-first and Thirty-third streets. Above this enormous underground station a bridge 100 feet wide will stretch between Thirty-first and Thirty-third streets. The end of the bridge will be approached by evenly graded carriageways; and stairways will connect the bridge with the platforms

below, which will be skirted by twenty-five tracks. Eastward of Seventh Avenue, the Long Island Railroad, now a branch of the Pennsylvania, will lay three single-track tubes—one each under Thirty-first, Thirty-second, and Thirty-third streets—to and beyond the East River, where they will come to the surface in Brooklyn at a point seven or eight miles from the New Jersey entrance to the tunnel.

This great undertaking involves tunneling the island on a lower level than that of the Rapid Transit subway. Its significance is far-reaching, and so will be its effects. By adding immeasurably to the city's accessibility from the mainland, it will vastly increase its commercial importance; incidentally it will increase real-estate values, and lead to a radical improvement in the architectural quality of the buildings in the neighborhood of the proposed station, which is to be modeled, in a general way, on the Gare d'Orléans in Paris.

It is worth noting that the disclosure of

the Pennsylvania's plans has led to the incorporation of a company which talks of spending \$40,000,000 to parallel that corporation's tunnel and to accommodate certain other railroads that are seeking entrance to New York. It is also announced that a new company, capitalized at \$8,500,000, has been formed to complete the unfinished tunnel beneath the Hudson River from Jersey City to Morton street, New York, for use in connection with the Metropolitan Street Railway of New York and the Jersey City and tributary electric railroads. Of the 5580 feet under water, 4000 had been excavated when work was discontinued, several years ago. The New York terminal station of this tunnel will be in the West-Side block bounded by Christopher, Tenth, Greenwich, and Hudson streets.

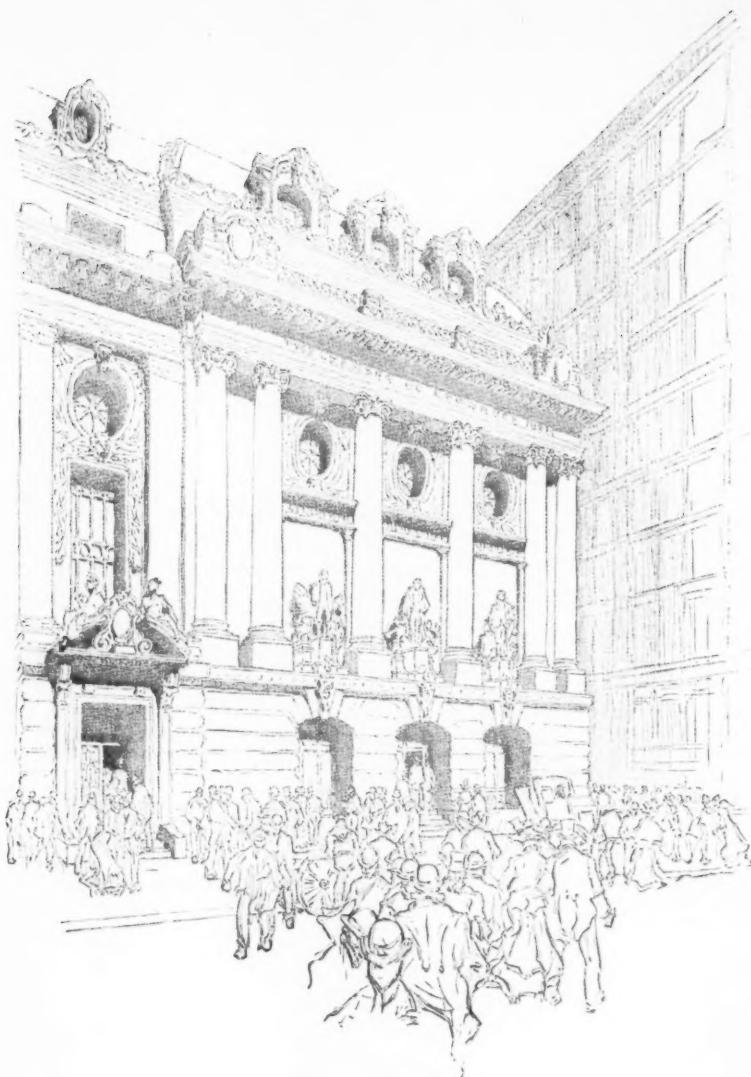
President Cassatt's declaration that electric traction will be adopted in the Pennsylvania tunnels, as being "in every way the most practical, economical, and the best for the interests of the railroad company and the city," coming just before the recent fatal collision in the smoke-and-steam filled tunnel in Park Avenue between Fifty-sixth and Ninety-sixth streets, was promptly followed by the announcement by the New York Central Railroad Company of its intention to use electricity in handling its suburban traffic within the city limits—that is to say, between Mott Haven, beyond the Harlem River, and the Grand Central Station at Forty-second street. This will involve the construction of a tunnel beginning to descend from the present track-level at the lower extremity of the tunnel now in use for all trains, and thereafter to be used for through trains only, and extending beneath the train-yard to the station, with an underground landing-place connecting with the Rapid Transit tunnel station at Forty-second street, as well as with the railroad-station overhead. The new tunnel, which will form a wide loop under the Grand Central Station, will be large enough to carry several tracks, and its construction will virtually double the present capacity of the terminus. To the many thousands of passengers on the several lines that use the Central's tracks, this too-long-delayed reform will be an incalculable boon. The carrying out of its various plans in this connection, necessitating the acquisition of whole blocks of valuable real estate, the purchase of which has been under way for some time past, will of course involve very heavy outlays, and the railroad company has arranged to raise

\$43,750,000, or more, by the issue of new stock.

The use of electricity on the Pennsylvania, New York Central, and Rapid Transit lines will follow hard upon its adoption on the elevated roads, on which the experimental trips of a train made up of motor-cars and "trailers" were made in January last. An enormous power-house for the generation of 100,000 horse-power (twice as much as is produced by the immense dynamos at Niagara Falls) has been built beside the East River above Seventy-fourth street, with seven substations scattered about the city; and as the new motive-power will enable trains to start and stop on a curve, a station costing \$100,000 will be built at Manhattan Avenue and One Hundred and Tenth street, and equipped with eight large electric elevators to carry passengers to the dizzy height of the tracks at that point.

Second in importance only to the actual and projected tunnels are the bridges that will bind the city to Long Island, if not to the mainland also. The gigantic union railway-bridge that has been dreamed of as a link between Manhattan and New Jersey may have had its death-blow in the adoption of the plans devised by a clever English engineer for the Pennsylvania road alone; but the Brooklyn Bridge in use for the last nineteen years is to be supplemented by three others, one of which is expected to be in commission before the close of 1903. From its anchorage near the foot of Delancey street, New York, it stretches 2800 feet to its anchorage in Brooklyn, E. D., with a clear span of 1600 feet between its open-ironwork towers, and at its lowest point an elevation of 135 feet above the water. The estimated cost of this picturesque structure, which, when completed, will have been a little over seven years in building, is approximately \$15,000,000. This was about the cost of the first Brooklyn Bridge, which took over thirteen years to build.

The new bridge is officially known as No. 2, owing, not to its location, but to the date of its construction. Between this and the old bridge (No. 1), another (No. 3) has been arranged for. It is to be of the suspension-bridge type, a few feet wider than the one at Delancey street, and, including its approaches, a quarter of a mile longer, yet its cost will be about the same (\$14,750,000). And yet another band is to link together the opposite shores of the East River. Bridge No. 4, as it is called, will be a cantaliver affair, having a central pier on Black-



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY R. C. COLLINS.
CHAMBER OF COMMERCE (JAMES B. BAKER, ARCHITECT).

well's Island, and costing about \$11,000,000. And besides the recently constructed bridge spanning the Harlem at One Hundred and Forty-fifth street,—the latest of the many by which that stream is crossed,—one of unusual height is some day to overleap the great gap between Inwood, at the northern extremity of Manhattan Island, and the Spuyten Duyvil heights beyond, joining Riverside Drive with the new transpontine

parkway from which it is now cut off by Spuyten Duyvil Creek, the outlet of the Harlem ship-canal into the Hudson River.

Fortunately for the architectural future of the city, the temptation to overtop the highest building previously erected is resisted now and then, in circumstances where it would be easy to yield to it. Notable among the monumental edifices that might have vied, had they so wished, with the

heaven-aspiring Park Row Building, are the home of the Produce Exchange, facing Battery Park, the Herald Building in upper Broadway, the Appellate Court-house overlooking Madison Square,—a block below the immense and ornate Madison Square Garden, with its soaring tower tipped by St. Gaudens's "Diana,"—the Bank for Savings in Fourth Avenue, and the New York County Bank in Eighth Avenue (these two, like the court-house, of snowy marble), the Greenwich Savings Bank in Sixth Avenue, and the Bowery Bank at Grand street and the Bowery.

It is natural that the skyward tendency should manifest itself least strongly in the case of public buildings, where pecuniary returns on the investment in steel and stone are not looked for. Thus, the vast new Custom House (for which Congress has appropriated \$3,000,000, and is asked to appropriate \$1,750,000 more), now in course of construction immediately south of Bowling Green and east of Battery Park, at the lower end of Broadway, is to be limited in height to half a dozen stories. The present ponderous and imposing structure in Wall street (from the steps of which Garfield addressed the crowd when Lincoln was assassinated) was sold, with its site, for \$3,265,000; yet the First National Bank, which bought it, is undecided whether to occupy it, on taking possession two or three years hence, or to replace it with a modern office building!

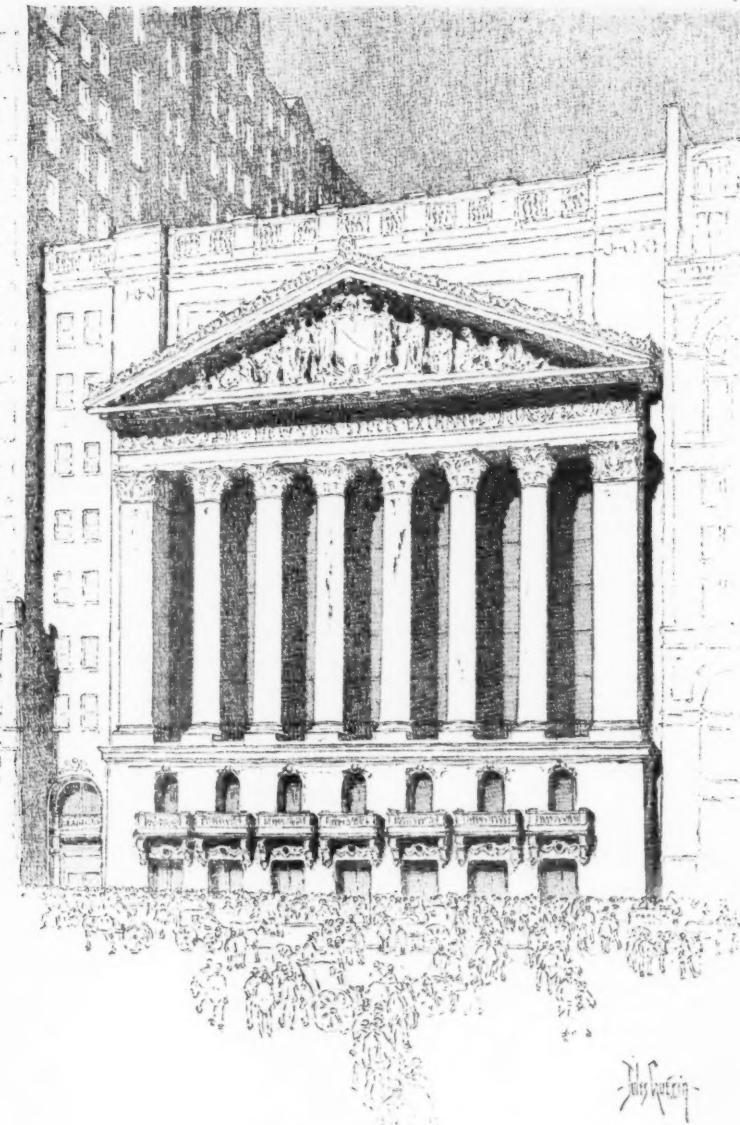
Among the nation's real-estate holdings in this city, the Post Office, to be erected when Congress appropriates the necessary \$2,500,000, will rank next to the new Custom House. It is understood that the site of the new office will be farther up-town—that is, nearer the local center of population—than that of the present building, erected at enormous cost less than thirty years ago, yet long since antiquated and outgrown. When the old office was built, the local postal receipts were \$3,000,000 a year; now they considerably exceed four times that sum.

The most important municipal buildings now in course of erection are the Tombs prison and the Hall of Records, both well down-town, in Center street. Each of these new structures, the cost of which will run into the millions, will take the place of a noted landmark; the original prison, demolished to make room for the new one, having been one of the most picturesque, and, though not old, yet one of the oldest

looking buildings on the island; while the present Hall of Records, which is to be preserved, is the oldest, if not the most interesting, public building in the city, being a noted relic of old New York.

Of non-official buildings projected or already begun, none is more important in its indirect bearing on the commercial greatness of the city than the home of the Chamber of Commerce at Liberty street and Liberty Place, the corner-stone of which was laid last year, and which is to cost \$1,500,000. It will be interesting to compare this magnificent building with Fraunce's Tavern at Broad and Pearl streets, which was the birthplace of the Chamber in 1768, and has ever since existed as a public house. The new building will be, in a sense, a companion to that of the Clearing House Association in the next street (Cedar); and only two blocks farther down-town, linking Wall street with Broad and New, is rising the highly ornamental home of the Stock Exchange, where last year's sales of 265,000,000 shares of stock are likely to be eclipsed before long, and where the cost of a membership certificate has reached the "record" price of \$80,000. About two millions of dollars will be expended on this building, and every modern invention will be utilized in it by which time can be saved to men engaged in a business wherein, preëminently, time is money.

None of these buildings is of the sky-scraping class; and what that means to their neighbors was strikingly illustrated in Pine street, the other day, when a private banker's decision to erect a three-story building for his own use added \$75,000 to the value of the two lots in the rear. In this connection it is worthy of note that the Park Bank is to make large lateral additions to its present home in lower Broadway, in the form of L's extending to Ann and Fulton streets, without imitating its more ambitious rivals by providing office-room for outsiders. When a bank houses itself in a sky-scraper, it is usually with a view to the making of a safe investment of its funds. When an insurance company does the same thing, it is largely with a view to attracting the public eye. Imposing architectural effects are often the result, as in the case of the Equitable, the Mutual, the New York, the Home Life, and the Manhattan, down-town, and of the Metropolitan in Madison Square, which is extending its broad-based marble headquarters over the site of the recently demolished Academy of Design at Twenty-third street



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY G. H. LEWIS.

THE STOCK EXCHANGE (GEORGE B. POST, ARCHITECT).

and Fourth Avenue, and of the Lyceum Theater adjoining.

The almost simultaneous removal of Columbia College from Madison Avenue and Forty-ninth street to Morningside Heights, overlooking the Hudson River, and of New York University from Washington Square to University Heights, beyond and over-

looking the Harlem, led not only to the replacing of the old college buildings with valuable buildings of modern type, but, especially in the case of Columbia, greatly accelerated the development of the new neighborhoods. Already there is ample promise that Morningside Heights will become, from an architectural point of view,

what its natural features predestined it to be—the most beautiful section of the city. Only a little way from the impressive Low Library and lesser Columbia buildings, the story of which is as yet by no means told, the great Episcopal Cathedral of St. John the Divine (which will compare not unfavorably in size and beauty with the famous Old World shrines) is gradually taking shape, after ten years of halting progress;¹ and between the cathedral and the college stands the vast bulk of St. Luke's Hospital, built only a few years since from the proceeds of the sale of the hospital building and grounds at Fifth Avenue and Fifty-fourth street. Even nearer to the university are the stately buildings of Barnard College, for women (now an almost integral part of Columbia), and the Horace Mann School, erected at a cost of half a million, which was first occupied in December last.

The most conspicuous and most famous of the many striking edifices in this neighborhood is the tomb of General Grant in Riverside Park, opposite One Hundred and Twenty-third street, where it rises 160 feet from its base-line and nearly 300 above the level of the Hudson. This has waited five years, and may have to wait many more, for the equestrian statue and portrait panels that are ultimately to embellish it. In the meantime, the Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument at Riverside Drive and Eighty-ninth street, on which the city has spent \$250,000, has become an actuality; but the attempt to perpetuate, by popular subscription, the Naval Arch of 1899 has been abandoned. As yet, therefore, the beautiful Washington Arch in Washington Square, designed in 1889 by Mr. Stanford White, is the only monument of its kind in the city. A notable improvement in the neighborhood of the tomb was the recent substitution of a formal colonial garden for the unsightly sheds in the rear of the hotel on Claremont Heights, as the upper end of Riverside Park is called.

As an architectural monument, the next place to the Cathedral of St. John will be held by the Public Library, the foundations of which have just been laid on the site of the old reservoir in Fifth Avenue, from Fortieth to Forty-second street. This vast white marble building, 366 feet long by 246 feet wide, standing a little back from Fifth Avenue, will be not only a thing of beauty, but the latest expression, in equipment and organization, of modern thought on library problems. And it will not be long be-

fore its power for good in the community will be reinforced by the sixty-five branch libraries that Mr. Carnegie is to build at an outlay exceeding \$5,000,000, the estimated cost, by the way, of the central building alone. Of the branch buildings—to be designed by some of the most artistic architectural firms in the city—thirty-seven will be allotted to the borough of Manhattan. The contract for the building of the first of these, in East Seventy-ninth street, was let in February last.

Before the end of the present year, the new wing of the Metropolitan Museum, extending to Fifth Avenue at Eighty-second street, will be thrown open to the public. The recent completion of this addition, at an expense of \$1,000,000, has drawn public attention to the fact that the sketch plans for the museum as a whole, drawn by the late Richard M. Hunt, call for a series of similar extensions, wherewith the large original building is to be completely surrounded. As the city bears the expense of building, a large part of the income from the recent princely inheritance of over \$5,000,000 from the Rogers estate will be available for the purchase of additions to the museum's art collections. On the opposite side of the park, in Manhattan Square, the Museum of Natural History is constantly undergoing enlargement to accommodate its increasing stores of animal, vegetable, and mineral wealth.

It may be some time before the local art societies, nobly discontent with the comparatively new Fine Arts Building in Fifty-seventh street, can carry out their ambitious project of a union building for exhibition purposes, for which they are looking heavenward, just now, for a windfall of \$1,500,000; yet it is reasonably certain that before many years the National Academy of Design will have further improved the site it already occupies in part, in Amsterdam Avenue between One Hundred and Ninth and One Hundred and Tenth streets, where the realization in stone and steel of the designs for a highly ornamental edifice awaits only an adequate addition to its building-funds. And it will not be very long before the New York Historical Society, now at Second Avenue and Eleventh street, begins to establish itself on the block front in Central Park West extending from Seventy-sixth to Seventy-seventh street, which is to be the scene of its activities during the second century of its existence. A wing will be

¹ See illustrated article in THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for February, 1902.



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. C. MERRILL.
GENERAL GRANT'S TOMB (JOHN H. DUNCAN, ARCHITECT) AND RIVERSIDE PARK.

constructed first, pending the completion of the fund of \$800,000 necessary to carry out the building plans.

A striking improvement has already been noted in the architecture of the public schools recently erected in New York; and some idea of the activity of the movement for providing seats for the many thousands of pupils hitherto crowded out may be had from the latest reports of the Board of Education, which has recently removed from its former simple quarters in Grand street to a huge new building at Park Avenue and Fifty-ninth street, more than three miles farther up-town. During the year ending July 31, 1901, eight new school-houses were

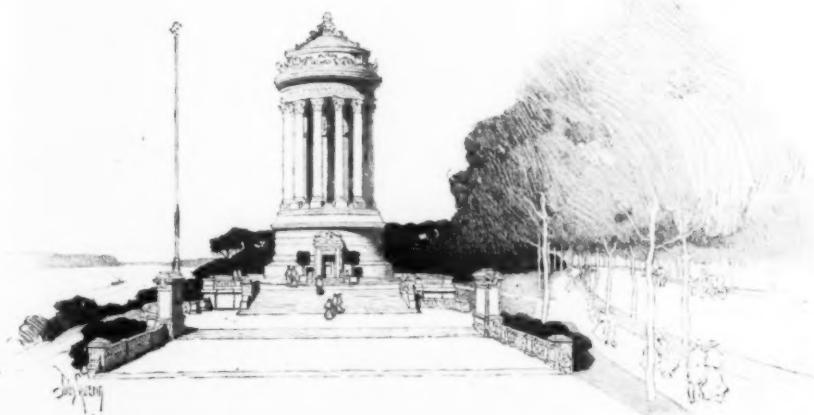
completed in the boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx, at an expense of over \$2,000,000; during the same period contracts were let, to the same amount, for the construction of seven more, including the Commercial High School; and two others, previously contracted for, were in course of building. One of the two delayed school-houses—No. 171, extending from One Hundred and Third to One Hundred and Fourth street between Fifth and Madison avenues—is a fine example of the new type of such buildings in this city; and the East Side is soon to be ornamented with a high school for boys, extending from Fifteenth to Sixteenth street between Stuyvesant Square and First Ave-

nue, which will appropriately illustrate the old Dutch ideals in architecture. This will be a huge affair, costing over half a million and accommodating 3400 pupils.

Progress is making on the Episcopal cathedral on Morningside Heights; an addition is being made to the Catholic cathedral in Fifth Avenue; the four colossal statues recently placed in niches on the exterior of the tower of Trinity Church in Broadway may be said to complete that old-looking, though far from ancient, edifice; St. Ignatius's Episcopal Church is rising gradually beside the Methodist St. Paul's in West End Avenue; the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes is nearing completion in Amsterdam Avenue, where the stone facing of the late Academy of Design in Fourth Avenue is to take a new lease of life, saving some \$50,000 to the thrifty parish; the unfinished Russian (Greek) Church in Ninety-seventh street between Fifth and Madison avenues adds a new and striking note to the architectural tone-color of Manhattan; and the Broadway Tabernacle, which has yielded to the overwhelming commercial pressure at Sixth Avenue and Thirty-fourth street, will soon make a new stand at Broadway and Fifty-sixth street—its third site in sixty years' existence. This list of churches building, or to be built at once, makes no claim to exhaustiveness, but is sufficient to give some im-

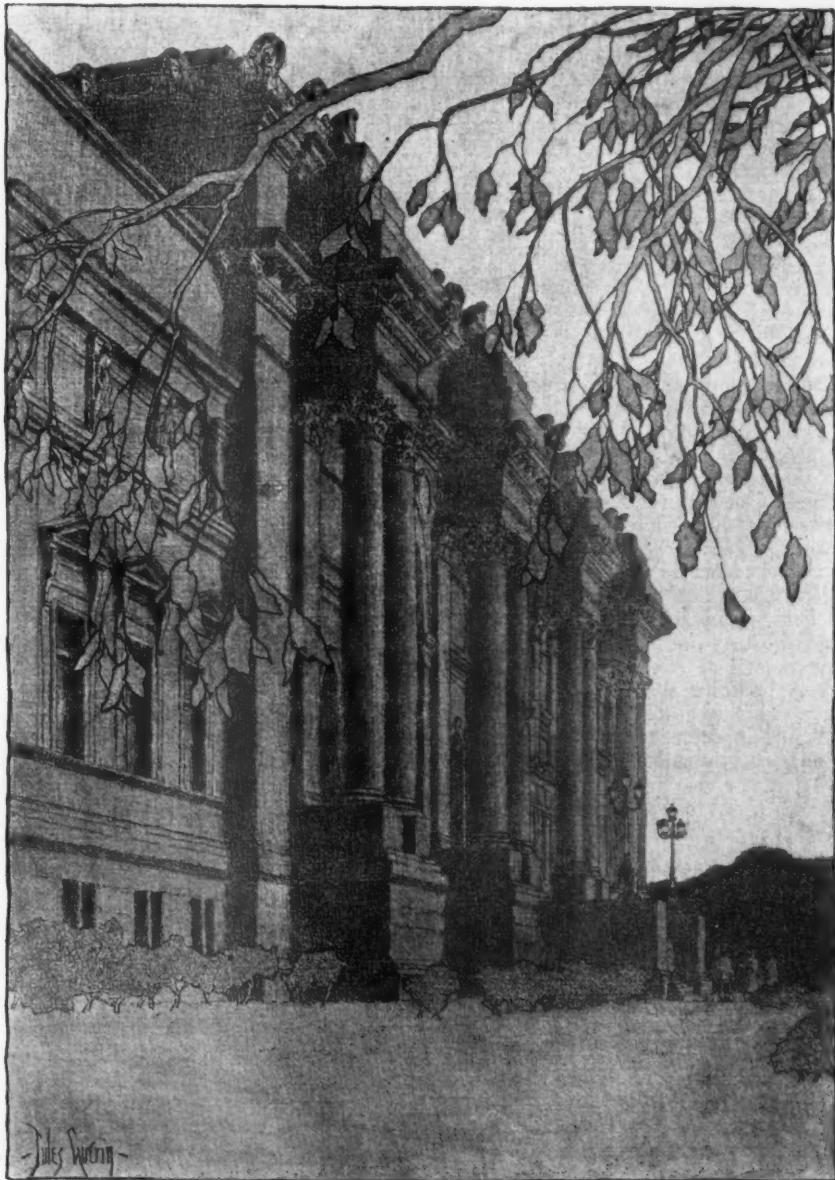
pression of the extent to which New York city is being made over.

By the 1st of April, 1903, the Young Men's Christian Association, which has sold its old home at Fourth Avenue and Twenty-third street, expects to be housed in a new one, eight or nine stories in height, extending from Twenty-third to Twenty-fourth street between Seventh and Eighth avenues. Its appropriation for building purposes is \$450,000. The Lying-in Hospital at East Seventeenth street and Second Avenue, overlooking Stuyvesant Square,—the gift of Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan,—has just been finished at an expense of about \$1,250,000, and the New York Infant Asylum has taken possession of its new home at Sixty-first street and Amsterdam Avenue; the Manhattan Maternity Hospital is to build in East Sixtieth street between First and Second avenues; the Mount Sinai Hospital will leave Lexington Avenue this year for new and more spacious quarters in Madison Avenue, extending from One Hundredth to One Hundred and First street; the purchase by the New York Central Railroad of the two Park Avenue and Lexington Avenue blocks between Forty-eighth and Fiftieth streets will make it necessary for the Woman's Hospital and the Episcopal Orphan Asylum to seek new homes; the Hebrew Sheltering Guardian Society is raising \$250,000 to add a wing for



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. H. NORTHCOTE.

SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' MONUMENT (C. W. & A. A. STOUGHTON, AND P. E. DUBOY, ARCHITECTS), RIVERSIDE DRIVE.



THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM (THE LATE RICHARD M. HUNT, AND RICHARD H. HUNT, ARCHITECTS).

educational and library purposes to its buildings at Broadway and One Hundred and Fifty-first street; and the Jewish Theological Seminary is to remove from Lexington Avenue to new quarters in One Hundred and Twenty-third street near Broadway; while

within the last few years the Charity Organization Society (with its affiliated associations), the Episcopal Church Missions, and the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children have found permanent and almost luxurious homes in Fourth Avenue, the

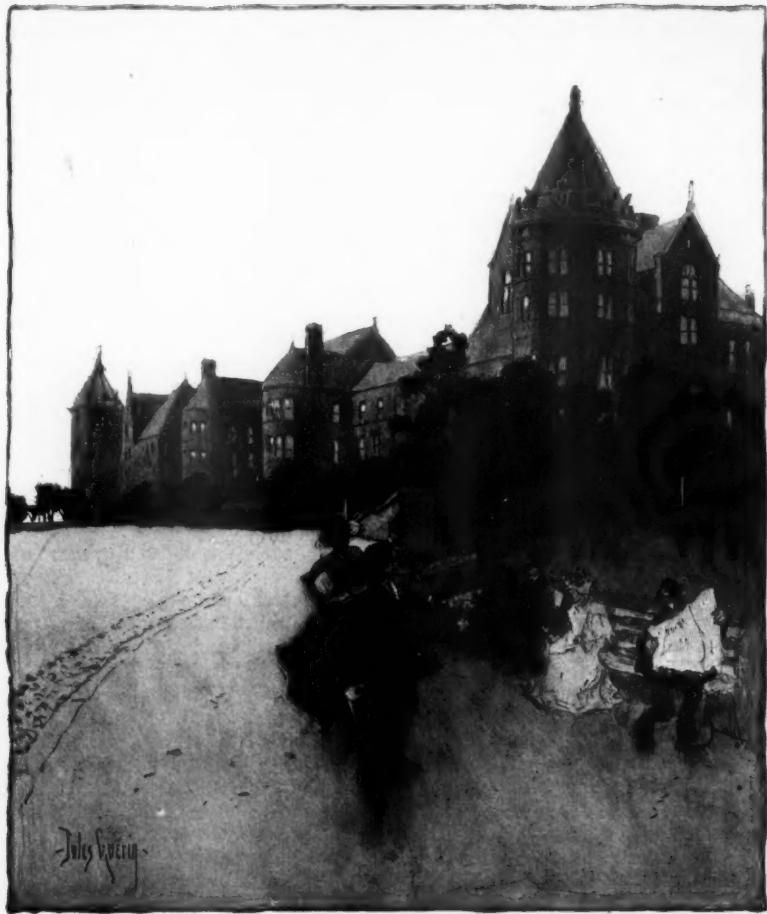
Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals at Twenty-sixth street and Madison Avenue, and the Presbyterian missionary societies at Fifth Avenue and Twentieth street.

Nothing of late years has more strikingly emphasized the growing importance of New York as a social center than the increase of the number, membership, and wealth of its clubs. The first of these to yield to the demand for a building of the monumental type was the Union League, whose home at Thirty-ninth street has been one of the landmarks of Fifth Avenue since 1881. The Century Association followed it up-town, from its modest but cozy quarters in East Fifteenth street, ten years later, and now occupies a handsome house in West Forty-third street. The Metropolitan had not long been organized when it moved into its Italian Renaissance palace at Fifth Avenue and Sixtieth street. Then came the University Club's removal in 1899 to a many-storied granite mansion, Italian of another type, at Fifth Avenue and Fifty-fourth street; and two years later the New York Yacht Club moved into a building in West Forty-fourth street worthy of the prestige of this greatest of boating associations, and a fitting repository for the America's cup. The Union Club, after long resisting the northward tendency that had proved irresistible to its rivals, has yielded at last, and having sold its old home at Fifth Avenue and Twenty-first street, is erecting a splendid new one at Fifth Avenue and Fifty-first street, on the corner next above St. Patrick's Cathedral. The City Club, devoted to the cause of good municipal government, has arranged for the erection of a home of its own in West Forty-fourth street; the Republican Club has accepted designs for a handsome ten-story building in Fortieth street, overlooking Bryant Square, on the site lately occupied by St. Ignatius's Church—"a typical New York club-house of the latest type," with kitchen on the top floor behind a summer roof-garden; the Sons of the Revolution have planned a dignified edifice, only two stories high, which will probably be built in West Fifty-fifth street; the Progress Club, having disposed of its spacious home at Fifth Avenue and Sixty-third street, will build a still more commodious one at Central Park West and Eighty-eighth street; and the City Teachers' Association is raising a fund for building purposes. The Harlem Club, at Lenox Avenue and One Hundred and Twenty-third street, occupies one of the

most notable buildings in the upper part of Manhattan; the Catholic Club's quarters in Central Park South may fairly be regarded as permanent; the local clubs of Yale and Harvard graduates are sumptuously housed on opposite sides of West Forty-fourth street; the Arion Society of music-loving Germans can adequately entertain a royal prince in its home at Park Avenue and Fifty-ninth street; and some of the large athletic clubs, such as the New York, the Knickerbocker, and the Racquet and Tennis, have local habitations in keeping with their size and wealth.

Among the private houses now in course of erection are such notable examples of domestic architecture as those which Mr. Carnegie and a United States senator from another State are building in Fifth Avenue, overlooking Central Park. The former is noteworthy for its comparative simplicity, the amplitude of open space about it, and the effect of seclusion secured by surrounding it with well-grown forest trees. The progress of the latter has been marked by the incidental purchase of the quarries from which the stone is cut and of the foundry where the bronze-work is making. That such a house should cost \$2,500,000 is less surprising than the fact that the recent alteration and re-decoration of a neighboring Fifth Avenue "mansion" should have involved the expenditure of \$600,000 or more. A private dwelling, princely in size and appointments, is to replace the Progress club-house at Fifth Avenue and Sixty-third street.

Many millions are involved in the plans for new hotels of the largest and most modern type soon to supplement such new and typically metropolitan hostelleries as the Waldorf-Astoria, the Holland House, the Imperial, the Manhattan, the Savoy, and the New Netherland. Among these are the nineteen-storied Hotel Terminus, to be built by the Subway Realty Company, opposite the Grand Central Station, at Park Avenue and Forty-second street; the great caravansary that the Astor estate is demolishing the St. Cloud at Broadway and Forty-second street to make room for (both of these will have direct underground connection with the Rapid Transit tunnel); the new Astor building in Broadway between Forty-fourth and Forty-fifth streets; a twelve-storied structure at Seventh Avenue and Forty-ninth street; and the hotel that is to form a part of the projected Pennsylvania Railroad station in West Thirty-third street. Then there is the slowly growing Hotel Martha Washington, for women, in



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. C. MERRILL.

MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY (CADY, BERG & SEE, ARCHITECTS).

Twenty-ninth street near Madison Avenue—an ornate twelve-story affair, to cost, with the land it stands on, \$750,000.

But no less typical of the New York of to-day than these hotels proper are the so-called apartment-hotels, where suites of rooms are engaged by the year by families that either use the dining-room of the building or go out for their meals. Many of these peculiarly modern compromises between the hotel and the apartment-house are going up in all the residential parts of the city, including even Harlem, hitherto the stronghold of the class of tenants that prefers the apartment-house proper, with its individual dining-rooms and kitchens. These hotels range in height from eight to twelve stories or more, and sometimes occupy the entire

front of an avenue block. Most notable among the newer buildings of this type is the one completed this year, under the direction of the Astor estate, at Fifth Avenue and Fifty-fifth street.

Of theaters, large and small, there are at least threescore in the borough of Manhattan; yet such is the demand for additional accommodations that at least eight new ones have recently been planned. One of these will be built next door to the Republic and the Victoria theaters in Forty-second street at Seventh Avenue; another on the opposite side of the street; a third in West Forty-fourth street; yet another in the same neighborhood, the Longacre Square district; a fifth on a site not yet announced; a sixth in One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street near

St. Nicholas Avenue; a seventh (the new Lyceum) in Forty-fifth street east of Broadway; and an eighth in the Bowery.

It would be an endless task to enumerate the buildings for business purposes that are rising with mushroom-like celerity and frequency in all parts of the city, though mention may be made, in passing, of such as are to replace familiar landmarks. First among those which by virtue of their size and situ-

ation are likely to become landmarks themselves must be counted the Cumberland Building in the triangle at Broadway, Fifth Avenue, and Twenty-third street, nicknamed "the Flat-iron." Then there is the Knickerbocker Trust Company Building, soon to occupy the site of the Stewart house at Fifth Avenue and Thirty-fourth street; the trust company building that is to confront the Metropolitan club-house across the Fifth



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS.

THE UNION CLUB (CASS GILBERT, JOHN DU FAIS, JOINT ARCHITECTS)
AND ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL.



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. C. MERRILL.

"THE FLAT-IRON," TWENTY-THIRD STREET AND BROADWAY (D. H. BURNHAM, ARCHITECT).

Avenue end of Sixtieth street; the Bank of the Metropolis in Union Square; the store which has replaced the Star Theater (formerly Wallack's) at Broadway and Thirteenth street; and the business buildings being erected on the site of the residence of the late Marshall O. Roberts at Fifth Avenue and Eighteenth street, Chickering Hall on the diagonally opposite corner, the Union Club three blocks farther north, and Colonnade Row (formerly La Grange Terrace) in Lafayette Place. A notable structure is the Windsor Arcade, that marks the site of the burned Windsor Hotel at Fifth Avenue and Forty-seventh street, and emphasizes the fact that height is not indispensable to striking architectural effects.

The various railway plans that have been in the air for some time past have concentrated attention on the neighborhood of Herald and Greeley squares, where Broadway, Sixth Avenue, and Thirty-fourth street intersect one another. Here two whole block fronts have been swept away, and while one is to be occupied by a "specialty" store, the other, with an annex across the street, is to be the site of a vast department store. On the opposite side of the avenue, the Broadway Tabernacle and adjacent buildings are to be razed and the site dedicated to the god of trade. Nothing could better illustrate the tendency of the large retail shops to follow the northward movement of population than the fact that a shop in Grand street, that ten or twelve years ago did an annual business of \$6,000,000, was closed last year for want of patronage, while in Sixth Avenue, from Fourteenth to Thirty-fifth street, whole block fronts are constantly being removed to make room for department stores that cut deeper and deeper into what may be called the *hinterland*.

The original purchase-price of Manhattan Island—sixty guilders—was equivalent to \$24. Building-sites in the Wall street district have been bought of late years at more than \$240-per square foot, and the assessed

valuation of the real estate in Greater New York is to-day \$3,237,777,260. Building-plans filed during the year 1901 called for the expenditure of about \$150,000,000; and there are no signs that this hitherto unparalleled expansion—which is shared in a measure by the other chief cities of America—has reached its bounds.

To recapitulate: First in significance among the changes now making or soon to be wrought in Manhattan must be put the actual and projected railway tunnels, the East River bridges holding a good second place. Next to these comes the erection of such magnificent buildings as the Episcopal cathedral, the Public Library and its many branches, the proposed Post Office and the Custom House, the Chamber of Commerce and the Stock Exchange. The municipality's contribution to the growing greatness of the city is not restricted to the building of bridges, but includes the Zoölogical Park and Botanical Garden sites and buildings, bridgeways and viaducts, parks and parkways, improved school- and fire-houses, recreation piers and piers for commercial purposes, free baths, public comfort-stations, and smooth street pavements. Private initiative provides new university and college buildings, churches, club-houses and theaters, hotels, apartment-houses, and private dwellings, and office buildings that rival the tower of Babel not only in height but in the linguistic diversity of their occupants. This lavish expenditure of wealth and energy, both collective and individual, must result within a very few years in the creation of a virtually new New York. And if we succeed in retaining an enlightened local government, and the admonitions of the Municipal Art Society and the Municipal Art Commission are duly heeded, the proposed tricentennial celebration of the discovery of the Hudson River will find us in 1909 prouder than we have ever had reason to be of the magnificent city that in three centuries has been reared on Manhattan Island.





DRAWN BY W. L. METCALF. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

"WHY HAVE YOU NEVER WANTED TO MARRY?"

AN AFTERGLOW.

BY LILLIE HAMILTON FRENCH.

ELIZABETH moved restlessly about her room. Occasionally she sighed, lifting a hand impatiently to push her hair from her neck. For the first time in years she had begun to think of Randolph, and of her own life as marred. The newly awakened consciousness bewildered her, for with middle age there had come to her a certain fullness of development, overtopping, as it were, all record of waste places in her youth. But now, to her confusion, she found that here at the Harbor, where, as his young fiancée, she had said her last good-by to him nearly a quarter of a century before, some trick played by the law of association revived in her a sense of outraged feeling.

She had not expected to find the place so full of the ghosts of those far-off summer days, for she had altogether forgotten, until she came back, that in that other time he had been part of the air she breathed. It astonished her to discover that she still felt him everywhere. The flap of a white sail rounding the point in a stiff summer breeze, or the grating of a keel on the graveled beach, were like voices shouting his presence. The long sandy roads that wound in and out among the pines brought back visions of his youthful figure coming through the woods to meet her, his hat waved gaily aloft when he was too far off to call, his steps quickening when he caught sight of her, his lithe body swinging with inimitable grace. She could even see the lips parting as he smiled, and hear the quick, glad note of his greeting when he touched her hand. The very stars themselves, twinkling above the black gloom of the tree-tops, recalled him.

She resented this constant intrusion of his presence, with its inalienable air of possessing her by right of its joy in her existence. She had long since resolutely put all thought of him away, and it seemed to her now part of the general impertinence of life, and of his particular perfidy, that he still had power to break through her reserve.

It was all Randolph, too, ridiculously enough, filling the picture, just as he had

done then, when, with the insistent quality of blithesome youth, he had dominated everything. She had disappeared from the scene, except as any other person looking on, enraptured with the vision.

There was only one place in the Harbor where any vision of herself came back to her, a self detached from her now as though in reality it had belonged to some other woman of long ago, the story of whose pain still moved her. The tie that held her to the girl that she had been in those summer days when Randolph loved her seemed no more substantial than one which holds us to a dream oppressing us in waking hours; and yet Elizabeth could not shake it off.

Out on the rocks, wave-washed and brown, thrust out from a shoulder of headland to the right of the Harbor like a huge sinewy arm into the sea, two figures always lingered like wraiths—that of a young man, and that of a clinging girl, happy in her faith and her trust and her all-absorbing love. Elizabeth saw them whenever she looked. She thought of them before she slept, the boom of the surf in her ears. She was aware of them, especially of that young girl, even while she talked of other things.

"What are men made of?" she said to herself, thinking again of the wasted sweetness of those days. "Why should discord and unrest in the world surprise us when at the very foundations of life men are willing to play riot with faith?"

The blow had been so unnecessary and so cruel. Even his friends had agreed to that. Some of the things they had said came back to her now with a shock.

She drew a chair up to the window, and, resting her chin on her hand, looked off toward the rocks. The opaline sea, where it rose and fell, broke into scallops of delicate white at their base.

"Yes, unnecessary and cruel," she thought bitterly. "Nothing since has ever been the same. One may talk and reason, grow in new directions, and fill one's life with new things, but such a hurt as that to the young

girl out on the rocks there no power can heal. The woman who has grown up in her stead is another person, better, perhaps,—why not?—after so many battles fought and victories won. Yet, perhaps, after all, *not* better, only—different!

"He, possibly, is just the same," she went on, her thoughts, like clouds swept by the wind, taking new forms, yet always veering toward a given point. "Men usually are. Love is little more than an episode with them, sweet enough while it lasts, but another flower farther afield is as good. It is the whiff of the perfume that they want, or, when weary, the draught of some cooling cup from a spring that is pure, making a journey pleasanter but not suggesting complications or delays by the way. It is one reason for their assumed superiority—their lack of morbidness, their ability to grow along the lines of a primal impulse. It is why they keep young. Recollections never oppress them. The only affections they mourn are those identified with daily habits or the comfort and security of domestic life.

"It is not what it should be!" she cried, with a long, indrawn breath that shook her body, "and it is what makes women one-sided and queer. And how like the general confusion of life, too," she added, "that the few men who never hurt any one are men who in youth do not seem to know what the joy of a day can be, or the glory of one wild, full moment in it—men," she thought with increasing bitterness, as she lowered her eyelids, glancing down from under them without changing her position—"men who grow up to be just such cut-and-dried, uninteresting personages as that one on his veranda below there, spectacled and sedate; stupid, as any one could see, and certainly fussy."

It had fascinated her, ever since she came, to watch him from her window up under the roof—a window she had chosen because of its view. She could look down on the houses of the summer visitors, and off to the bathing-beach with its gay pavilions, and out on the ocean stretching beyond them. In every mood she came back to this window, and whenever her bitterness increased she watched the fussy gentleman on his porch, surrounded by his family: his comfortable, portly, and complacent wife, his overgrown, high-voiced daughters, and his awkward sons. All day long he was bothering about the awnings, running after his children with umbrellas, or going down to feel the wet grass with the palms of his hands, to see whether it was damp enough for overshoes.

"That is the kind of man," she went on, "whom it is always safe to love. One can be sure of it from looking at his wife, so unruffled and so calm, basking in her husband's solicitude, and indifferent to the awkwardness of her children.

"But they are happy, such women. Children rise up and call them blessed."

Elizabeth was speaking aloud now, standing in the middle of the floor, her arms raised, her hands clasped behind her head. "And what do the rest of us gain—those of us who have been robbed in our youth, our fountains poisoned? There is nothing—*nothing* ever for us, except a wider knowledge and a deeper sympathy, making us able to help others avoid our mistakes."

She went back to the window again and looked down at the family group. The gentleman was reading to his wife, who, with fat hands spread out on the arms of her chair, was rocking back and forth, her skirts lifted awkwardly just above her shoes, her generous waist-line suffering no restraints.

"I wonder if she abandoned the struggle to keep up appearances without a qualm. We're handicapped, we single women. We care when our waists are too big and our clothes unbecoming. We can never take love for granted, as women can who, like her, have husbands and children to approve of anything they say and do. But how serene her face is! Mine must always be different."

Again Elizabeth turned away. Resting her face in her upheld hands, she studied herself in the mirror, looking into her own eyes with a questioning gaze that grew in its perplexity. The hunger in them startled her—the unsatisfied, the questioning, the wasted. They were eyes made for trust, and as she thought of it something like the ghost of that old look flitted across them again, and once more Elizabeth thought of the young girl out there on the rocks.

"Why did it have to happen?" she cried. It was dastardly to have given her such a blow and himself to have gone scot-free.

Outside the wind had changed, sweeping the haze from the sky and covering the sea, no longer opaline but sapphire, with myriads of tiny flash-lights snapping dazzling silver in the sunshine. The gaily colored pennants on the bathing-pavilion at the beach stood out straight from their poles against the clear blue of the cloudless sky.

Elizabeth roused herself. "This will never do; I must pull myself together," she said. "I'm no better now than some old and broken soldier groaning over an ancient

thrust. What nonsense it is, too," she added, throwing back her head, "and at my age! Why, I have scarcely thought of Randolph in twenty years. I will go now and sit on the rocks, where I've been too cowardly to go before. By facing them perhaps I can drive these old specters away."

It was characteristic of her that, some call for action having sounded, she dressed herself with scrupulous care, taking her hand-glass to see that her hat was straight, and, with a thin hair-pin slipped under her veil, pushing a little farther back a refractory strand of soft hair. Once or twice she changed a jeweled hat-pin so that she caught the gleam in front.

When her work was done she was good to look upon. The black hat rested on brown hair just turning gray about the temples and drawn up from the forehead; her thin white dress fell about a slight figure with broad shoulders and rounded waist—a figure that might have belonged to some girl of twenty, except for its perfect poise and that inalienable air of distinction belonging only to those whose lives have been adjusted to a dominating thought, which, held to, lifts the character, and finally becomes unconscious consciousness. The silk umbrella that she took from the table was green, and the ribbons at her throat and waist repeated the color of the leaves in her bonnet.

With her hand on the knob of the door, she paused for an instant before opening it, straightening herself with an indrawn breath, then walked out into the corridor and down the hall with that superb carriage of the body most women envied in her. Those who had known her father would have caught in that pause an old habit of the general when a bugle-call summoned him to parade. His sword buckled, his gloves on, there was always that momentary pause in which he stood in his doorway drawing in his chin and throwing his shoulders back before stepping out to take command.

Elizabeth hesitated once more when she reached the lower floor. The side door through which she generally made her escape was crowded with people whom she knew, waiting to take their places in the stage. Nothing was left for her but the door leading direct to the front piazza. To cross that without being stopped on the way always involved something like a dash through crowded thoroughfares to reach a quiet stretch beyond. For the piazza of a summer hotel is a kind of Midway Plaisance where many varied interests concentrate. Bands

play on it; vendors display their wares; strangers pass up and down and disappear—sight-seers, old and young, well dressed and shabby, who help to add variety and a certain quality of the picturesque, but who disappear suddenly as from a railway-station, only to make room for another throng. Old frequenters are stationed at intervals along its length—men and women of regular habits, and identified with certain corners and shady retreats, to which their titles have become as clear as though entered on the books of the registrar. Some of them are early settlers, ill at ease among the new improvements, and wearing the look of those never sure of a recognition. Some of them are social mendicants, beggars of particular favors, springing unawares at one from every corner, demanding subscriptions to some dance, a half-hour's sympathy in a doleful tale, or a kindly interest in an entertainment for charity.

Everything is told on its wide stretches. All the news and more is bandied about. Nobody escapes discussion. Those who like to keep away and get their out-of-doors in another direction discover that their desire for seclusion draws universal attention to them; like village hermits, they become the most conspicuous of passers-by.

It was never easy for Elizabeth to cross. She had often envied the ability of certain women to pass with heads erect through the crowd about the doors, looking neither to the right nor the left, escaping to the other side without being entangled by a promise on the way. The habit of courtesy was too strong in her for that. She could hardly avoid, at least, returning some salutation from a friend, nor did she know how to pretend not to see what she had seen from the corner of her eye—an acquaintance who had risen from a neighboring chair and was coming forward to greet her. She meant to try it, however, to-day, and raising her sun-umbrella before she left the hall, she rested it on her shoulder so as to escape under its cover.

Just as she reached the steps, however, some one in high falsetto notes called her name twice. Elizabeth hesitated, sighed, then turned. She knew the voice. It was that of an old lady in black, seated just to the right of the door, a white fichu round her neck and puffs of black hair about her face. She was very stout and short of breath. In one hand she held a cane tied with a black ribbon. She never sat anywhere else, commanding as she could from this position all

approaches. With flattering smiles she levied various taxes of personal service upon passing acquaintances. She now wanted Elizabeth to take her to the beach.

There was nothing to be done, and Elizabeth knew it. She had been brought up to respect, whatever her mood, certain obligations to older persons. But the compelling touch of age and helplessness was in the hand that the old lady, with satisfied air, laid on the younger woman's arm, and it seemed to Elizabeth, longing to be free and alone with her thoughts, as if the slowly moving figure at her side, rocking with every step, was like some grim and uncongenial circumstance holding her down to the prosaic and the every-day.

All the world was out in the gay sunshine, on foot or in carriages, hurrying past them to the beach. Hats were raised to Elizabeth; young girls smiled a good morning to her; and even a colored porter lifted his forefinger deferentially to his cap as he passed.

A carriage holding a lady in white, with a lace umbrella over her head, met them as they reached the corner, and the lady, calling to her coachman to stop, sprang out.

"I was just on my way to see you," she began excitedly, drawing Elizabeth aside with an apology to the old lady in black. "I've the funniest thing in the world to tell you. Your old flame Dick Randolph is here, living somewhere near your hotel. Fancy his ever coming here again! Perhaps," she added archly, "he knew that you were to be here." Then the friend, with another apology to the old lady, drove off laughing and waving her lace umbrella at Elizabeth.

"Here! Richard Randolph here! How dare he!" Elizabeth murmured, her eyes fixed on her friend's retreating umbrella. "Then he will see me." Her impulse was for instant flight, but the old lady had her arm again.

"It is quite like having a daughter of my own," she was saying. "Your father, the general, was one of my earliest friends. Not so fast, my dear; I'm not so young as I once was. Your father in those days used to say—"

But Elizabeth was paying no heed. She felt suddenly a sense of outrage. The man whose memory, like a specter, had risen from the long ago to haunt her had added still another outrage—that of coming back alive to look at her again. That was the agony—that he would dare to look at her.

She felt that she had been taken unawares, trapped in an enemy's country. The very

vagueness with which his whereabouts had been indicated made her feel that he might be anywhere, everywhere, gazing at her from innumerable directions. His one pair of eyes multiplied themselves into a thousand pairs, stationed in this window and that, and even behind the bushes that she passed. She felt angered, insulted, tricked, and finding it for the moment difficult to breathe, she lifted her hand and drew her collar away from her throat. The gesture recalled her to herself. "But he must not see any trace of the pain about me," she said; "it must be as though it had never made any more difference to me than to him."

"You remember, don't you?" the old lady asked, still speaking in short and labored breaths. It was astonishing that to one to whom it was such labor to speak, long-winded speeches should have been such delight.

"Perfectly," answered Elizabeth. Had she really ever forgotten? But did he remember her? She glanced around her as though even now he were looking. She could not rid herself of the impression that he was watching her, and, strange vagary of a troubled mind, it made her feel suddenly old and queer, as if he were saying—he who had always been so critical of others—that she had "gone off." She heard her own heel scrape on the asphalt as though she had tottered in her walk, like other old maids whom she knew, and she felt he would notice it. She had been so lithe as a girl! She did not want him to think that his hurt had had anything to do with it.

She lifted her head to hold it more proudly and defiantly, and then wondered if she had been drooping it, thrusting the chin out in front and crooking the neck behind, like middle-aged women who keep their waistbands too tight.

"I am glad you remember," the old lady continued, pausing at the crossing. She was obliged to step down sidewise, her cane first, with an effort that caused her a groan or two. She still held Elizabeth's arm. "He was one of the handsomest and most gallant of gentlemen. You get your courtesy from him, my dear. I am not so sure about your eyes. You certainly remember his."

"Yes, deep blue," moaned Elizabeth. Every one had known that about Randolph's eyes—deep blue, with black lashes under thick black brows. Then the hair that waved about the temples, and the gleaming white teeth, and the long, straight legs and broad shoulders. Remember him! She would know him anywhere.

There he was now!—coming down a side-path, a young girl with him.

There was no mistaking the tilt of that hat or the way the parasol was held. No other man of to-day ever put into the holding of one that protective air. Ah! but she was glad that she had heard he was here, so that she could prepare herself; for they all must meet on that next corner!

Elizabeth's knees shook with the thought, and she bent her head to hide her face, leaning over the old lady and telling her to step gently. But the pavement was narrow, and they came face to face, the young man lifting his hat in apology as he went ahead. The eyes that had met Elizabeth's, however, were black.

"Fancy my making such a mistake!" she murmured. "I suppose I'm excited. I must look about more calmly."

She was aware of doing so even while she was settling the old lady on the veranda of the bathing-pavilion. A chair had to be placed out of the draught, yet where nothing that went on could escape the old eyes. Her veil had to be pulled down at just such an angle to keep a streak of sunlight out, her fan opened and held up to keep off the glare from another direction. Then a second chair had to be drawn up for her feet, and her skirts tucked about her ankles. With every one of these changes the old lady had a word to say and a suggestion to make, hitching her shoulders at times to convince herself that she was comfortable. But even while Elizabeth, with a graciousness which never deserted her, lent herself to this uncongenial service, she was aware of looking for Randolph.

"Why have you never wanted to marry?" asked the old lady, recognizing her helpfulness. "It's a great pity that you remain single. You're just the woman for a wife, my dear."

"Some of us are born to be single," the younger woman answered, with a smile meant to parry all intrusive touches.

The shaded veranda by this time was crowded with people—women in pretty foulards, men in white flannels, invalids, young girls, and children, their chairs so closely packed that movement was difficult except where, by common consent, a passage-way next the doors of the dressing-rooms was left open. Up and down this passage a constant stream of gaily dressed people passed, the ladies with skirts held up to keep them from contact with the wet sand brought in by the bare feet of the bathers.

Women in bathing-suits, with crash towels in their hands, indifferent to decorum, came out of the door of one section and ran into that of another, looking for small children whom they had left in the surf.

Below the pavilion stretched the beach, covered with bathers in every conceivable costume. Photographers had their cameras set, and bathers dripping with sea-water were posing before them.

Beyond them all stretched the ocean, sparkling in the sunshine, its breakers dotted with hundreds of heads, some bound in Turkey red, rising and falling with the swell. Beyond the swell the life-saver waited in his catamaran, his hands on the oars. Beyond him, again, the diving-float was anchored, with men and women crawling up and jumping off; and far beyond this, again, was the blue of the horizon.

Somewhere in that moving throng Elizabeth felt convinced that Richard was to be found. He used never to miss a bathing-hour. Had he not lifted her over the breakers a hundred times? Shielding herself now behind the old lady, who talked incessantly, calling passers-by to her, Elizabeth watched for Randolph. But it was not until she reached the Casino on her way home from the beach that she saw him. He was sitting under one of the red-striped umbrellas which shade the small tables. His back was toward her, but she knew the dip of the shoulders, and the way in which he rested his forearms on his knees, leaning over as he talked. Her restlessness vanished at once. She had a strange sense of content, as though a curtain had been rung up on a stage, and she was privileged, without being rude, to examine at leisure the actor at whom she had only dared glance in the street. She followed every line of the figure—that long straight neck, now bronzed by the sun, and that other line, which had been his glory, from the arm-pit to the slim, incurving waist. She studied again and again the rebellious wave in his hair, close-cropped about his ears. It was all as she remembered it. And the young girl in blue before him, with her rosy mouth wreathed in smiles—would he hurt her, too, she wondered, with a sudden pang of keen remembrance. Could he be as cruel a second time?

A feeling of fierce, unreasoning anger flamed through Elizabeth, and again the look of her father, the old general, was in her face. She wanted Randolph to turn, so that, looking at her, he might remember, and that girl before him be spared.

"Come, come!" said the old lady, peremptorily, with impatient tappings of her fingers on Elizabeth's arm. "Luncheon will be ready before we are there." With hunger the old lady's tone was apt to change. Elizabeth, however, ignoring the voice beside her and the constant tappings on her arm, allowed herself to be detained by different persons who came up. She wanted to wait until Randolph turned and saw her. But he was too absorbed. It had always been his way: he knew how to concentrate present interests.

The man and the girl in blue were still under the red-striped umbrella when Elizabeth and her companion left. Once out of the Casino, and without having had a glimpse of his face, Elizabeth grew impatient to be at home. She wanted to think how that young girl might be saved. All thought of herself had gone.

The piazza of the Marlborough, when she reached it, was filled with well-dressed men and women home from the beach, and Elizabeth, having settled the old lady in her chair, found herself surrounded. Some one came up to propose a drive, another an expedition across the bay. A mother, with a timid daughter tucked under her arm, wondered if Elizabeth would chaperon "the child" at a hop. Elizabeth was handsome, and promoters of festivities are never indifferent to such a fact.

No one would have imagined, as she stood there, tall, distinguished, and superbly poised, speaking first to one and then to another, that her knees had begun to shake again and her heart to beat fast; for she had seen him coming—the man from the Casino with the girl in blue.

She waited until he was within a foot of her, then turned. He should see that she was vigilant, and then he would not dare his old-time perfidy.

Elizabeth, however, looked into the face of a man she had never seen before.

"I might have known that it was not he," she thought, growing calm again. "Richard's tread on the pavement was so light."

"That's young Clayton," some one said as he passed. "He's engaged to Richard Randolph's one pretty daughter. She only arrived last night."

"Richard Randolph's daughters?" Elizabeth cried, putting out a hand to steady

herself, and laying it on the arm of the speaker. All the big hydrangeas on the piazza were rustling from a sudden gust of wind that also swayed the empty rocking-chairs. Elizabeth had an odd sense, somehow, of swaying with them. "Richard Randolph's daughters," she repeated, with eyes transfixed, her hand still on the arm of the speaker. "Is he old enough for that?" But to herself she was saying: "Daughters! Dick with daughters! And I've been looking for so young a man! But of course; if I am forty-three, he must be fifty and over!"

She laughed nervously, then, catching the break in her own voice, laughed again, adding a little staccato note to take the place of the one that had broken and nearly betrayed her. She was aware of being glad that no one seemed to have noticed her late agitation, and with the sense of her own escape from all ridicule at her mistake came another keener sense as of laughter at the folly of all long-cherished wrath. Her anger vanished like a bubble that had been pricked. That saving grace of humor, which all her life had made the real sanity in her, was redeeming her at last, changing as in a flash her point of view. Like a sudden illumination there came to her the realization that the young Randolph who had hurt her no longer existed; that he, too, had gone through some process with time, and been metamorphosed into another kind of person. "Just suppose that I were still angry with him," she thought; "I should not even know what kind of old man to be angry with."

"How many daughters has he?" she asked in the low, clear tones which had always been one of her charms.

"Four," said the lady. "You must have seen the other three. They have a cottage near the hotel, and they're always on the veranda. There's Mr. Randolph now. I wonder how he likes Clayton."

Elizabeth looked. Richard Randolph stood on the corner of his veranda, his spectacles pushed up on his forehead. He was examining his barometer, to see what the sudden gust of wind had meant. Then he drew up the awnings, pulled back the chairs, and went indoors.

He was the fussy gentleman whom Elizabeth had seen from her window reading to his comfortable and complacent wife.





THE SONG OF EVE.

BY EDNAH PROCTOR CLARKE.

OUT of the black of the night he came,—
The hot ferns hid the dawn,—
Alone in the awful loneliness
I heard his life-breath drawn.
What count the anguish and the curse?
See! in the flashing sun
Another Adam! another Adam!
And such a little one!

Come hither, come hither, ye spotted pards,
Behemoth and hornèd gnu,
And look on the wonder God hath wrought
Betwixt the dawn and the dew!
From the cloven rock, the humid fen,
The ooze of the blue abyss,
Come forth, ye mothers of teeming earth!
Can ye show aught like this?

Yea, lioness proud with thy clumsy cub,
Well mayst thou stare to see;
And narrow-eyed Leviathan
Whose spawn the sun sets free.
What wouldest thou say? He is only one?
Naked? and weak? and small?
Ho! peering fox, thy littered six
Are foxes, after all!

Look at his brow, like the citron bud,
The open eyes below,
His crumpled hands with fingers five
And pink nails all arow!
Up on thy feet, my Man-Child! Stand!
Look on them in thy pride—
Thou, who shalt crush the tiger's rage
And on the jaguar ride!

Gray, hairy mammoth, blow thy trump
To cheer him if he weep!
Ye chattering apes, go softly by:
Your lord doth deign to sleep.
Low they bow to my cradling arms;
Vassals are they of thine;
But, Littlest One, thy clinging lips
Are mine—mine—mine!

Thy father was made of a soulless clod
And I of a riven bone;
Out of the thought of God we came,
Motherless and alone.
But thou art wrought of flesh and love
With the breath of God within.
Oh, surely, God, who gave me thee,
He hath forgot my sin.

And Adam, thy father, when he shall come,
He, too, shall straight forget
The flaming sword, the sealèd gate,
The toiling and the sweat;
And love again as he loved before
'Neath the Forbidden Tree;
For though I lost him paradise,
Lo, I have brought him thee!



A WISHING SONG.

BY JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS.

ATTER usin' de spring fer a lookin'-glass—
A-wish, wish, wishin'—
Mr. Rabbit tuk a walk on de pastur'-grass—
A-wish, wish, wishin'
De gals come along—*Will you let us pass?*—
Des a-wishin'.

He bowed, he did, an' he shot one eye—
A-wish, wish, wishin'—
An' he tip his beaver when dey pass by—
Des a-wishin'.

Oh, ladies all, ain't you skeered er ha'nts?—
A-wish, wish, wishin'.
Skeered er no, we're gwine ter de dance—
Des a-wishin'.

Miss Meadows done say dat we kin go—
A-wish, wish, wishin'—
An' show um how ter skip on de heel an' toe—
Des a-wishin'.

An' it's *Oh, Mr. Rabbit! won't you go 'long?*
A-wish, wish, wishin'—
An' dat's de reason I'm a-singin' dis song—
Des a-wishin'.

An' *Oh, Mr. Rabbit! does you know de place?*—
A-wish, wish, wishin'—
Mr. Rabbit chaw his cud an' wrinkle his face—
Des a-wishin'.

It's right over yander at de head er de dreen—
A-wish, wish, wishin'—
Whar de branch runs google, an' de leaves is green—
Des a-wishin'.

Mr. Fox 'll scrape de fiddle, Miss Cow 'll blow de horn—
A-wish, wish, wishin'—
An' de tune gwine tell how de sheep shell corn—
Des a-wishin'.

Mr. Rabbit, he stood dar, slicker dan sin—
A-wish, wish, wishin'—
A-lookin' at de gals, an' a-rubbin' his chin—
Des a-wishin'.

An', *Ladies all, kin you read me dis riddle*—
A-wish, wish, wishin'—



DRAWN BY A. B. FROST. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. C. MERRILL.

"AN', LADIES ALL, KIN YOU READ ME DIS RIDDLE—"

*What gwineater happen ter my noddle-niddle—
A-wish, wish, wishin’—
When dey ’s so much Fox an’ so little fiddle?—
Des a-wishin’.*

*So, ladies all, ef you ’ll skuzen me—
A-wish, wish, wishin’—
I ’ll santer roun’ ter de Trimblin’ Tree—
Des a-wishin’.*

*I ’ll slip thou de bushes, an’ up I ’ll creep—
A-wish, wish, wishin’—
An’ listen ter de Mockin’-Bird talkin’ in his sleep—
Des a-wishin’.*



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY R. C. COLLINS.

THE HOTEL VERANDA.

MRS. POTTS'S PERPLEXITY.

BY EDNA KENTON.

WITH PICTURES BY CHARLOTTE HARDING.

MRS. POTTS laid down her magazine and stared, for a second regardless of her world. Fortunately, the brilliant trap and its occupants were at that moment engrossing every one's attention, and by the time the talk, more animated than ever, had begun again, the lady was her own serene and gracious self. Outwardly: within was turmoil that refused to be lulled. That girl, that girl, and Regie hardly twenty! Mrs. Potts actually felt her large quota of human sympathy cake within her into the coldness

of a settled purpose. After all, we are near akin to animals at moments when conventions fall away and the primitive emotions insist on expression. And the one thing that rouses every mother, be she tigress or woman, is impending danger to her offspring. Mrs. Potts was roused.

She sat there for an hour longer, and turned pages at proper intervals. Then she left the great hotel veranda to the freedom of comment that she was well aware would follow her exit, and went up to her room and sat down and thought.

What she had seen that afternoon had come as a shock despite the gossip she had overheard the day before; and the shock lay not in the startling magnificence of the turnout, nor in the wonderful beauty of the woman who drove it, nor in the presence of her son beside the woman, but in the expression of the boy's face as he listened to some gay retort she had flung out at him as they dashed past.

Mrs. Potts was not a woman to imagine horrors nor to exaggerate circumstances, and for that she was thankful now that she began to review every particle of gossip she had heard, since the arrival of the Merrits at the Springs, concerning their fabulous wealth and their almost pitiful newness to it. There was a Mrs. Merrit and a Mr. Merrit, but they had sunk into obscurity beside their daughter. Her trap, with its matched and matchless horses, had created talk for quite twenty-four hours after its first appearance. Since then it had been seen semi-daily, and of late it had roused general comment only through its occupants.

Young Regie Potts, despite his youth, was distinctly worth while; and for the last ten days he had been publicly and constantly seen everywhere with Miss Merrit, more often than not in her distinctive turnout. She drove a great deal and was a fine whip. Physically speaking, she was a magnificent creature. Her figure was superb, her hair, eyes, and coloring were perfect. If she rouged and penciled, one examination was not sufficient to establish the fact. Her clothes she wore with lavish recklessness characteristically plebeian, and they were fit for the trousseau of a Russian princess. She was almost never seen with women, but the men attended her constantly. However, it had been remarked that her treatment of them never verged on coquetry, though it often passed to a marked degree that invisible line that divides the masculine from the "eternal feminine."

"I don't dare," thought the troubled mother, "ask Regie a word about it. The only thing to do is to meet the girl. We go up to Elmscott next week; but that does n't dispose of the intervening week here. The creature, so far as I have seen anything of her, is hopelessly vulgar. Her people are unspeakable. What shall I do? My foolish Regie!"

And then Regie came in, very straight and very flushed and very handsome. He flung himself into a chair beside his beautiful mother. Taking up her hand, he began to talk all sorts of nonsense to her with such an incoherently happy note in his young voice that she said to herself, with a fatally certain intuition, "The mischief is done already. Oh, my foolish Regie, what can I do?"

"I must meet the girl," she said over and over again. And that evening at the house dance, as Regie came up to Miss Merrit's chaperon with Miss Merrit on his arm, he saw, to his momentary horror, his mother in the group. For one bald instant he hesitated; then he presented Miss Merrit.

"The beautiful princess and the toads," thought Mrs. Potts, as the girl began volubly:

"I'm glad to meet you, Mrs. Potts. I've often told Regie it was funny, I knew him so well, and you by sight, and yet passed you day in and day out without speaking. I've told him it was a wonder you would n't think it queer."

"I am sorry my son should not have presented you to me before," Mrs. Potts returned.

Something in the reply or the manner of it embarrassed the girl, for she laughed unnecessarily, and her color rose a little.

"I've told him a good many times I'd like to meet you, but something has always been the matter, till the other day I told him I did n't think he ever intended I should meet you till I had to." She glanced toward Regie with a smiling significance. His face had crimsoned, but his lips were set sturdily. He came forward.

"Pardon me, mother. Miss Merrit, it is our dance."

"There he comes again, just as we're getting acquainted. Ain't it funny, Mrs. Potts! Well, 'I'll see you later.'

She gave a broad slang intonation to her last sentence, threw in a charming smile, and in another moment Mrs. Potts was alone, with that Bowery echo ringing in her ears.

She had met the girl, and the affair grew



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. DAVIS.

"FOR A MOMENT A STRANGE, UNWELCOME SYMPATHY FOR THE GIRL SWEPT OVER HER."

worse and worse. If it had been possible to misconstrue her words and manner, Regie's bearing was unmistakable. And his mother had seen through his boyishness and embarrassment a dignity and a new-found manhood that made her feel the tragic seriousness of the affair as never before. He had felt the unseen stress in the meeting of the two. One needed defense against the other, and there was no mistaking the fact that it was against his mother that he had taken up arms in defense of "Clem" Merrit.

She came up to Mrs. Potts later in the evening, on the arm of another man.

"You just drop me here," she said, with an easy *congé*. "You don't mind, do you, Mrs. Potts? I want to talk to you. You see," she went on, in a voice that a queer self-consciousness made more strident than usual, "I've wanted to meet you ever since we came. I rather took a fancy to you right away, especially after I got to know Regie so well." She laughed half consciously. "I told mother I did n't see why she did n't get to know you. But mother's shy. She's not used to things yet, and she says she's half afraid of you." She laughed again. "Regie's been funny about it, too. I tell him *he's* shy! I reckon he has n't talked much about me to you; has n't told you anything?"

Mrs. Potts struggled with a sick disgust. "My son has told me nothing," she said

briefly. Her voice sounded gentle because she had to make an effort to speak at all.

The girl sat silent. Suddenly a stick of the fan she was twisting snapped. She threw the frail thing to the floor. "There!" she said, with another conscious laugh; "and it's expensive enough, too: cost three hundred and fifty in Paris." All at once her whole manner changed. Her unbearable self-consciousness fell away, and something dumbly honest shone out of her great, beautiful eyes. She looked directly at Mrs. Potts.

"Regie's a nice boy," she said, almost shyly. "He's just a boy, too. I'm twenty-six." There was a deeper confession in the speech than she herself saw. Mrs. Potts felt it, and for a moment a strange, unwelcome sympathy for the girl swept over her. It was only momentary; then it passed: but it left behind, born of it, an inspiration so bold, so sincerely hard, that she did not at once act on it. At last she leaned forward and laid her hand on the girl's arm, and under the touch Miss Merrit flushed sensitively.

"We are going up to our summer home next week," she said. "A few friends are to come to us then, and I should be so pleased if you could feel free to come. It is an informal invitation, as I have not called on you as yet; but I shall remedy that soon—"

"Oh, that's no matter," Miss Merrit returned, with her old sang-froid. "Yes, I'll

be glad to come. Of course I've just met you; but I know Regie so well, and I reckon it ain't your house any more than it is his. Don't mind about calling. Just run up any time. Yes, Mr. Carter, I reckon it is our dance. I thought you'd given me the slip, sure." She laughed with a loud gaiety, and floated away.

One gift of the gods she had besides her beauty of face and form: she danced divinely. Mrs. Potts watched her with a growing horror. For a moment she could have cried out her retraction of the invitation she had just given. What had she done? The unspeakable vulgarity of the girl! "No more your house than his!" Then she remembered that one strange softening of her voice and face and eyes. Up to this time Mrs. Potts had been counting on having a worldly, ambitious, hard woman to deal with. That touch of pathos complicated the already bad business, but, on the other hand, it might be the key to the unraveling of the whole tangle.

The next morning Regie dawdled round considerably and palpably. His mother was writing letters, and he eyed her half questioningly from time to time. Finally he said, with a visible effort:

"Oh, by the way, Miss Merrit said something about your having asked her out to Elmscott next week. Was it necessary on the strength of a first introduction?"

"Not necessary," Mrs. Potts responded calmly.

"Well, do you think—does it seem as if the whole party and she would get along? You see," he went on swiftly, "she's not way up in art and music, like the Grayson girls, or Lorimer, or the rest. If it was an athletic crowd she'd work in all right, for she's clear up on that."

"Then that taste throws her on your hands, dear. And when athletics pall, she shall be my special guest, if she does n't 'get along,' as you put it. I hope it won't be unpleasant for you, Regie."

Regie stared very hard out of the window for a few moments. Then he came up behind his mother and put both arms about her.

"It won't be unpleasant, mater, for me; but I'm afraid it will be hard for her. I hope you'll make it easy for her. Of course she's not exactly your sort, mater, but—she's a nice girl." And then Regie went quickly out of the room, and Mrs. Potts, in her horrible perplexity at all the complications of the whole dreadful affair, wondered

again for the fiftieth time if what she had regarded at the moment as a heaven-sent inspiration was to prove the mistake of her life.

TEN days from the evening when she first met Miss Merrit, Mrs. Potts was greeting her at the foot of the stairway in the Elmscott hall. Regie, at the farther end, was divesting himself of the outdoor garments in which he had gone to meet her.

"You are not too tired to come down to dinner, my dear?" she asked. "We are only a few to-night—"

"Tired!" Miss Merrit interrupted in a voice that suggested anything but weariness. "Goodness, no! I feel fit as anything. Fine old place you have here. I like a good hall." She was still staring frankly about her when Regie came up to them.

"I told you we'd be late if I took you round by the Rock Bridge. You have just half an hour before dinner."

She was on the second stair, and she leaned down over the railing and patted his cheek. "Chirk up, old man," she said cheerfully. "You'll see me on hand when the eating begins."

Regie flashed one look at his mother; then he thrust his hands very deep in his pockets and strode off to the den.

When Miss Merrit came down for dinner, half an hour late, she bore away the palm from every woman in the room, so far as appearance went. Her pale-yellow gown toned in superbly with the gold of her hair, and her beauty was something startling.

"You must have gay times here," she began to the whole table, as soon as they were seated. "That hall out there took my eye from the first, and I nearly fell out of my window up-stairs trying to see where that long veranda goes to. Regie, you'll take me out after dinner, won't you? He's already told me of some of the sprees you have here," she went on, addressing Mrs. St. Claire, an aunt of Regie's, who, from the moment she began to speak, had been surveying her through a lorgnette. "I can help you in that, for there's nothing does me so much good as just turning myself loose for a ripping good time."

"Indeed!" responded the lady, much against her will, but impelled thereto by the girl's gay laugh. "I should so imagine!"

Miss Merrit surveyed her with a stare quite impudent enough to be called well-bred. Then she turned to her neighbor and dropped her voice. "Who is the individual?" she murmured. "Was that a facer?"



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. C. MERRILL.

IN THE MOONLIGHT.

Mr. Lorimer, a literary man of some note, smiled. "I might call it that," he said.

Another course was being served. Miss Merrit flashed a furtive glance toward Mrs. Potts before she chose her fork for it. On her return she met Lorimer's eyes. "Well, yes," she said coolly. "I did n't know which one to use, and I don't care for a bluff myself unless it's a good one. You're pretty sharp, too, are n't you?"

"It's my business to be," he responded, smiling.

"Well, don't watch me too close," she retorted. "I feel myself out of the running already. You people are n't my class, and I declare I don't know whether you're swifter or slower."

"We might be called slower," he said rather carefully.

"Is that a facer, too?" she asked. "Well, I don't care. I can stand a man's come-back better than a woman's. Women are mean little things, don't you think? And, after all, I don't think I'm fast."

"My dear Miss Merrit—" Lorimer began.

"Oh, that's all right," she interrupted. "Women call me that. Men don't, generally, because they know me better. And then, everything depends on the point of view. I'm not made to be looked at from the ordinary woman's standpoint. But—" she stopped and smiled charmingly at him, "even a tortoise is faster than some animals."

Lorimer laughed outright. "I infer I am very slow," he said. "Well, I'm slow enough to dare give a woman a warning. Here it is. Don't talk much to Mrs. St. Claire. Your life will be happier."

Miss Merrit looked at him for a moment. Then she drooped one milk-white lid over the eye next him. "I catch!" she said, with such an inimitable intonation that Lorimer's mirth drew on them both the lorgnette of Mrs. St. Claire.

When they got up from the table the men went with the women into the drawing-rooms. Lorimer seemed rather interested in his new acquaintance, for he sat down by her and began talking busily. Suddenly Regie, standing near, heard a question that froze his blood.

"Sing?" repeated Miss Merrit, in answer to it. "Yes, I sing. I studied nearly a year in Paris. My father spent any amount of money on my voice, and my teacher said—"

"Then won't you sing for us, Miss Merrit?" Mrs. Potts interposed, and Regie became a rigid fixture to the window-seat as a hush fell over the guests, and the girl, in

the midst of it, walked cheerfully across the room and sat down to the piano.

"Guess I'll give you the 'Jewel Song.' That's from 'Faust,' you know," she explained over her wonderful shoulder, and forthwith began.

Mrs. Potts closed her eyes, and Regie set his teeth in silence. How the rest of the company bore it is immaterial, save that Mrs. St. Claire's lorgnette was never once removed from the girl throughout her absurd rendition of the aria. Lorimer had gone over to the piano with her, and in the uncertain silence that followed her conclusion he bent down to her.

"That does n't suit you," he said. "Try something that does."

"You're not a bit backward, are you?" she laughed. "How's this?" She dashed into a rag-time melody, and began to sing a foolish coon-song. By the standards of coon-song literature she sang the thing exceedingly well, and when she finished there was liberal applause—from the men. She cast a swift glance behind her, and as she caught sight of Mrs. Potts's face, composed though it was, her own underwent a change.

"No," she said shortly, in answer to the requests, always from the men, for more. She got up from the piano with a new look in her eyes. Regie from his place saw it. He passed his mother, with a whispered "Pardon," as he took from her hands a light silken wrap. Then he went on down the room to where the girl stood.

"You wanted to see where that veranda goes to," he said lightly. "Will you let me show you?"

There was a look of passionate gratitude in her eyes as she took the shawl from him, but she turned to the men who surrounded her with all, and perhaps a little more, of her old gaiety.

"Can't give you any more to-night! The moon has gotten into my blood. Come on, Regie. I don't care whether we see the veranda or not. Just let's clear."

Mrs. St. Claire's gaze followed them out of the long French window into the shadow of the pines. Then she rose most portentously, and crossed over to Regie's mother.

"What is this, Clarissa?" she asked sternly. "Have you lost your senses, with Reginald so young and impressionable, to have that creature about?"

Regie's mother had a look at her command which, according to Regie, was warranted to "down any lorgnette ever invented." It was that look which she called into play now.

"Martha," she said softly, but with unmistakable clearness, "Miss Merrit is not Regie's guest, nor yet yours, but mine; and as my guest she is not to be criticized." It was not the least part of Mrs. Potts's perplexity that she was growing to feel, in spite of everything, a sympathy for the girl that would not be thrust aside. The trouble

G. J. R. [Signature]



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY R. C. COLLINS.

"AND THEN SHE WENT OVER TO THE DOOR AND CLOSED IT SOFTLY BEHIND HER."

Mrs. St. Claire sniffed scornfully and withdrew, but her sister sighed. The girl was *dreadful*. At dinner she had shown her ignorance of many details; her singing was unspeakable; she was loud and unrefined; but, in spite of it all, Regie had gone most gallantly to the rescue. How would it end?

had been grave enough on the supposition that Regie was entangled with a pitiless adventuress; but the situation was growing into something far worse. Whatever else the girl might be, an adventuress she was not. And then Mrs. Potts found, to her horror, that she was wishing the girl any-

thing unspeakable, a being without remorse, without human feeling, anything but what she was. Some entanglements were worse than those with adventuresees. How would it end?

THE week had ended. Every one had gone on the afternoon trains, save Miss Merrit, who was to take the late flier for New York. She had come down early, dressed for dinner, but had gone out into one of the pine groves near the house, and for two hours nothing more was seen of her. Regie had not appeared, either, and Mrs. Potts dined alone. About eight Miss Merrit came in, but she went directly to her room, and had sent down for some coffee, with a request for a carriage at ten.

Mrs. Potts spent the next hour in walking restlessly from hall to drawing-room, and from drawing-room to library, full of a disquietude that was almost remorse. And yet she had certainly acted for the best. It had been the wisest and kindest thing to show Regie by fearful contrast what this girl was. It had been kindly done, and since she had grown to know the girl better she had had no fear for the ultimate outcome. Why, then, since Regie was saved, could she not be glad? She started nervously at a quick swish and rustle above her. Miss Merrit, in the most tailor-made of blue tailor-gowns, was coming down-stairs, bag in hand.

"It's not train-time," she said, in answer to Mrs. Potts's quick glance at the great clock; "but I wanted to see you for a little while before I left. I've seen—your son already."

Mrs. Potts's heart contracted. It was the first time she had ever said anything but "Regie." The girl led the way into the library and motioned toward a chair. Then she folded her hands together and stood before the older woman, as straight and beautiful and proud as a young goddess.

"I wanted to tell you," she began in a low voice, "what he did n't want me to tell at first, before I came here—that we were engaged. He said he was too young and still in college; and that was all right: but I guess he was afraid, too, of how you'd take it. I never thought about that part very much until I came here. Since then I've been thinking of not much else. This week has been a hard week, Mrs. Potts. In a sense it's not your fault, and yet again in a sense it is." She stopped a moment. The room was as still as death.

"I wonder what you'd say if you knew how I'd been brought up—whether it would

help you to understand, or whether you'd turn away the more. My father was of good enough family here in the East somewhere; but he had to cut the place, and he went out West to mine. He met my mother out there. She was—an actress. After a while, after I was born, he married her. I was on the stage when I was in long clothes. When I was six I was an old-timer. We had our ups and downs. I never had any schooling to speak of till a few years ago; then my father struck it rich in a day and retired. Since then I've had all the money I've wanted; and he has wanted me to use it on myself and for myself, and with it make a good match. And I've known a lot of men; but there's been a mighty few of them I'd ever think of marrying.

"I told all this, and more, to your son the night he proposed to me—everything. I've told my father no man should ever marry me without knowing the whole story. And—he still wanted me. But I give you my word of honor I never thought of how you would take it, or of his—or of my duty to you.

"You see, I've lived all my life with men. I don't understand women, and they don't like me. I wish they did. I never cared about it till this week, but I grew to hate those men crowding round me. For the first time in my life it did n't seem nice. I've looked at things always from a man's standpoint, and it's hard for me to consider a woman's views. No lady ever laid her hand on mine in just the way you did the other evening, and I can't tell you how it made me feel; and I thought for a little bit that perhaps one woman, one lady, at last liked me.

"It's been a pretty hard week, Mrs. Potts, for it's wakened me up, and I've seen what I've missed, and what I'll have to miss all my life. I know why you did it, and I want to tell you you've succeeded. You've shown me the gulf. I'm not going to throw myself into it, but no more am I going to try and step across. It's been hard to stay it out. But I don't blame you. If I had such a son, and he was so near ruining his whole life, I'd have done the same thing.

"There's just one thing more I'd like to say. I've said it already to your son, but I want to say it to you. It's my father has the ambition, and all because he's so proud of me. As far as I'm concerned, I would n't marry a crown prince unless I cared for him, and I would n't tell any man my whole story unless I—

"I saw your son this evening and had it out

with him. He blames himself terribly for feeling the difference as he has felt it, seeing you and me together. He calls himself a beastly cad, and all that, and he would n't believe me when I told him his manner toward me this week has been my one comfort—and it has. It was only that he could n't help it, and I could n't, and you could n't. It's been hard for us all. You've flicked me on the raw time and again; but it's been mostly involuntary. You did n't mean to.

"I had to throw him over myself. He's so mad with cut pride that he'd marry me to-night. And—he blames you some. He says the test among your sort of people was unfair to me. Well, it was. But it was fair to him and to you, and I want you and him to know that I don't blame either of you. He'll see it straight in a little while, and be glad you did what was hard and right."

She stopped. There was the noise of wheels outside. Mrs. Potts raised her head and half rose; but Clem came over to her and pushed her gently down.

"Don't," she said. "I know you're sorry it all had to happen; but it had to, and if you want to do anything for me at all, you'll let me go away without a word." She half turned away; then she came back.

"There's one thing I'd like to have you say to your son. It's not the heart-hurt that's the worst in this for either him or me. I've never had much of a chance, and I'm not a lady; but I know one when I see her, and I know a gentleman. And I want you to tell him that he's one clear through. That's what's cutting him up more than losing me. I want you to tell him that."

And then she went over to the door and closed it softly behind her.



"ASK WHAT YOU WILL."

BY FLORENCE EARLE COATES.

ASK what you will, I must obey your hest!
Thus much, my lady-bird, seems manifest
To you and me, who well each other know.
What you, small tyrant, beg, I must bestow:
Come; falter not, but proffer your request!

Is it the flower I wear here on my breast?
My favorite nag? The book I love the best?
Some dainty gown? Some brooch or necklace? No?—
Ask what you will!

See how the sun, down-sinking to his rest,
Gilds with his glory all the roseate west!
I linger on, in life's chill afterglow.
Nay; smile, dear child—ah, like your mother!—so!
Stay but a moment! Now—my own, and blest—
Ask what you will!

LITTLE STORIES.

BY S. WEIR MITCHELL, M.D.,
Author of "Hugh Wynne," "François," "Circumstance," etc.

VII. "THOU ART THE SOUL OF THY HOUSE."

"Thou art the soul of thy house, and he who after thee inhabits it will know thee."

PAVEL SYCHOFSKY.



My friend Secton is a Ph.D. in psychometry, and believes that all things created by man have souls, and remember, and are what he calls influential. It is sad nonsense. He believes in lucky and unlucky houses, and in shops where the successive owners always fail. He goes further, and says that it is morally dangerous to live in a house where a murderer has long dwelt, or in which a murder has been done. My doctor says there is only one kind of ghost, and that it lives unseen of any in houses where certain kinds of diseases have killed men. This idea captures my imagination, through my reason, and does appeal to me. As to the other style of ghost, I entirely disbelieve. My friend is hurt when I say that ghosts must be rare, since there is no mention of them in the last census; nor of rattlesnakes, says Secton, who dislikes trifling with the serious, and does not see the logical value of a jest, nor why I grin at his houses with "influen-tial memories."

That doctor of mine also smiles at Secton's queer notions, and taps his forehead indicatively. But then, the doctor is a materialist. As extreme a mystic as Secton is more to my taste. I can readily see why, with that kind of a doctor, my wife remains neither well enough to be of use, nor ill enough to be honestly pitied. He says: "Bah! a ghost. I should put a thermometer under his tongue, and soon know where he came from."

One night in June, when my wife was away, Secton called at my house in South Kensington, and began at once on his hobby. I smoked and listened, mildly amused. Secton is very persistent. He suspects me of having a little leaven of love of the mystical, which is true of most reflective men.

He said at last: "I have often tested my own belief as to houses. Will you submit your skepticism to a trial?"

I replied that I would.

He said: "I have hired a house for a week. I want you to sleep there two nights. To be brief," he added, "I make no suggestive statement. I have furnished one room, the second story back. Occupy it two successive nights, and, mind you, it is not a question of ghosts."

The next night he called for me.

We had a long drive in a hansom to a suburban house near St. John's Wood. Here Secton gave me a key, and left me at the door.

The dwelling was large, and had a small walled garden behind it. It was about eleven when I lighted the candle I found in the hall, on the floor, for the house was, as he said, unfurnished. It smelt close and musty. I walked through several rooms to a little conservatory. I found nothing unlike a multitude of other so-called villas.

I went to my room, locked the door, lighted three candles, set my shaving-case and toilet affairs on a chair, for want of a table, and went to bed. It is proof of my indifferent attitude of mind that I slept well. I awoke early, about six, and, to my surprise, felt a strange sense of depression, a melancholy so convincing that I seemed of a sudden to understand how it was that men may desire to die. I sat up with a feeling of horror and of recoil as from an abyss. I struck my repeater. It was after six o'clock. As I looked about me in the dim light, I saw my razor lying open on the bed. It startled me. I was sure I had left it on the chair.

I got up and walked about the room, and after a little began to be more myself. As it was very warm, I opened a window. When I turned toward the bed, the razor, closed,

was lying on the chair. I began to dislike the adventure, and again to feel the cloud of melancholy, like a shroud, about me.

I dressed and went home, and after breakfast was as usual. By nightfall I had explained it all to my satisfaction, and, reasured, went gaily back to the house.

Nothing unusual happened. I smoked a cigar or two, read a sleep-compelling novel, and went to bed at ten. I woke twice in an hour, conscious each time of fear, the product of dreams which at once faded past recall. After this I was unable to sleep. I was restless and uneasy. At last I got up, and in the darkness had abruptly a sense of alarm which was like a possession; that is, as of a thing, a mood, which owned me. I found a match, and lighted all my three candles. I was in a cold sweat, and afraid with the fear a nightmare brings, and with this terror I was, also, in a mood of deep gloom. I dressed and went to a closet to find the novel I had left on the shelf. I was resolved to dismiss these sensations. As I took it, I saw some empty vials, and one which was half full. I took it up, and uncorked it, and smelt it to learn what it might be. It was laudanum. I staggered across the room with it in my hand, and with an oath threw it into the fireplace. I had resisted the deadliest temptation life had ever set in my way.

I went slowly down-stairs, and must have been in a queer condition, for I seemed to be moving with an onerous use of will-power. At last I was out in the air, and was at once relieved. After walking about for hours, I reluctantly went back to the house, and up to my room. The fragments of the bottle I had broken when I threw it on the hearth were gone.

I felt, as I stood in amazement, looking about me, a slowly gathering renewal of the melancholy of the night before. Was it all a dream—or what? My power to reason was, I felt, affected by the mood of gloom, and by the desire, the longing to—I would not say it even to that confidant, my own mind. I hastily put my toilet things in a hand-bag, and went away to get, at home, a

bath and breakfast. The feeling of depression was with me until evening.

When I called on Secton and made my statement he asked if I were satisfied. I replied that, as to the razor, it must have been a lapse of memory, and possibly—

Secton broke in: "But I say, man, do you leave open razors on your bed and forget them? Or do you mean me to believe that it is a habit of yours to get up in your sleep and shave yourself?"

"But," said I, "how else can I explain it?"

"That is just the question. I can explain it. What about the laudanum?"

I replied that I must have been, in some way, the fool of my own suggestive imagination.

"Well," said he, "you certainly reason very oddly. And so you remain unconvinced."

"Of what am I to be convinced?" I said nothing of my melancholy mood, nor of the temptation. I hated to think of what was an absolutely new, and as surely very humbling, remembrance for a man as decisive as I.

He sneered as he returned: "You wished to test the value of my belief that houses have active memories and may affect, as with a moral malaria, those who live in them."

"Yes; that is put fairly. What of that house—what does it remember?"

"I will tell you. Three persons have taken their lives in that house; no one can live in it."

"Stop!" I said. "Were they all of one family?"

"Yes."

"That," I urged, "seems to me to lessen the value of your test."

"Does it?" he said. "For them, perhaps; but not for you. Now be fair."

I said it required thought.

I think he knew I had not been entirely frank, for he asked if I would try another night in the same house.

I said, "No." Upon which he replied, smiling:

"I do not ask why. I am satisfied."

Secton has good manners. He might have made himself disagreeable.



THE GREAT SOUTHWEST.

IV. THE TRAGEDY OF THE RANGE.

BY RAY STANNARD BAKER.

WITH PICTURES BY MAXFIELD PARRISH.



ONE of those incontrovertibly statistical bulletins of the government reported the other day that the number of cattle in the United States was decreasing at the rate of about two million a year, although the demand for beef was never greater and the prices never higher; that since 1895 Texas alone had lost two million five hundred thousand head. In the year 1900 more than a million cattle, to say nothing of numberless horses and sheep, perished from hunger and thirst along the wire fences and the dry river-beds of the range country, chiefly in Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, California, Wyoming, and Montana. One cattleman in New Mexico killed no fewer than four thousand horses from his range, and converted their bodies into soap and fertilizer in order to save the grass for his cattle. A few months ago a band of cattle-men and cow-boys stampeded a herd of sheep over a precipice into a cañon in Wyoming, killing a thousand of them. Similar tragedies have been enacted in many places on the range during the last two or three years, and they have not always been free from human bloodshed. Only yesterday a herder driving a great flock of sheep was held back by the foresters at the edge of a government timber reserve in California, and before permission could be obtained for their passage, half of them had died of hunger and thirst. Go where you will in the range country of the Southwest, and you will see countless hundreds of white skeletons, often still partially covered with the dry and crumpled hide of the animal. In one spot, near a river-bed, I counted over a hundred and sixty, all full-grown cattle. These grisly remains are dotted along every railroad line, but they are best seen in the dry washes far away from the cities.

These are the birth-pains of a new Southwest. The old, free, reckless life of the range passes; a new life, some of the characteristics of which I shall try to delineate, is struggling into being.

The way of civilization in a new land passes comprehension. Its motto seems to be: ruin first; there is time afterward to save. Civilization is a good deal like a wild, full-blooded boy: it must first sow wild oats, waste its patrimony, disgrace its antecedents; then it is ready to begin the serious work of life. That has been the history of the range country: swift ruin for thirty or forty years, with a resulting wreck that it will require a century of hard work, perseverance, and self-control to save.

Think of what the range country was as recently as thirty-five or forty years ago, when man first invaded it. Though often denominated a part of the Great Desert, it was yet the peaceful dwelling-place of millions of buffalo, deer, antelope, and wild horses, and thousands of Indians. It was a goodly land: the plains were covered with rich and nutritious grasses; the rocky hills were grown up to shrubs and trees; even the loose rocks of the desert were hidden in season with flowering vines. All the grazing creatures roamed over a vast territory, working north in summer and returning south in winter, seeking always the best feeding-grounds. The result of these yearly tides of animal life was a sort of natural rotation of pastureage in which some part of the range was always at rest, growing up to good grass, and producing seed against another season of invasion by wild herds. Nature had arranged all these things in her own perfect way, so that the range should be forever protected and preserved. She maintained the balance of animal life with exquisite perfection: she matched the Indian, the wolf, the lynx, the lion; against the buffalo, the antelope, the deer, the wild horse, and

the rabbit, so that they all progressed together, going to no excesses, preserving the range as they would a home.

And then the white man broke in—one is almost tempted to say, with a whoop. The buffalo must be killed whether there was need of food or not, and so he slaughtered right and left; he also killed most of the antelope and the deer; he caught some of the wild horses, others he shot in pure sport. It was not long before he had acquired the spirit of the Apache, but he was a more accomplished Apache than any of the red breed. He was a scientific Apache. The last buffalo of the great Southern herd disappeared about 1876, and the Indians, those who had escaped this wild white man, were soon afterward hustled off to the reservations, for they could no longer live on the plains, having no meat. Then the grass, ungrazed by wild herds, took a new start, and grew rank beyond belief. Where now the gray earth is as bare as your palm and literally blowing away little by little, a hunter might have crouched in the grass as in a jungle while he stalked a deer. In many places it was as high as a cow's back.

The cattleman followed the hunter, spreading rapidly from Texas, Kansas, and Nebraska westward and northward over all the range States,—New Mexico, Arizona, California, Nevada, Utah, Colorado, Wyoming, the western part of the Dakotas, Montana, Idaho, Oregon, and Washington,—to each State according to its grass-land, and mostly east of the Rocky Mountains. Texas was and is the great State of the Southern range, and Wyoming, Montana, and Colorado are the great States of the Northern range. In those days of the first invasion it was all a golden land. "Here," said the cattleman, "is food for all the cows in the world." So he began raising vast herds, and they multiplied and spread like locusts, for the grass and the water were both free, and horses were to be had for the catching. He thrived abundantly—at first. With money he grew more and more independent: he had extensive ranch-houses and many horses; he became a dead shot; he was free-handed, democratic, warm-hearted, truculent, brave, a healthy, hard-drinking fellow, with his lungs full of the freest of free air. No restrictions hedged him in save those conveniently set by his own conscience or inspired by respect for his neighbor's six-shooter. It was a glorious primitive society.

For ten years, more or less, say from 1874 to 1884, and later than this in the Northern

range, there was universal prosperity and plenty of money: to be a cowman meant being a small but powerful king with a princely kingdom, the boundaries of which were set by precedent and by the honor of custom,—as far as a man on horseback could see, and by water,—as firmly as if corner-marked and title-deeded. There was no rent and virtually no taxes to pay. A man might own a hundred thousand cattle and not an acre of land, though he claimed "range rights" to fifty thousand acres, and enforced those rights with blood and iron.

Apparently this was a new sort of free life in which man had risen above the old slow rules of thrift. It was a simple business: turn the cattle to grass, and when money was needed, round them up and sell them.

But the lucky dog sometimes has difficulty in enjoying his bone in peace. Lured by the stories of sudden riches in the cattle country, other men, as bold and hardy as the first, flocked in from all parts of the world, and began raising big and little herds. The building of the railroads across the continent stimulated immigration: the great Texas boom followed the completion of the Texas Pacific Railroad in 1883. At first the early comers welcomed the new rangers, sold them cattle at exorbitant prices, chuckled at their innocence, allowed them to come in on the ranges, and grew richer and richer. There were times when Texas steers, big and little, brought twenty-five dollars each on the range. But the tide swelled, and the cattle continued to increase enormously. Presently the first real settlers, the "nesters" of Texas, who wished to fence the land for farms, appeared in numbers, and the early comers, the original cow-boys, began to chafe. "Who's elbowing me?" they inquired, and there was prompt and effective shooting and the wholesale cutting of the new fences.

Many good men lay down in the hot sand, never to rise again. But that, bad as it was, did not tell the whole story of destruction. If cattle had been killed instead of men, the trouble might have been averted, but the herds went on multiplying until they covered all the range, giving it no rest winter or summer. Each cowman scrambled for all he could get; he argued that if he did not take the grass his neighbor would. And who cared a rap for the future! Life was short and money tangible. At first there had been enough grass to support one steer to every two acres of land; in half a dozen years a steer did well to make his living on five

acres. After that the ratio steadily widened. So great was the struggle for new territory that whole herds of cattle sometimes went twenty miles or more to water and then back again, galloping every step, and working hard between times to get enough from the failing ranges to keep life within their lean carcasses. And to-day there are many parts of the range that will not support ten cattle to the square mile, one steer to every sixty-four acres, and it is a good range indeed that will feed a steer to every twenty acres. There are whole ranges in Texas, New Mexico, and Arizona, once rich beyond belief, that are completely deserted and given over to the desert.

If the cattlemen had been left undisturbed in their own country, the range might have been better preserved. But when the rich grasses began to give out, the black, white, and crowfoot gramas, the curly mesquit, the sedges, and the needle-grasses, which were wonderful cattle-food, the rangers conceived the idea of introducing more sheep, knowing that sheep will thrive where cattle starve. So it happened that vast flocks appeared on the range, burning across it like so much live fire, the sheep eating out the vegetation to its very roots. And where sheep have fed, cattle will not, or cannot, live. It became a common experience for a cattleman to be "sheeped," as he called it, and it was not surprising that he looked coldly on the sheepmen and their flocks. On the other hand, the sheepmen asserted, truly enough, that the land belonged to the government, not to the cattleman, that it was free range, that the sheep had as much right there as the cows. Result, six-shooters, as usual. In some cases the cow-boys fortified the water-holes, preventing the sheep from drinking, and hundreds died terribly of thirst. In other cases, more bold, they rushed in, shot down the shepherds, and "rustled" the sheep to their death over some precipice, or killed them by shooting. The stories of the cattle and sheep wars, especially in the Northern range, would make a book—and they are still in process of making. It was no man's land; therefore might was right. But sometimes the range was eaten so bare that the cattleman lost interest in it and sold out to the sheepman, and let him have his way.

One would think that when the sheep had eaten out the grass, often digging it out with their hoofs, literally to the roots, that no more damage could be done to the helpless earth. But this was only the beginning.

In places where sheep could no longer find subsistence on the range, especially on the Southern range, the goats came,—they are coming yet,—beardless, long-haired, active Angora goats. The sheep only grazed; the goats both grazed and browsed. They not only ate the grass, but they took the leaves and twigs of almost every living plant, even nibbling the spiniest of the cacti. Not a thing escapes them; they are burning the land out even closer than the sheep. In some cases hogs were added, for they could dig up the roots of the last vestige of the green things. It seemed that man would not be content until he had left the range a desert.

In the meantime nature's perfect balance of animal life had been woefully disturbed. Dreading inroads on their calves and colts, the cattlemen had poisoned or killed off the wolves, lynxes, and coyotes, those regulators of the ranges. As a consequence, the jack-rabbit, the prairie-dog, and the gopher rose instantly to power. And these new wild rangers were more difficult to dispose of than the wolf, for they could not easily be poisoned, and they were too spry and too numerous for shooting in any numbers. As a consequence, millions of these animals soon occupied the range. In many cases the rabbits became so troublesome that large parties of men organized to round them up and kill them off in great numbers. The prairie-dogs not only ate the grass, but they dug up the very earth, making huge mounds of barren sand, often acres in extent. Jared G. Smith, an authority of the Department of Agriculture, who has given much attention to these problems of the ranges, estimates that five jack-rabbits will eat as much grass as one sheep, and twenty prairie-dogs will eat and spoil more, and that there are regions in Texas where the prairie-dog villages support a population of from two to five thousand to the square mile.

But there were other pests besides animals that fell upon the range, now that it was naked and unprotected. Scores of worthless weeds crept in to take the place of the rich grasses. The cactus came, especially the prickly-pear, sprawling over countless acres of land, using up the good soil, and keeping off the cattle. So, too, came the prickly-mesquit and other shrubs, crowding in on the bare land until whole ranges were utterly ruined so far as cattle- and sheep-feeding was concerned. When the cattle began to starve right and left, the cowmen were sometimes compelled to go out with coal-oil and torches and burn the spines from the

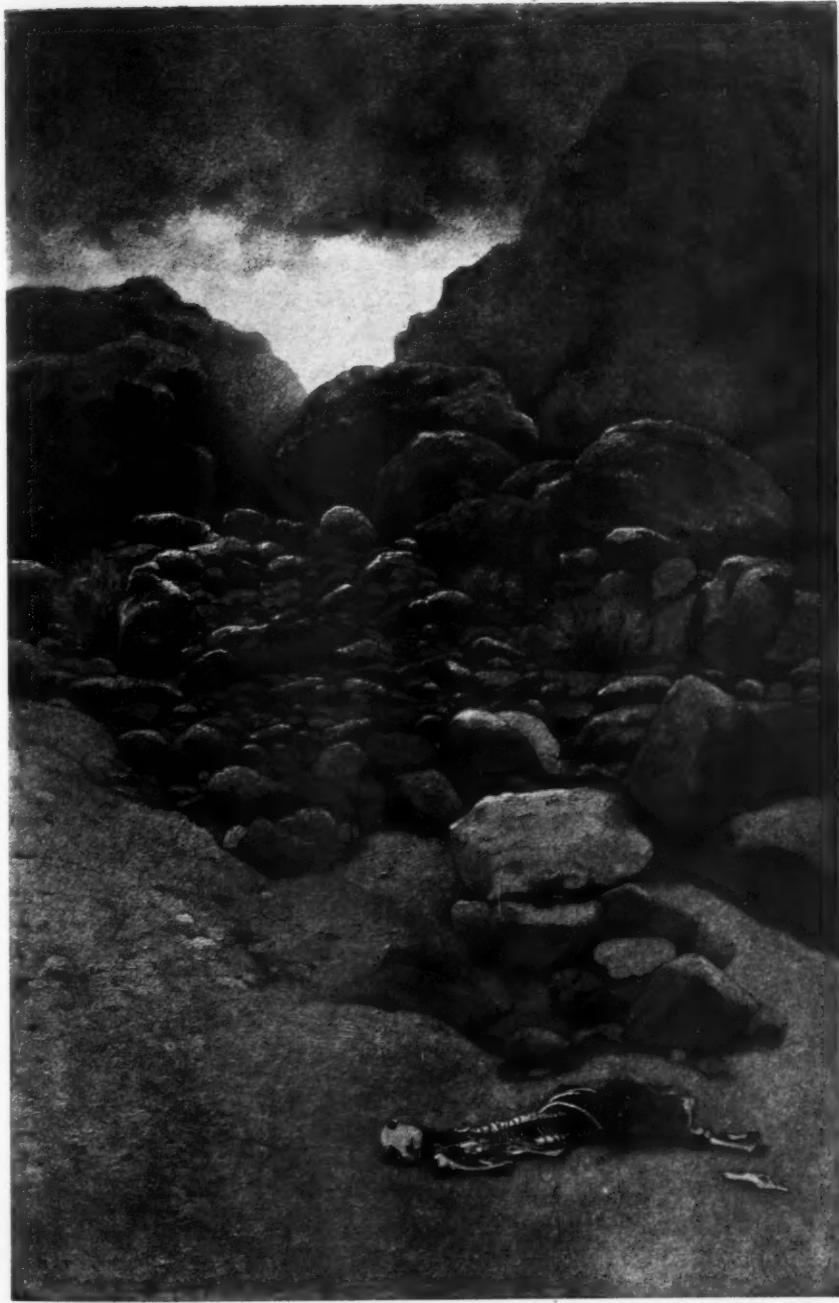
cactus, so that the cattle might make a poor living until a time of better feed. It was a sorry expedient, but it had to be adopted.

In the meantime, away back when the ranges were at their best and the cow-boy was first rising to power, the trapper and the miner appeared in every valley, and often the lumberman came to the hilltop. In those days many Southwestern streams were full of beaver, which built extensive dams at frequent intervals along the valleys, thereby holding back the floods and providing moisture for the growth of trees and grass. The trapper promptly caught and killed every beaver, and the floods came and washed down unrestricted in a wild torrent for a few weeks in the year, cutting out a deeper and deeper channel and carrying off great quantities of silt and valuable surface soil. The valley trees and vegetation, having now no water-supply during the greater part of the year, in many cases withered and died. At the same time the miner had been at work. Coal for his machinery was not to be had, so he ruthlessly stripped the hills of wood, big and little—wastefully, too, for I have seen whole hillsides covered with stumps more than waist-high; the choppers had cut the trees off where it was easiest, leaving the best of the trunk to rot. Whole townships were thus stripped of their scanty timber,—mesquit, live-oak, juniper,—for use in the mines, and in many places the lumber companies cleared the hilltops of their splendid covering of pine, cedar, and hemlock, often with ruthless wastefulness, leaving the tops, so that the first fire utterly ruined all the young growth of trees.

Grass and trees and weeds are great water-holders and conservators. When they were thus swept away—and they had been centuries in gaining a firm foothold—the water rushed down the hills, forming deep, unlovely washes, or cuts in the earth. A wash often began with a single hillside cow-trail, down which trickled in rainy weather a tiny stream of water. With the next flood the trail became a narrow ravine; with the next it was twenty feet deep and gashing the country for miles, and spreading sand and boulders over acres of good grass country. Whole districts in the Southwest, especially in the mountain States, are to-day cut up with these deep washes, where fifteen or twenty years ago there was hardly a ravine. It seems, indeed, as if both man and the elements had conspired utterly to ruin the range country. Many of the men have been partially punished by the wholesale starva-

tion of their cattle and horses and the ruination of once rich ranges. Indeed, if indefatigable nature, always hating waste, had not provided certain new forage-plants, many parts of the range country, especially in Arizona, would to-day be wholly uninhabitable. One of these plants, and the best, is *alfilerilla*, a low-growing, vine-like plant of the geranium family, a determined and persistent pioneer, fearless of dry weather and hot sunshine, and pushing out everywhere over the bare hills with resistless ardor. Its invasion is one of the marvels of the range. The first seeds were brought from California in the wool of a flock of sheep which was driven across country some fifteen years ago, and from that small beginning it has spread until in some districts the whole country in spring is green and soft with it. Without this "fill-ree," as he calls it, many a ranger would have to go out of the business.

In this way these forerunners of civilization, the cow-boy, the miner, the trapper, the hunter, the lumberman, brought ruin to the range. I am not here raising the question as to whether such ruin was inevitable as a precursor to the future solid development of the country, nor do I wish to detract one iota from the boldness in the face of hardships, the energy, the enterprise, the consummate persistence, of these pioneers in a new country. Such human qualities cannot be too warmly commended: I am rather stating the bare results of the invasion by man of a virgin land. Naturally these pioneers, like their brethren of the cities, were working strictly for their own interests; they were not planning for posterity. Posterity could look out for itself; their stomachs were empty. And the power that might have prevented ruin was slumberous at Washington, looking East, North, South, but never West or Southwest. The range was nearly all government land or, in the case of Texas, State land, much of it unsurveyed; therefore it was free. It is a peculiarity of Congress, indeed of all American governing bodies, that they never do anything until they are driven to it. Here was the range, reputed for a long time to be desert: it was not worth bothering with. And the cowmen, miners, hunters, and trappers, who were profiting by the free land and free water and free timber, naturally kept quiet enough, settled their differences in their own way with powder and shot, built up a society wild, free, democratic, hospitable, lovable, unpractical—and swiftly ruined an empire. I say ruined: they ruined it as



MAXFIELD PARRISH.

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY J. TINKEY.

THE SIGN OF A THIRSTY LAND.



MAXFIELD PARRISH.

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

"THE CACTUS CAME, ESPECIALLY THE PRICKLY-PEAR."

completely as they could, for the country was immense and resistant. It has been impossible as yet, as well as unprofitable, to reduce it quite to the condition of a desert.

The time has now come to introduce the new Southwesterner, indeed the new Westerner, for he has come alike to the North and to the South, and he is setting himself to the gigantic task of overthrowing the old, wanton Westerner and saving what he can from the wreck. The new man—call him rancher or farmer—has not come suddenly. In some sections he has been at work for years—in parts of Texas, where he is protected by comparatively favorable land laws, since the early eighties; in others he is just arriving; but he has been strong enough only within the last few years to exert any perceptible influence. No evolutionary changes are ever sharply defined; advancement is the result of many inextricably overlapping influences. The buffalo-hunter overlapped the cow-boy, the cow-boy overlaps the sheepman and the goatman, and all three have overlapped the new rancher. The miner has always been present. Jack, the cow-boy, is still powerful on the range, together with the old careless life he represents so well; but he has had his fling: the time is near when he will shoot up a town or rope a constable for the last time. And the man who follows him is quite a different person—not so picturesque by a long way, not so carelessly free, a person whom Jack despises with all his big, warm, foolish heart, and dreads with all his unpractical head. For Mr. Brown is from Kansas,—or is it Wisconsin?—a practical, unpoetic man, who wears suspenders and a derby hat, whose rear pocket bulges to no six-shooter. He is wholly without respect for the range boundaries set by honorable custom; he looks up his rights in a calfskin law-book, and sets down his expenditures in a small red book, so that he can tell at the end of the year how much he has made or lost. One of his chief weapons is the barbed-wire fence, which he strings ruthlessly along the rivers or around his leased school land, where cattle once roamed free. Kill him, and be done with it; but next day comes Mr. Smith from Ohio, and with him Mr. John Doe of Boston, doing the same despicable things, as Jack sees them. Is there no end of them? And killing, unfortunately, grows unpopular—even dangerous. What is to be done with men who won't fight?

Yes, Smith has come, scattering homes with women in them; to-morrow he will build

a cheap little church, spireless but hopeful, he will have his school-house and his justice-court. But every day for years he will have to fight for his very life for laws to regulate the range, for the rights of the small settler and rancher. Nor can any one who has not seen it with his own eyes understand the violence of this struggle between the old and the new. Do not imagine for a moment that Smith is a philanthropist, or that, feeling shame for the ruin of a splendid empire, he is setting himself with deliberate patriotism to save what remains of the wreck. By no means. Smith is as healthily selfish as Jack himself, but his interests cry for law and order in opposition to the present conditions of anarchy, for the private and peaceful possession of land instead of a bloody and wasteful free range, for homes instead of tents. And he finds everything against him.

In the first place, except in Texas, there are virtually no laws regulating the range—an empire of four hundred million acres of grazing-land without a government! Large tracts of the land are even unsurveyed, and every settler must force be a squatter until surveys are made. True, he may homestead his one hundred and sixty acres in the platted districts; but of this range land such a bit of property will not support a family. The land is suitable only for grazing, and thousands of acres are required even for a small ranch. Every non-partisan student of Western conditions long ago recognized the absurdity of applying the same laws to the arid plains of Arizona and Wyoming as to the fertile valleys of Illinois and Minnesota, where even forty acres will support a family, and the crying need of a new system of laws especially adapted to the range. Many bills have been introduced into Congress having such a change in view; but immediately the majority of the range lords, whose great herds are fattening on free land, and who control the politics and influence the newspapers of their sparsely settled States and Territories, lobby these bills out of existence. They well know that the range is failing, but they wish to make as much from it as possible while anything is left. They desire no change: anarchy is good enough for them, and anarchy still prevails, and prevails to an extent little realized east of the Missouri River. The cowmen and sheepmen still fight one another as they have been doing for years, and together they fight the small settlers. Mr. Smith is looked upon as an intruder, referred to contemptuously as a "farmer," and more often than not he soon



MAXFIELD PARRISH.

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

IN THE TRACK OF THE FLOOD.

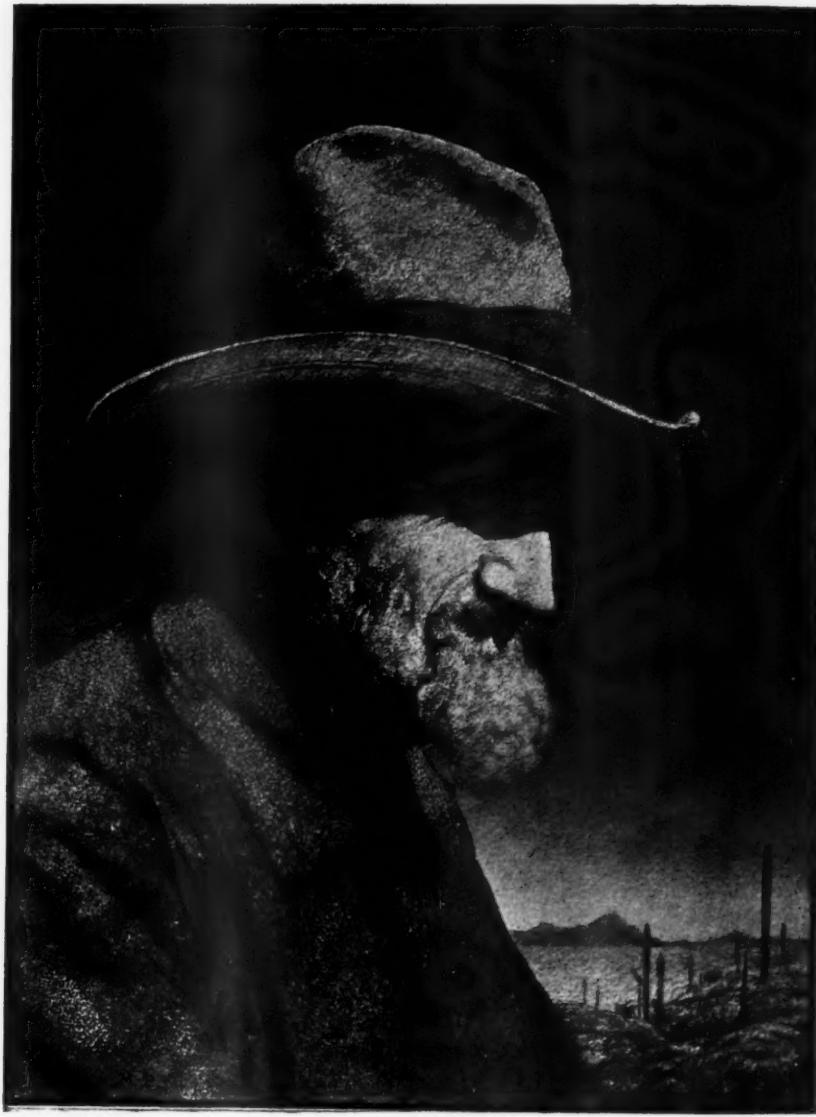
finds himself crushed or driven out. These are plain facts, known to every one. Texas alone is free from these chaotic conditions: her lands are under the control of the State authorities, and while the laws there might be better, they are at least sufficient to protect settlers in the enjoyment of some of their rights. No better illustration is needed of the contrast between law and anarchy than a trip from Texas, where the State law controls, across New Mexico and Arizona, where the Federal government encourages chaos, ruin, and blood. On one side of the boundary-line are houses and schools and a settled population attached to the soil; on the other side, a nomadic industry striving wastefully for the failing products of the arid soil and defeating the interests of good order and national development. It would not be fair to condemn all the large cattle- and sheep-owners, many of whom are desirous for better laws, believing that their business can be better conducted under private control; while, on the other hand, the small rancher often declares against any change, fearing that the wealthy cattle-owner will be able, under any leasing or other private control system, to acquire vast tracts to himself, fencing off all the small herds and flocks that remain.

If Mr. Smith had only the old cow-boy, the small cattle-owner, to compete with, he would soon conquer and secure better conditions; but Jack is now only the symbol of the free range. The great herds and flocks are at present nearly all owned by companies, corporations, bankers, brokers, packing-house owners, and so on, men of shrewd business sense, who well know that their large profits depend on the use of the property of the government, free range and free food. It is not at all surprising, therefore, that they should discourage legislation which will permit private control of the range—the only measure that will save what is left of the cruel wreck.

But the new Westerner is also determined. Usually he has followed the streams, taking up land under homestead laws, and in the process of irrigation he has fenced off the water from the flocks and herds of the rangers. Here and there he has also been able to lease school lands from the State or Territorial government, a section here and there, and sometimes he has gone out boldly on the range and fenced, unlawfully, it is true, but with the full knowledge that fencing, periodic rest, and proper rotation of pasture is the only thing that will permit

the range to recover itself. These lawless but necessary fences have in their turn been a fruitful source of trouble, the free ranger demanding that they be taken down, the fencing ranger protecting himself with six-shooters. Only recently the owner of a fence inclosing two hundred and twenty thousand acres of free land was compelled by prosecution to tear down this barrier to destruction. If there were any way of leasing the land from the government, the lease-holder would of necessity care for it and protect it, so that in the end he would be able to raise a very much larger number of cattle to the hundred acres than under the haphazard and wasteful methods now prevailing. Indeed, with the number of cattle on the range falling off, and meat rising always higher in price, with increasing profits to the range lords, the time must soon come when the public at large, East as well as West, will clamor for relief. It will be seen that the range question is national, not Western, that law and order, though it works hardship at first, is necessary to continue and increase the meat-producing capacity of the whole country.

So profitable has the cattle business been during the last few years to the great rangers that they have been able to make war on the incoming settlers with a high hand. In several instances they have actually bought out all the irrigation farmers on a river in order that they might, by owning the water-rights, secure their possession to all the tributary free range. By this method labored improvements, houses, homes, and irrigated fields have been allowed to go to waste, and settlers have disappeared. In other valleys, however, the irrigator has held his own, and, by cutting off access to water by the cattle of the range, has reduced its earning capacity and compelled the cattle- and sheep-owners to move on. Strange as it may seem, the attitude of many of the Western States, the expression of which is hardly disguised by the newspapers and politicians, is opposed to incoming settlers. The impression is conveyed that the country is a desert not capable of supporting any considerable population, and that it must be left wholly to the rangers. But ask any irrigation expert and he will tell quite a different story. In the ten years from 1890 to 1900, the population of Wyoming, which is peculiarly a range State, increased less than thirty-two thousand, and that of Utah less than seventy thousand, while Nevada actually decreased in population by three thousand. If it had not been for mining development and the coming



MAXFIELD PARRISH.

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS.

A SOUTHWESTERN TYPE: BILL SACHS, "THE FLYING DUTCHMAN," AN OFTEN-HELD-UP STAGE-DRIVER OF THE OLD DAYS.

of the Smiths and the Browns to the irrigated valleys, it is safe to say that most of the range States would have shown no perceptible growth in population. Yet with proper laws regulating the range and the use of water in irrigating—two great matters now being brought to the attention of Congress—all these so-called arid States and Terri-

tories are destined, without a shadow of doubt, to see marvelous improvement, furnishing an outlet for the people of the rapidly overcrowding East. The range, now so nearly ruined that it will support only a fraction of the cattle and sheep that it once did, will feed an increasing number of cattle, and the people's food will be cheaper. There

is enough water for both ranger and irrigator, and enough range for many more cattle and sheep, if only there existed any rational system of control and distribution.

Yes, the new Southwesterner is coming and bringing new hope with him. He is damming the streams with huge and costly masonry, where the beavers once did the work freely and well. The water that he thus saves up, he carries down in canals to the plains below, where he spreads it out on the desert land and raises fruitful crops, and his cattle, which are not to be "punched" after Jack's fashion, feed on the near-by range. He has built up cities and encouraged railroad-building; he requires newspapers and civilized comforts. He has even entered on the range itself as a competitor of the wealthy cattle-owner, and he is experimenting, assisted by the government station, to see how the ranges can be reclaimed by the planting of various grasses and by proper rotation and rest. He is studying the prairie-dog problem; he is discussing the possibility of breeding a cactus without spines, for his cattle to eat in time of drought, thus turning to advantage one capability of the range that has long been neglected. His class is in sufficient force, too, to make a loud clamor in Congress and to stir up the indolent giant at Washington to do something. "Here," he says, "this is your land; you must take care of it—what there is left worth taking care of." He is demanding the survey of those portions of the range that remain unsurveyed: he knows that free land and free water mean a ruined country.

This he is trying to impress upon Washington. Assisted by patriotic Easterners, he is demanding that the lumberman and the miner be regulated in the cutting of timber, and he has been so far successful that the government has created vast forest reserves in the mountains, and in some instances has sent out agents to protect them from trespass, and to keep the cattle and sheep from doing damage. Yet more reserves are needed and more men to protect them—and men, too, who are chosen for merit, not for personal or political reasons, else favoritism and laxity will nullify the interest of the law. Laws have also been passed to regulate the miner in cutting the scant timber from the desert lands, though none of the laws yet go half far enough, or are enforced as thoroughly as they should be. Indeed, never before was there greater need of patriotic statesmanship at Washington than there is in dealing with this multitude of complex Western questions—irrigation, the range, the forest reserves. We have been meeting these problems half-heartedly, inexpertly, harmfully, playing into the hands of the wealthy rangers, and by vacillation hindering the proper development of the irrigable valleys. Our forest reserves, it is true, are much to our credit, although they are yet only half protected. If only some prophet might arise who could show to the people of the country this terrible tragedy of the range in its true light, the ruin that now is, the crying necessity for better laws and the rehabilitation of the Western empire, changes might soon be wrought.

WORDS.

BY JULIE CLOSSON KENLY.

WORDS are the glittering treasures of the tomb
 In which the ages lie. What ravishment
 Of mood and light and color and sweet scent
 Hides in the dusty lexicons, where bloom
 Star, sea, and sun names, all the glow and gloom—
 Which eye has seen, and lips made eloquent—
 Beautiful words, serene or turbulent,
 The brilliant ravel from the Poet's loom!
 What keener pleasure can a craftsman know
 Than sorting, gloating, till the symbols grow
 Incarnate to his mind, and cease to be
 Mere threads of ink, but live and laugh and grieve,
 Quickened by his own soul, as when you see
 Dull drops flash prismy in a rainbow weave!

IN THE FAR EAST.

BY THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

Pictures by Alfred Bremen.

Clorinda and Ann they have gone to Japan,
To study the language and see what they can;
And when they return we shall probably learn
An infinite deal about Primitive Man.

For there 'tis he hives, and apparently thrives
On sweetmeats and sake, and uses no knives,
But skilfully picks up his food with two sticks,
And smokes little pipes in his rice-paper dives.

He eats his fish raw, and regards with deep awe
His grandstire, and worships his mother-in-laws;
And when the man dies he comes back in new guise—
Another such people the world never saw!

For aught that one knows, yonder salurnine crows
Are souls of dead ones, tors flying in rows:
All blossom-like things once were maidens, so sings
Old Omar—in peace may his ashes repose!

A land not like ours, that land of strange flowers,
Of demons and spooks with mysterious powers—
Of gods who breathe ice, who cause peach-blooms and rice,
And manage the moonshine and turn on the showers.

Each day has its fair or its festival there,
And life seems immune to all trouble and care—
Perhaps only seems, in that island of dreams
Sea-girdled and basking in magical air.

They've streets of bazaars filled with lacquers and jars,
And silk stuffs, and sword-blades that tell of old wars;
They've Fuji's white cone looming up, bleak and lone,
As if it were trying to reach to the stars.



They've temples and gongs, and grim Buddhas in thrones,
And pearl-powdered geisha with dances and songs;
Each girl at her back has an imp, brown or black,
And dresses her hair in remarkable prongs.

On roadside and street toddling images meet,
And smirk and kolow in a way that is sweet;
Their obis are tied with particular pride,
Their silken Kimonos hang scant to the feet.

With purrs like a cat they all giggle and chat,
Now spreading their fans, and now holding them flat;
A fan by its play whispers "Go now!" or "Stay!"
"I hate you!" "I love you!" — a fan can say that!

Beneath a dwarf tree, here and there, two or three
Squat coolies are sipping small cups of green tea;
They splutter, and leer, and cry out, and appear
Like bad little chessmen gone off on a spree.
At night — ah, at night the long streets are a sight,
With garlands of soft-colored lanterns alight —
Blue, yellow, and red twinkling high over head,
Like thousands of butterflies taking their flight.

Somewhere in the gloom that no lanterns illumine
Stand groups of slim lilies and jonquils in bloom;
On tiptoe, unseen 'mid a tangle of green,
They offer the midnight their cups of perfume.

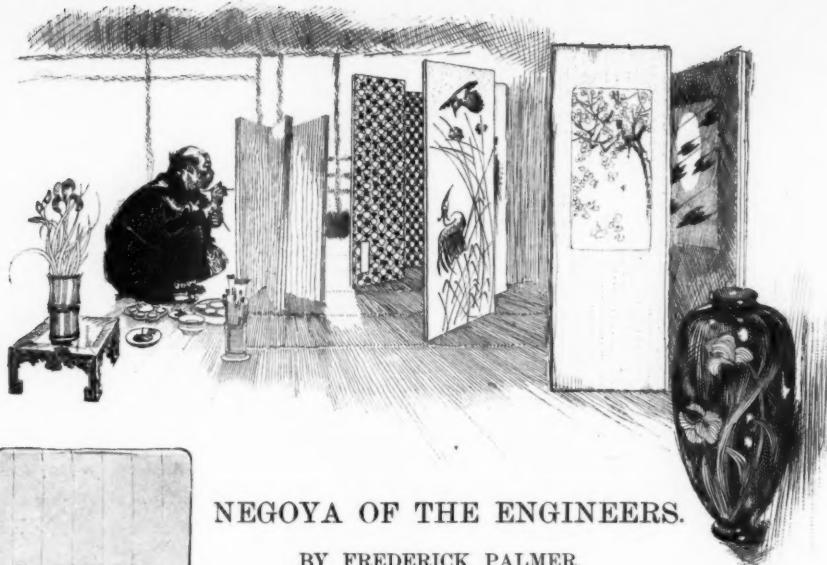
At times, sweet and clear from some tea-garden near,
A ripple of laughter steals out to your ear;
Anon the wind brings from a samisen's strings
The pathos that's born of a smile and a tear.

Through fantasy's eye I behold, when I try,
Clorinda and Ann in their rickshaw dash by —
The little bronze Jap who is pulling the trap
Seems straight from a shelf in the shop of Yen Hi.

The sky it is blue, and that hedge of bamboo
Is something to note in its summer of dew;
But nothing I see, in my glimpse is to me,
Fair pilgrims, so fresh and delightful as you!

A grace like the grace of a rose lights each face.
Alert in its framing of ribbon and lace . . .
Eyes, azure and gray, you have come a long way
To find that the world is a wonderful place.

What innocent zest you have brought to your quest
Of all that the East may unfold of its best!
For you let be hid all that's dark and forbid,
And be as it were not, white doves from the West!



NEGOYA OF THE ENGINEERS.

BY FREDERICK PALMER,
Author of "The Ways of the Service."

WITH PICTURES BY ORSON LOWELL.

陸軍工兵
名古屋

ual, as politeness or sounness is with you or me; certainly, whether he finds life pleasant or not, it is a greater privilege to die for his emperor than to be born rich. The exception which proves the rule lives in the port towns and looks up to his fellow-countrymen who wear high hats, while their bare feet are shod with straw sandals, as examples of modern progress.

For Negoya's perversion, Tora San (which

is the Honorable Miss Tora in English) was entirely responsible. She was the daughter of the screen-painter who lived on the hill-side half a mile beyond the home of Negoya's father, the ivory-carver, in the town of Ojiji, which is so remote that if a tourist visits it the bareheaded inhabitants follow his jinrikisha and ask him to take off his pith helmet and reveal the kind of birds he keeps in this strange cage. If he grants their request, they may lift his trousers legs to see if he is the color of his face all the way down, meaning no more by this than a kindly, law-abiding interest in his affairs, such as the New England villager would show in a Buddhist priest who should appear on the common.

There you have the reasons back of my word for it that Negoya had not been tainted by any foreign wickedness. When he was called to serve his term as a conscript, he was put in the engineers, where he was kept too busy—for it is drill, drill, drill, and then drill again, in the Japanese army—to get into mischief. Finally, he grew accustomed to the military cap which made his head so hot at first; finally, the sores worn on feet (which had grown to man's estate in *getas*) by the foreign style of boots became calloused.

Choko, a stocky boatman of Ojiji, who had

become the wit of the company, railed at Negoya as being more of a priest than a soldier. Long before he dared to tell Tora of his love, Negoya preferred to sit alone thinking of her to chatting with his comrades. She was his ideal of a maiden, and he was her ideal of a soldier. He was taller, his manners were gentler, than the others whom she knew, especially Choko, that chunk of a man, half buffoon and half wrestler. They plighted their troth one day, with the consent of their parents, as is the custom in Japan, under a bower of wistaria blossoms which filled Tora's garden with their fragrance. Without the slightest thought that they would ever be separated, they planned to occupy a house of their own after Negoya's term of conscription was over.

Three days later the engineers and all the Hiroshima division were ordered to China; whereupon the Hiroshima division shouted for joy and set to work. At the moment Negoya longed for battle as much as the others, and cheered as loudly. While he was packing his kit, however, a mist rose before his eyes. He wondered if he should ever see Tora again. Trembling for the consequences of such presumption, he was bold enough to ask his captain if he might go to town from the barracks for a few minutes to—why, to see his mother, of course.

"So, that is what you're dreaming of!" was Captain Oake's tart reply. "Your mother does not want to see you. She wants you to go where the Mikado sends you, and to go without asking questions."

With that, Captain Oake, his hand on his sword and his head thrown back in happy contemplation of events to come, walked up and down, speaking a word of admonition to one man and another as they came out of the barracks in field-equipment. Off they marched with sturdy, mechanical steps. At the station, after the telegrapher had whispered in the captain's ear, the captain bade the men remove their heavy kits. Then he said:

"The train will not be here for an hour. You may go to see your mother, Negoya; and the others who live near here may go, too. But be back in forty minutes."

Negoya never saluted with greater enthusiasm; he never ran faster as he hurried through the streets, his boots clapping on the hard dirt pavement, in sharp contrast to the clicking of getas and the shuffling and slap-slap of sandals. Only his brother was at home. His mother was at a neighbor's.

The neighbor's house was on the way to Tora San's, and thither he hastened. Almost upon the threshold, Choko and some of his friends, bursting out of a side street with laughter and shouts, nearly jostled him over.

"It's Negoya! brave Negoya!" cried Choko. "I saw him drop a tear on his knapsack. He weeps for fear of the pigtails. He weeps when he is going to China to fight side by side with foreigners and show them the might of Nippon! For foreigners think that we are pretty playthings, like our dolls, and Negoya wants them to think so."

"Cry, cry, cry, Negoya!" Iijuma, who was the shadow of Choko, added.

Negoya had not recovered his power of speech and scarcely his breath before they were gone. Shame mounted upon wrath at the sight of two figures in front of the neighbor's house. They had come out at the sound of the voices. Yes, his mother and Tora, who was with her, had heard all that had been said. Nothing could have stung the pride of either more than the suggestion it had conveyed. For the Spartan woman of story is the every-day woman of Japan.

"I have no farewell for you!" cried his mother—"no farewell for a son who cries out of fear. If you prove a coward, may you never burn my eyes with your presence again!"

Then her getas clicked down the street, leaving him and Tora San, who as yet had said nothing, together. Quite motionless, she was looking up at him through her eyelashes with a reproach that stabbed his heart. He longed to have Choko present now, that he might wrestle with him until one or the other lay exhausted in the gutter; to have a battle take place on the spot, in order to show Tora that he was the bravest soldier in all Japan.

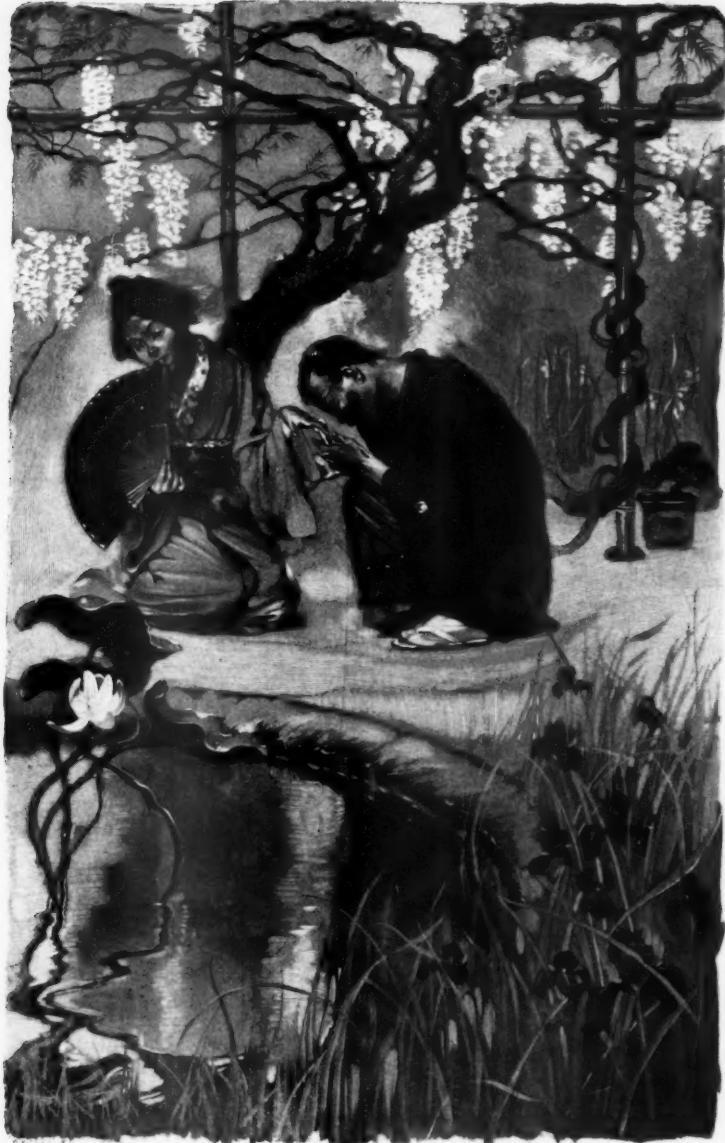
"I'm not sad because of the war, Tora," he said. "I am sad at leaving you."

"I hope that is all," she replied dejectedly. "I am going home—so many people are listening."

Negoya, who had not taken his eyes from Tora San's face, now saw that a little crowd, mostly old women and old men and boys and young girls who were tending babies, had gathered. These are the punctual and busy bearers of the gossip of the town.

"You don't think I'm a coward, do you?" he asked, after he had followed her to the end of the street, while she had not spoken a word.

"We shall see," she replied. "If you are, and Choko is brave, I shall marry Choko."



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

"THEY PLIGHTED THEIR TROTH ONE DAY."

There was a laugh at their side—the roaring laugh of the boatman himself.

"I'll remember that, Tora San," Choko said. "We'll make a pretty couple. I'll have a boat of my own and build you a fine house."

Tora, her cheeks aflame, ran up the hill as fast as her getas permitted.

"I'll remember, Tora San," he called, "I'll remember!"

She stopped. The tiny feminine form closely wrapped in its graceful kimono looked down from the hillside upon a grinning, buoyant, dwarfed giant, whose calves were fairly bursting from his military leggings, and upon the ivory-carver's tall son, a pair in as strik-

ing contrast as Vulcan and Apollo. Of the two, for such as she, there ought to have been only one choice.

"I'll do as I say, Negoya!" she cried defiantly. "I'll do as I say, Choko!"

Tongue-tied by his amazement, Negoya was half aware that Choko leered scornfully at him, slapped him on the shoulder, and told him that he might grow his hair long and become a Chinese, as the Chinese always ran away. Then the unhappy lover awoke to see the retreating figure of Tora San on the hillside and that of Choko turning a corner.

He had no time to spare now, but must hurry back to the station. As he went he began to wonder if it was true that he was a coward. He did not mean to be, but yet he, a Japanese, had a second time dumbly allowed Choko to impugn his honor without replying. A Japanese guilty of that might be guilty of anything.

Then he laughed at his fears. He would follow wherever Captain Oake led, he told himself; and he was coming back to marry Tora San. His eye lighted on a row of little gods on a vender's stand. One of them, in the old-time armor of Japan, seemed to step forward out of the ranks and beckon him. Negoya's last coppers went to buy it. On no account is Bishamon to be scorned. If you believe in him, he will give you peace of mind by making you confident that nothing can harm you, up to the moment when something does. Negoya pretended to believe this, only he did not at heart, such being the way of the Japanese with their gods, even as it is with many of us with ours.

With Bishamon in his pocket, Negoya arrived breathless at the station. Choko and his comrades were already there, standing in line with the company, their kits on their backs. They had heard the roar of the approaching train, and were looking up the track for its appearance.

"You are five minutes late," said the captain, scowling. "Have you been dreaming by the wayside or gathering flowers, you ivory-carver? If that's the way you are going to behave, I'll tie a pigtail on to the back of your head."

"And Tora San will never marry a Chinese," Choko whispered. "She's going to marry me."

In the car Choko sat near him, but Negoya was at the window on the side of the town. As the train pulled out he could see the main street, where he had played, the school-house where he had recited his lessons

in singsong monotony with his fellow-pupils. Then he looked toward the hill where Tora San lived. For a second he saw a roof with a garden behind it, before town and river and hill were whisked out of sight.

"Tora San and I will build our house beside her father's," chuckled Choko, thrusting forward a grinning face.

Choko's comrades giggled. They were prepared to giggle at anything that Choko said to Negoya now. Negoya had to bear being the butt all the way to Hiroshima and again on board the little coasting-steamer which acted as transport. At last he forgot that he was a soldier under discipline. He and Choko grappled in a struggle which threw the deck into commotion. There was scarcely room for them to move, so thick were the legs and arms about them. In a twinkling, Choko, who was much the stronger, had his antagonist down, but barely before Captain Oake broke through the wall of spectators by pounding shoulders and cuffing ears, to tear the combatants apart and hold them at arm's-length.

"Shame upon you who have worn the Mikado's cloth for a year! Who struck the first blow?"

"I did," Negoya replied impetuously. "He said I was a coward. He said that I ought to be at home wearing an obi [a woman's sash] instead of the Mikado's uniform. He said that I was a coward—a coward!"

Negoya's voice bore hard on the word which had become a nightmare to him. Then he raised his hand to the salute, and thought of what his mother and Tora San would say when they heard of his disgrace.

"When you said that to a Japanese, you, not he, struck the first blow," said the captain, turning sharply on Choko.

Suddenly Choko had changed from a boaster to a penitent who expected to be sent to prison instead of to war.

"Choko, ask Negoya's pardon for what you said. Negoya, ask Choko's pardon for striking him."

This done, Captain Oake gave them a lecture, promised them hard work in China, and held punishment over their heads as a warrant of good behavior.

There were too many new sights and too much to do the next day for Negoya to think of himself or of home. When he awoke in the morning the transport was at anchor off Taku. He opened his eyes to see forty men-of-war of all nations. The nearest group flew the flag of his own land. All the

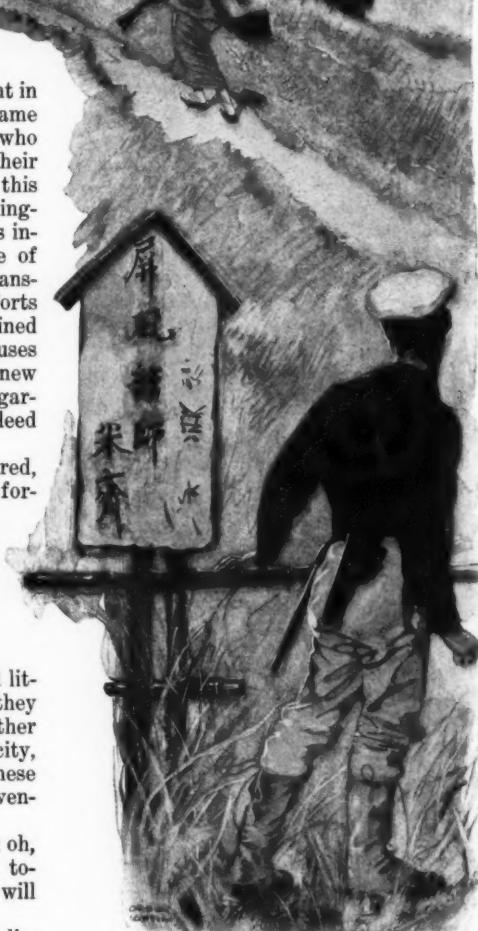


strength of the engineers' lungs was spent in greeting, and back across the water came the answering cheers of Japan's seamen, who fight as well with quick-firing guns as their fathers did with bows and arrows. Yet this great fleet was as powerless as so many wing-clipped ducks to do any harm on shores invisible through the mist at a distance of nine miles. Upon the rising tide the transport passed in over the bar and by the forts of mud, up the muddy Pei-ho, its banks lined with houses of mud, and beyond the houses fields of the color of mud; and Negoya knew now that Japan, with its fields set like gardens among banks of foliage, was indeed beautiful.

The close of the day found him bewildered, and his company in a compound in the foreign settlement of Tientsin. For the first time he had looked upon foreign soldiers. How could the English see over their big noses? Were the Japanese so small because they washed so much, and the Russians so big because they did not wash at all? With such questions to answer, even Choko had had little time to discuss other things until they lay down for the night. From the other side of the settlement, by the native city, came the sound of the firing of the Chinese "snipers," who had begun their regular evening diversion.

"Brave Negoya! He is not a coward; oh, no," said Choko. "Wait till we go out tomorrow. The first bullet that comes will make Tora San mine."

While the others were asleep, Negoya listened to the distant popping. With the thought that each bullet could kill him, he



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY R. DAVIS.

"THE RETREATING FIGURE OF TORA SAN."

began counting the shots. He was past two hundred when he fell asleep.

After all, he was the victim of circumstances rather than of any fault of his own, except the tendency of an ivory-carver, who is an ivory-carver's son, to dream. If he had not been in love with Tora San he would have said, as the Japanese say, whether they miss a train or a fortune, "*Shikata ga nai*" ("It can't be helped"), when a bullet struck him; he would not have recognized the existence of fear. Choko had put the thought of it in his head by calling him coward in the presence of his mother and his sweetheart. Their action had awakened in him the fear of a possibility, which preyed upon his mind until now he was convinced that he would run from the enemy, and thus complete a disgrace which he fully realized was worse than death.

At least, that is the pleasantest construction to put on his part the next day in building a pontoon-bridge across the river. All went well for a time. The engineers had finished the bridge to within fifteen feet of the shore. A junk lying a hundred yards up the river, plainly in sight of the Chinese trenches, was just the thing to fill the space. Captain Oake chose ten men to go with him after it. In this detail, which stole along the bank like cats after mice, were Negoya and Choko. They had their shoulders against the junk, straining to push it into the stream, when they received a message that they had been observed by the Chinese. The message was unwritten and was delivered promptly. A dozen bullets zipped by. Negoya felt as if a giant had blown him over with a breath. He found himself on all fours in the sand. He looked up, expecting a harsh rebuke. The others were still lifting as if nothing had happened, their faces stern with effort. Perhaps Captain Oake had not seen him, or had thought that he had slipped. He put his shoulder to the junk again.

"We need a pry. There's one. I'll get it."

Negoya recognized the voice, while the fire was diverted to another target. Bullets cut little troughs in the sand at Choko's feet, as, upon his own initiative, he ran toward a heavy pole lying by the waterside some fifty yards distant. Captain Oake sang out encouragingly to him. He was as unmindful of the bullets as if they were peas thrown at him in play, for the realization of fear had not yet entered his heart. It seemed an hour to Oake, who expected every second to see him tumble; it seemed only a minute to

Choko (and it was really not much more than that) before he was back and had thrust one end of the timber into the mud under the hull of the junk.

"I'll tell the colonel of this, my good Choko," said the captain. "Now, all together, with the strength of coolies—*hiyah-oh!*"

The junk responded too promptly. It slid, as a ship from the ways, out into the stream, beyond reach, and moved off with the current. The captain cried out that they were going to lose it; but his sentence was unfinished before Choko had thrown himself aboard. Using his pry and vaulting-stick as an oar now, he could easily steer the junk. His manner of jaunty triumph was joy to the dancing eyes of his commander.

"He can barely read a lesson, let alone turn a stick of ivory into a living thing. But I am no boatman," thought Negoya, bitterly, as he edged his way along under cover of the bank.

When the Chinese again directed their fire upon Choko alone, he made a grimace and a gesture of contempt which set Captain Oake and all his men to laughing—all except Negoya.

"If Tora San could see Choko now!" whispered Iijuma, who was as proud of Choko's deed as if he had performed it himself.

As deftly as he would have swung a sampan alongside a ship's ladder, Choko sent the junk to its place and held it, ready to be joined to the others.

"I shall tell the colonel of this. Yes, the Mikado may give you a medal for it, my good Choko, my brave Choko," said the captain.

"Humbly I thank you for deigning to notice my poor achievement," was the reply in politest Japanese, there under fire. "May I crave that you will condescend instead to write to Tora San, the girl I wish to marry when the war is over?"

Choko shot a malicious glance at Negoya.

"With all my heart, I will," said the captain.

That bridge had now enjoyed all the immunity it would until the Chinese were driven out of their earthworks and the native city of Tientsin. The first supply-cart that passed over it was hailed by a shrapnel; and thereafter, whether the passers were in squads or in companies, they halted for breath and made a run for it, with the result that the shells burst behind them as they passed under cover on the other side.

While some men were making the junk

fast, others were laying planks. Negoya had a hammer in his hand, about to drive a nail, when ten thousand fire-crackers in one seemed to explode in his ear, and the air was ripped by fragments of steel. His comrades' attention was attracted to him by a faint cry for help. They saw his head just above the water, and hauled the dripping figure

As they ate their meat and rice in the evening, back in the compound, Choko alone of all his comrades addressed a word to Negoya.

"Tora San will not marry a coward," he said bluntly.

The others gave him looks more cutting than words. Now that he was a proved cow-



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS.

"THE ENGINEERS HAD FINISHED THE BRIDGE TO WITHIN FIFTEEN FEET OF THE SHORE."

aboard the junk. They searched for his wound, but found him untouched except by fear.

"Where is your hammer?" demanded the captain.

Negoya could only salute and look alternately at the captain and the water.

"Pah! Blockhead! Help Iijuma to taunt that rope!"

The captain puffed out his lips in contempt and tossed his head angrily.

Other shells came in rapid succession, and men were hit. With every crack, Negoya, try as hard as he would, trembled.

"I'll write to Tora San what Negoya was doing when Choko was so brave," Iijuma whispered to him.

ard, he was beneath banter. They did not offer him a light from their cigarettes; they would not eat from the same dishes with him. In their lexicon there was no analysis of the emotions which turn the cowering recruit of a first battle into the hero of the second. Negoya kept his hand in his pocket, and in the hollow of it his god Bishamon. Sitting by himself, he drew in the earth at his feet a character from the Sanskrit which means the luck of ten thousand years; which, in past ages, traveled through Burma, Tibet, and China to the temple lanterns of Japan, without changing form or meaning.

"The shells have burst with a great bang, the bullets have whistled terribly," Negoya thought. "There was death all around, yet

death was far away, for only four men were hit. I was a child frightened by noise. To shudder and flinch does n't make me any smaller as a target. If I am to be killed, then I am. *Shikata ga nai*. If I am not killed, then I must be brave, or Tora San will not be mine. To-morrow I will run ahead and do as grandly as Choko. If Choko is not hit, surely I shall not be. He is only a boatman. To-morrow night Iijuma shall not turn away when I ask him for a light for my cigarette. To-morrow—yes, I will teach Choko that he is only a boatman."

Thus he was dreaming when Captain Oake called him. The captain's little black mustache was bristling, his lips were pursed, his eyes glared fiercely at the private before him through their narrow, slanting windows. He began with the word which stood for all of Negoya's hopes.

"To-morrow," he said, "we go to drive the Chinese out of their stinking city. My company will blow open the great gate and make way for the foreigners to follow. I want none but brave men with me. The Mikado would blush for shame if the foreigners should pass a Japanese soldier who had lagged in a ditch out of fear. So I shall leave you, Negoya, to wear an obi and guard the picks and shovels. Then you need not dig into the sand like a crab or lose the Mikado's hammers."

Of what use were the dreamer's resolutions now? All that a Japanese holds dear was lost. If he returned to Ojiji, the women and children would pelt him with offal and call him worse than offal. He fell upon his knees before his captain.

"It was the noise," he pleaded. "It will not frighten me again. I beseech you for another chance."

"The noise? A fine excuse for a soldier! You were taught what to expect. The others did not flinch."

"I know, I know, and I shall not flinch tomorrow. I will run on ahead of everybody. No foreigner shall see me in a ditch alive. It is no disgrace to be found in a ditch dead if your face is toward the enemy."

"You are not wanted to run ahead any more than you are wanted to fall back. You are wanted to keep up with the others and do as you are told," the captain said thoughtfully.

His hesitation was a breath of hope to Negoya.

"No; you will remain behind with the picks and the shovels," Captain Oake concluded.

Negoya arose. Gravely he saluted his captain.

"Tell Tora San that I was not afraid, at the end."

The words came in a gulp. They were followed by a calm "*Hek, hek, hek*" ("Yes, yes, yes"), as Negoya drew his bayonet from its sheath to drive it into his body.

In other days, in those days of romance in which Negoya was living at that moment, his captain would have witnessed without protest, as a matter of code, the tragedy about to be enacted. In the year 1900, he sprang to Negoya's side and struck his hand down.

"The day of *hara-kiri* is past," he said. "The Mikado does not want his sons to die for nothing."

Negoya had forgotten that Oake was his captain and he a private; he had forgotten everything except the horror of his position.

"You yourself are a coward, then. You will not let me serve my country," he replied.

Oake recoiled in sheer astonishment at such language from one of his men. But the old Japanese chivalry, which held that death alone can atone for dishonor, rose in him.

"You will go with us to-morrow, Negoya," he said, "and afterward you will be punished for insubordination."

The next day's work made strong men as weak as children. Blowing open the gate was easy only in theory. It cost, besides the skill and courage of the Japanese engineers, blood and misery for the allied troops. With usual particularity as to form, time, and detail, the Japanese general had set the hour for the event. He was warranted in this, for his jaunty soldiers had never failed him in anything he had planned. It was no fault of his, no fault of theirs, but the skill of German-trained Chinese gunners that postponed the climax from dawn of one morning to dawn of the next.

Of all the engineers that night as they marched out of the compound, Negoya bore the heaviest pack. Besides the load on his back and his rifle, there was the load on his heart. Consciousness of loss of sleep, which weakened the steps of the others, was crowded out of mind by other thoughts.

Captain Oake himself carried the gun-cotton and the fuse, which were as sacred as the covenant to his chivalrous soul. He, in common with the general, thanked fortune for the clouds which obscured the moon. Whispers flew from the officers' lips to the

man who scraped his heels on a stone or made an exclamation. On they crept, feeling their way by the houses on the side of the road leading to the gate. A private bayoneted and an officer throttled a Chinese outpost who suddenly awoke from a nap with an exclamation. A shot or a shout might cost a thousand lives instead of the price of a wad of guncotton and a fuse. To go to the gate itself or as near the gate as they could before they were observed—such were the orders. Every step seemed to Oake as counting a number upward in promotion. If he should actually reach the goal! His whispers of excited warning were louder than the noises which the men made.

Between him and such good fortune flashed a barrier of the fiery breaths of rifles, blown toward him from down the road. Every man dropped on his belly. Oake whispered that no one was to fire, under penalty of the Mikado's curse. The proud sons of Japan had to submit to the attack as a Chinese coolie submits to a beating. Negoya, who had promised himself to be so brave, made his hands two vises to keep them from trembling; he dug his toes into the earth to keep his legs from shaking.

Breaths coming and going and the surgeon creeping softly to the wounded were the only sounds. Thus they waited until the fire of the enemy's detachment which had been placed outside the gate slackened. Then, in fear of the very silence which answered them out of the darkness, whence they had heard the outpost's ominous throttled cry, and where they had seen shadowy forms suddenly dispelled, the Chinese began to fall back. Still no Japanese rifle spoke at those moving spots which were a little darker than the night.

It was then that Negoya had an inspiration worthy of a dreamer and the lover of a screen-painter's daughter, who made images of gods and heroes out of ivory.

"We can follow them to the gate. Those on the wall will not fire; they cannot tell us from their friends."

"Silence, and don't lose your rifle as you did the hammer," was the reply.

Later, Oake recalled how a Japanese despatch-boat in the war with China, coming round a cape at night, found itself with the Chinese fleet and ran on with the enemy, as if a part of it, unnoticed by the stupid look-outs, until, suddenly batting its lights, it slipped away under the cover of another cape. All Japan smiled with the despatch-boat's commander, whose name the Mikado

knew within the week as well as the Prime Minister's. But in war it is often better not to think at all than not to think quickly. By the time that Oake had realized his lost opportunity the Chinese were safe within the gate.

Dawn was the arranged signal for the engineers to charge. It revealed in all its strength the mass of gray stone which towered over the figures huddled under cover of huts by the roadside. In their time white men have built walls, but they were palings beside this.

When the word was passed to make ready, Negoya felt his legs trembling again.

"You must run, run, run, and run ahead, run ahead!" he said to them, angrily, as if they were a being apart from himself.

From their altitude the Chinese, swarming on the parapets, had made out the white-capped figures behind the huts. They were ready, too. They had read in their drill-books not to fire until a charge began. That much they could do with copy-book correctness, but nothing on their own initiative to meet the emergency of the moment.

As the engineers sprang into the road they were met by a fire which sounded like boiling grease, which would shrivel up any line of men as a feather is shriveled on a griddle. With the blood of their fallen soaking into the dust of the road, men and officers sought cover again as suddenly as if withdrawing their hands from contact with a red-hot iron. One solitary figure ran on, with fear in his heart and his legs under discipline,—it was miraculous, as all Japan believes to-day, that he was not hit,—until, hearing no shouts at his side, no following footsteps, and only the hiss-hiss, whistle-whistle which rasped the marrow of his bones, he sank down behind a mud house, spent and bewildered. Negoya looked back to find that he was twenty yards beyond his fellows. He recalled what Captain Oake had said, and told himself that error was again his fortune.

If he had thought that a fourth of his men could have reached the gate alive, Oake would have made another effort. He would rather have opened his arms to receive death than to send the message in which he confessed that he could not go on until the fire was silenced. In time, an orderly crept back with the general's word to the engineers to remain where they were until further orders. Already the allied forces, in a long, thin line on each side of the road, had broken from cover and charged toward the wall, scattering dead and wounded behind them. On

they went until the moat stopped them. There they sought protection behind ancestral graves or by burrowing in the mud of the salt-marshes. They were as helpless as a giant bound at the foot of a precipice while a dwarf is tumbling stones upon him from the heights. They could only dodge and pray.

Fifty field-guns knocked up clouds of dust and showers of splintered masonry on the parapet of the wall all day. Still the Chinese rifle fire kept up its rattle, and the engineers, who were to uncork the bottle for the troops to pour in, might not move.

Negoya, hugging the wall of the house, was nearer the enemy than any other man. After he ascertained his position he did not even dare to look back again, for fear that Captain Oake would send him from the field for his disobedience. He thought a great deal: and the sum of his thinking was that whatever he, the ivory-carver's son, did in war would be wrong, while whatever Choko, the boatman, did would be right; that he could be brave if he ran; that he could not help trembling when lying still under fire.

The general, working his way along under cover of house to house to Captain Oake's position, observed Negoya.

"How did he get there?" he asked.

"He kept on running after the others had lain down."

"Indeed!"

Neither the general's remark nor his manner signified anything. He turned to other things, for that was the busiest and greatest day of his life.

Without food or drink, Negoya lay, only his cloth cap between his head and the burning sun. Night found him still with no thought of returning to Captain Oake's presence. He was quite prepared to remain there alone until his fate overtook him. *Shikata ga nai!*

In the night, as the general had planned, the engineers moved as near to the gate as they might and still be safe from the effects of the explosion. Negoya joined them as they passed. When Captain Oake recognized him, he asked wearily:

"Why did you run on ahead?"

Negoya was quite sure that another rebuke was coming.

"I—I don't know," he replied hopelessly.

"You don't know!" was Oake's exclamation and his only reply.

The moment when it is darkest just before dawn was the one chosen for placing the dynamite; that for its explosion, the break

of day. Thus the Chinese could not see what the engineers were doing, and yet the allied troops could see where they were going and also what opposed them as their lines closed up into a column and rushed into the breach.

"Choko and Negoya, you are to go with me to make the mine," Captain Oake whispered.

Choko crept to the captain's side, but Negoya did not move.

"Negoya!" he repeated.

Negoya came.

"Are you afraid to go?" Captain Oake asked.

"No, no! I could not believe that you wanted me," he replied.

Unnoticed, on all fours, they moved to the mighty doors of the city. Their whispers and their digging were unheard by the Chinese in the great pagoda over their heads. When the work was finished, the captain sent Negoya and Choko back as they had come, with warnings that any noise would mean the Mikado's curse on their heads. With the quickened touch of one working in darkness he felt of the connections of the fuse for the last time, applied the match to it, and ran, expecting to hear the bursting roar of an explosion and to feel the earth rocking under his feet. As he lay down among his men he was already in the grip of a dreadful possibility. He looked toward the mine and saw no spark of fire.

"Negoya," he said, his voice quivering in his throat, "it is the only fuse with us."

Before a messenger could go to the compound and return it would be broad daylight. That meant that the allied army must lie without food and athirst, except for salt water, flat in the slime, with the sun baking its back for another day. Oake could foresee the general asking with savage impatience why no duplicate fuse had been brought, and his contempt for the excuse that it had been lost in the charge.

Negoya thought that the captain was putting all the blame on him. An idea first associated itself with action when he realized that the little knoll on which he was lying was dry. At his fingers' ends was a piece of frayed Chinese matting. He made it into a roll. Without a word to ask for permission or to explain, he ran to the gafe. Lighting his improvised torch, he thrust the flame fairly into the spot where the fuse had burned to its end. Then he sprang back. Oake envied him the inspiration of thus giving up his life for his Mikado when one life meant so much.

So the way was made clear for the allied infantry. A thousand or more were already inside the native city in chase of the fleeing garrison when Negoya first began to wonder why he did not see the gods of high heaven about him. Instead, he was looking at a fragment of the iron-bound door which, with one end resting on a great stone, protected him from the debris. Those who rescued him had already heard the story of his deed. Then Negoya saw the general himself, and

the general offered him a cigarette out of his own case.

"Am—am I brave?" Negoya asked.

The general nodded, smiling.

"Will you tell Tora San that I am brave?"

"I will tell the Mikado."

When the news reached Ojiji, Negoya's mother posted it on her door and sat under it, blushing—at her age!—with pride, while Tora San announced that she would not marry Choko.

(BEGUN IN THE APRIL NUMBER.)

CONFessions OF A WIFE.

BY MARY ADAMS.

PART FIVE.

October the twenty-first.

HE great crises of life are not, I think, necessarily those which are in themselves the hardest to bear, but those for which we are least prepared.

My present fate has the distinction of possessing both these features. Like many forms of distinction, it is more uncomfortable than enviable.

I suppose one ought to be glad if one is capable of the sardonic. Perhaps it is a healthy sign. Probably that class of people who pass their lives in a chronic fear of being or of being thought "morbid" would call it so. On the contrary, I doubt if it is a sign of anything but the mere struggle for human existence. I am the mother of a child, and I must live. Since I must live, I cannot suffer beyond a certain point. I dimly perceive that if I could rise to the level of something quite alien to my nature, I might thrust off by sheer mechanics a measure of what I endure. I wonder if this expulsive power is scorn?

There should be schools of the prophets for a betrothed girl or a bride. She should be taught to pray: "I find myself deficient in the first trait of character necessary to womanhood. Lord, give me scorn."

I meant to record to-day—again to what end who knows?—something of what has happened. But I find I cannot sit up long enough. The pen shakes in my hand like a halyard in a storm.

October the twenty-seventh.

I HAVE written many letters to him, but have not sent one yet; I can't do it. If I am wrong, I shall be sorry and repent; so far, I do not find it possible.

He sailed on the seventh of the month, as he said he should. For a long time Dana has done everything that, and precisely as, he purposed. I cannot remember when he has yielded to an expressed wish of mine because I expressed it. Perhaps I should have given this more weight, as a sign of deviation in his feeling toward me; but in fact I have regarded it as a form of nervousness. Yet I cannot see that he is ill, except now and then, as everybody is. Indeed, much of the time he has been in better health than usual—vigorous, animated, often excitedly so. He has had many moods and phases, but in one respect he has undergone none: his determination to break away from his surroundings has been sustained till it became inflexible. A consulship is only the mold into which his will has hardened. It happened to be Montevideo. It might have been Venice or Constantinople, the Philippines or Hawaii. He cabled, as he had arranged, and said that he was safe and well.

What took place between him and Father I never knew, and probably I never shall. The inevitable interview occurred the next day after he hurled the news at me, for it could not be said that he broke it. He came from the other house with face like clay, gray and stiff, and locked his library

door upon him. How he received this, the first and probably the worst of many strokes which he must meet, I am not likely ever to be told. Men wince under another man's rebuke, I observe, when a woman may pour her heart at their feet to no visible impression. Father is as dumb as he in the marble group of the Laocoön. He has aged ten years since Dana went, and weakens visibly every day. We have scarcely dared to talk about it, either he or I. He sent for me once, and I went over, and knelt beside his chair, and laid my head in his lap, and said:

"Never mind, Father!"

He put his hands upon my hair, and seemed to grope for me; and then he began to sob—my father! I have never heard that sound before, since my mother died. I think he said: "Daughter Marna! My poor daughter!" But his words were broken. When I had comforted him a little, and kissed his wet face, and laid my cheek upon his gray hair, and blessed him, and calmed him, he struggled to his feet, and held me at arm's-length, and read my face with the look which used to be called "the governor's eye" when he was in his prime.

"You shall not stay—on my account," he said with the governor's voice. "You shall accompany your husband. I will not come between you. Ellen can take care of me; and I have been thinking perhaps some of the cousins would consent to live here and look after me a little. I should not need it very long. A wife's place is beside her husband. I will not consent to come between you and yours."

I know that my eyes fell before my father's. I think I thrust out my hands to ask him to spare me. But all I could say was:

"Don't, Father! don't!"

I tried to tell him that it was not he who came between me and my husband; but I think he understood without the telling, for he did spare me.

"I am not going to Montevideo," I said. "There is nothing to be done, Father. I have decided. I shall not accompany my husband—not now."

Monday evening.

LIKE a hurricane, gust upon gust whirling, the days that were left drove by. Dana became suddenly quiet and strange, almost gentle. I helped him in all the ways I could think of about his packing, and little things. I sewed a good deal, and mended all his clothes myself, not letting Luella touch anything. And I asked Robert Hazelton to put

up a case of medicines for him for sudden illness, and tucked it in between his golf-suits and his old blue velveteen coat—the coat I used to kiss. Robert hesitated, I thought, about the medicines. His face was set and stern. But he gave them to me. We did not talk about my husband's going to Uruguay; and I am sure that he had already heard of it.

Oh, I did my best! It was a miserable best, for I do not think I am a brave woman, and sometimes I crumbled to ashes. Then I would go away alone, for a while, to regain myself, or busy myself with some order—anything that I could think of that would give Dana any ease or comfort. I got everything that he liked for dinner, all his favorite soups and meats, and the pistachio cream and sponge-cake. I find myself wondering if he would not have liked scalloped potatoes better than soufflé. And I would have given five years of my life if the fire had not smoked in the dining-room, and annoyed him so, that last day but one.

The last day—the last day! If I write about it, should I stand a chance of forgetting it for, let us say, the span of one omitted pang? Sometimes it works that way. I slept a little toward four o'clock, between then and six. The banshee moaned so that I had to stifle her with a handkerchief. Once, in the night, I am sure his door opened, and once again I thought it did. And once I am sure that I heard him weeping.

I did not cry—not then. I only lay staring and still. That sea-song which he read to me in the Dowe Cottage before we were married kept coming into my head:

The stars swing like lamps in the Judgment Hall
On the eve of the Day of the Last Awaking.

I got up at six, and took care of Marion, and put on my old ruby gown. I had made up my mind not to go to the train with him, and I was glad I had, for when he saw me, the first thing he said was, "So you are not going to see me off?" with unmistakable relief. I think he was afraid there would be a scene in the station, or perhaps he really felt as if he could not bear it, himself. It would be something if I could believe that.

There was, in fact, nothing left to say or do, by that time. He had arranged with Father about all sorts of business concerns, and taught me how to use my check-book (I never had one before), and he had done all the proper things. You might have thought he was only running over to London and back for three or four weeks.

"I will find some kind of home for you when I can look about," he said several times. To this I made no reply.

"I will let you know at once, as soon as I come across anything," he repeated. But I felt that there was nothing to be said.

"You don't seem particularly anxious to join me," he complained. "Of course I don't wish to make myself disagreeable about it. I will write often," he added, "and shall cable as soon as I arrive."

When I asked (still not replying), "Have you packed your thick silk flannels?" he flushed.

"Other husbands do such things," he urged. "Other wives accept and accommodate themselves; they do not claim a martyr's crown for the ordinary episodes of political life. You will get along, I am sure. You are very clever; I never knew you fail to do anything that you tried to do; and your father will relieve you of all business cares. You will do nicely until we can be together again—"

"Do you want a photograph of the baby to take with you?" I interrupted. I folded one in an envelop, and handed it to him, writing on it her name and age. Nothing was said about a picture of myself; nor did I speak of our being together again; I could as well have said it in the throat of the grave. I watched him strapping his trunks as if I were watching the earth being shoveled between us.

Marion ran up and sat on the steamer-trunk, and commanded him, stamping her little foot: "Pity Popper take Baby widing! Take Dombey! Take Baby!"

While we were packing his valise, a hand-organ came up Father's avenue, and began to play negro melodies. There was a woman with the man, and she sang shrilly, to a tambourine:

Keep me from sinking down!

It was a bright day, and the maples on the avenues were of the topaz color, and had the topaz fire; they met against the sky like the arch of joy in some strange world where people were happy. But the woodbine on the tree-house, the one we planted the fall we were married, was ruby-red.

At the last, some power not myself compelled me, and I ran out and picked a leaf of the red woodbine from the tree-house, and looked for a photograph to pin it on, but could not find any. It seems he had taken one, after all. And so I put the leaf

into his dressing-case; but first I kissed it. He did not know.

When he had said good-by to Father and to the servants, he kissed the baby, and put her down, and looked about for me. I was up-stairs, for all I could think was to get away, not to be seen by anybody; and he followed me. I thought he would. He came into our own rooms, and shut the door. I think he held out his arms, I think he spoke my name several times, but in very truth I do not know. I only know that the fountains of the great deep stirred and rose upon me. A woman's poise, self-control, self-respect, purpose, pride, resolve—these are grand sounds, great words: a woman's breaking heart defies them all.

I think when he tried to kiss me that I hid my face, and slid from his lips to his breast, and down, with my arms around him, till I clasped his knees, and so sinking, I fell and reached his feet. And then I called upon him, and cried out to him—God knows what—such cries as heartbreak utters and the whole-hearted cannot understand. I suppose I begged him not to go. I suppose I prayed him for love's sake, for mine, for the child's, and, above all and everything, for his own. I suppose I spent myself in a passion of entreaty which I cannot remember and he will not forget,—I, Marna, his wife,—wetting his feet with my tears. I have moments of wondering why I am not ashamed of it. I think of it stupidly, without emotion, as something which had to be—the inevitable, the revenge of nature upon herself. It was as if I watched the scene upon some strange stage, and criticized some woman, not myself, for an excessive part she played.

Last night I dreamed it all over, as if it were a play, and I sat in the audience, and Dana and I were on the stage. But when I looked about me, I found that the audience was serried with women, thousands upon thousands—that all Womanhood had thronged to the drama, and sat weeping; and suddenly I saw that the house rose upon me, because I alone did not weep, but criticized the woman on the stage.

"She is nature!" they cried. "She is ours, and of us, forever."

But I looked into my husband's face, and I saw him debonair and smiling, and I cried out upon the women:

"Then is nature set against nature, and womanhood and manhood are at civil war."

So I woke, and the door into Dana's room was open, and I remembered what had happened.

A SHORT letter has come from him; it said that he was comfortable, and would give details by the next mail, and sent his love to Marion.

November the eighth.

I WILL not be ill, and I cannot be well, and therefore am I racked. Dr. Hazelton wishes me to suffer him to offer some professional service; I think he said there might be consequences which I did not foresee if I received no care. I shook my head, and he turned away; and then I called him back and thanked him, and shook my head again.

What could he do? I am broken on this wheel.

SENT.

November the tenth.

"MY DEAR HUSBAND: I have your letters and your cable, and thank you for them. I have not written, partly because I have not been very well; but I am not at all ill. When you write more particularly, I shall know better what to say. So far, I feel as if I were writing into the air. I shall become accustomed, no doubt, to the new conditions, and adjust myself to them. Marion is well, except for one of her throats. She talks a good deal about Pity Popper. Father remains about the same, and there is no news but domestic items, which would not interest, and might annoy, you.

"I am, faithfully,

"MARNA, your Wife."

UNSENT.

Undated.

"DEAR DARLING: I write you a thousand letters in my heart, and I fold them there, and seal them with my kisses, and blur them with my tears, till the words lean one upon another, and cling to each other so that they are illegible for very clinging, as lovers are lost in oneness for very loving.

"I am trying to bear it, since you have willed it—oh, believe I try! I keep hard at work, and am busy with Marion, and I am a good deal with Father, for I will not wade into my misery. If I do, I shall be swept away. There is terrible undertow in a woman's nature—it would hurl me into an abyss. I wish I had been a different woman for your sake, Dana—not to mind things so, and not to grieve. I think if I had been of another fiber, coarser-grained, if I had not cared when you were not tender, or when I was alone so much, if I had been ruder of nerve or tissue—do you suppose you would have liked me better? I spend

my nights thinking how I could have been a better wife to you. I can see so many mistakes I have made, so many ways in which I could have done differently and pleased you better. I dream a good deal about it, and always that you have come back, and that we are happy again, and that you love me, and are glad to be near me, as you used to be. But I do not ask you to come back. Act your own nature. Have your will. If it kills me, remember that I tried to bear it. Though it slay me, I will not pursue you with my love—my bruised and broken love.

"Did you know you left your blue velveteen coat, after all? I found it on the floor, and hung it up in your closet. I was rather glad you did leave it, for it comforts me a little. I kiss it every morning and every night—a good many times at night. It is fortunate that it is an old coat, for the shoulders and sleeves get pretty wet.

"Your desolate

"MARNA."

December the tenth.

DR. ROBERT allows me to go down to dinner to-day, the first time for some weeks. I think I must have been pretty sick, yet I cannot see that anything in particular has been the matter; everything is in good condition, unless there has been a little feebleness of the heart's action; but there is no real disorder, Dr. Curtis says. He has been in a few times to see me, but left the case, as he leaves most of his cases now, to Dr. Hazelton. Possibly there has been some congestion in the brain, hardly enough to call a fever—and, really, I don't care enough what ails me to insist on knowing, unless I am told. Neither of them has shown any uncontrollable desire to tell me what has been the matter.

One night when I was lying in a sort of stupor, seeing strange things and thinking stranger, and not supposed, I am sure, to be capable of hearing any, I must have absorbed fragments of conversation between the old doctor and the young.

"Have you thought of trephining?" asked Dr. Curtis, with a doubt and a dogma warring in his voice. "If there should be anything in the nature of a concealed inflammation—"

"Would you operate for heartbreak?" demanded Robert, fiercely. "There is absolutely nothing else."

"Damn him!" cried our old doctor.

Dr. Robert did not answer. He got up and went to the window, and stood with his back to Dr. Curtis—a short, strong figure, as stern

as granite; he trembled like the river of light which broke through the closed blinds against which he stood. I saw the sun-motes whirling about his head and shoulders at the moment when I recognized him in that flaming stream.

Now that I am better, and look back upon it all, I can see that it must have been Dr. Robert's face which I saw so often when I was the sickest—a calm, protecting presence, tireless and strong. I scarcely remember seeing Fanny at all. I could have blessed Robert, but I do not think I did. I dreamed so much of Dana, and had such visions, all the while. I thought I should die, and Dana so many thousand miles away. Nothing was of any consequence but Dana.

I wonder if I talked about my husband? Much? I dare not ask; and Robert would cheerfully be put to the second question, but he would not tell. I am glad that the doctor is not a stranger, if there must be a doctor at all. I suppose, really, he has been very kind to me. I must remember to thank him.

To-day I found some of my letters to Dana put away carefully in a drawer in his desk, but not locked. I have taken out a few, and put them into the Accepted Manuscript: they will be safer there.

December the eleventh.

It occurred to me to ask the doctor if anybody had told Dana that I had been ill.

"Your father," he said, "and I."

"You did not cable for him?" I fired. I felt the color slap my cheeks. Dr. Robert made no reply. "I will never forgive you," I cried, "if you asked him to come home—for this!"

"The danger was not so imminent as to make it really necessary," he answered quickly. Afterward this reply struck me as less candid than it might have been; but I did not pursue the subject, for I saw that I had pained the doctor.

To-day my husband's letters came—two or three of them, blockaded in the mails. They express the proper amount of concern for my "indisposition"—that was the word,—and request to be promptly informed of any change for better or for worse.

What is it about that phrase? Oh, I remember. It was for better and for worse that we gave ourselves to each other.

Wonderful, those ancient oaths, sanctified by centuries of bridals! One must reverence language drawn out of the live, beating human heart—an artery of love through which a mighty experience has poured.

"In sickness and in health"? "Till death us do part"? Who knows but the time will come when the marriage service shall be thus amended?

"Till sickness us do disenchant." "Till distance us do part."

Fanny Freer took her heart in her mouth to-day, and warned me in so many words that I was becoming vitriolic.

"It is quite unnecessary," she said. Fanny has taken care of me since I have been ill; I have named her Mercibel—Angel of Sickness, Beautiful Mercy. When her dimple dips into her bow-and-arrow mouth she is irresistible. How divine is the tenderness of a woman! It has ineffable delicacy, the refinement of a self-abnegating nature, a something passing the affection of man. A woman hungers and thirsts for the compassion of her own kind. I lean to Mercibel, "for my race is of the Asra."

Men have little tenderness, I think.

I HAD written so far when the doctor called. I must say Robert is very kind to me. There is a certain quality in his manner which I do not know how to define; an instinctive or an acquired forgetfulness of himself, a way of thinking no suffering too small if he can relieve it, no relief too insignificant if he can offer it. I am told that his patients love him devotedly, and that he sacrifices himself for poor and obscure persons to an unfashionable extent, so that Dr. Curtis and the older men feel quite concerned about him.

"Are there not hospitals and dispensaries?" they say. I believe they are plotting to tie him to a hospital of his own. Many people lean on him; they "clamor" for him, Mercibel says, and she has worked for him a good deal; I suppose she knows. One need not clamor, and one may not lean, but I do feel grateful to Robert. Now that I am getting better, Marion is ailing; the doctor thinks this delicacy of her throat needs careful attention, and I am sure he gives it. Dr. Curtis tells me to trust her entirely to Dr. Hazelton, and that he has not his superior in our school among the young physicians of the State.

It is difficult to believe that Robert was ever a lover and suitor of mine. I have quite forgotten it, and I am sure he has. I wish he would marry Minnie Curtis.

I wonder if Dana has written to Minnie? She does not mention it. I think she would if he had. I have written to Dana to-day. The doctor offered to mail it for me

direct from the post-office on his way downtown, that it might catch the outgoing steamer. I wish I did not find it so hard to write naturally to my husband; but I think that my embarrassment grows worse and worse. I feel so bruised all the time; it is as if he had beaten me—my soul is black. And he never raised his hand against me in my life. Mercibel tells me that husbands sometimes do such things. And he was often very angry with me—God knows why.

I am glad he never did that. I should have taken the baby and gone out of the house forever. I can't say that I should not have wished I had n't, but I should have gone; I am quite sure of that, for I am so constituted. I am called a tender woman; but there is a shield of implacability in me, steel, deep down beneath my satin. If there were not, I think I should be dead.

One day the doctor said to me in quite a casual way:

"Did you have occasion to notice any marked nervous irritability in Mr. Herwin before he went to Uruguay—say the last six months?"

"Why do you ask?" I suggested.

"I am answered," said Robert. He bent over the powders which he was folding collectedly; his profile was as impersonal as a symbolic medallion.

"You will take these," he said, "one dry on the tongue every night. You will give Marion the others, in six tablespoonfuls of water, one teaspoonful every two hours."

He rose, snapping the elastic on his medicine-case, and his lips parted. I saw that he would have spoken. In fact, he left without another word.

December the twentieth.

TO-DAY the doctor said abruptly:

"Write to your husband often; and—pardon me—write as kindly as you can."

I sat staring. Robert has never spoken so to me before. I was inclined to resent his words; but it would have been impossible to resent his manner. This is something so fine and compassionate that I do not know how to qualify it. Mercibel calls it his oxygen. "That is what they clamor for," she says, "an invigoration that can be breathed. Every patient feels the same about him."

I wonder if Fanny wanted me to understand that the doctor had no particular manner reserved for myself? She need not have undergone any anxieties. She does not know that Robert and I meet like two spirits, having left all personal relations far behind us in an old, forgotten world.

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SENT.

"January the third.

"MY DEAR HUSBAND: I have not been quite strong enough to write you any details before now, and I knew that Dr. Hazelton had cabled you, though I did not know it until several days afterward. I shall hear from you soon, no doubt.

"I had been over to see Father rather late that evening, and had carried him our little presents, Marion's and mine, and he kissed me good night three times, and blessed me, and said:

"Daughter, you have never given me one hour's anxiety; you have been nothing but a comfort to me from the first moment that they laid you in my arms."

"In the morning, in the Christmas morning, while it was quite gray and early, Luella waked me, and said that the doctor was down-stairs and wished to see me for a moment. Even then I did not understand; I thought perhaps he was called away on some long case, or out-of-town consultation, and had come to leave directions about Marion,—for he takes such care of Marion as I am sure you will be grateful to him for,—and I dressed and hurried down, stupidly.

"Robert was standing in the middle of the library, and when I saw his face I said:

"Something has happened to Father! I will go right over."

"I started, and pushed open the front door, and out into the snow, for it had stormed (and the banshee had cried as she does in storms) all night. James had not begun to shovel the paths, and it was pretty deep. But before I had waded in I felt myself held strongly back by the shoulders, and the doctor said:

"Do not go, Marna. There is nothing you can do—nor I."

"Ellen had found him at six o'clock, 'looking that happy,' she says. And the doctor got there in a few minutes, but he is sure that nobody could have saved Father. It was an embolism in brain or heart, they think.

"We buried him beside Mother, on the third day of Christmas week. Of course I knew you could not get here, and I tried not to think of it. He left a sealed letter for you. Shall I send it on? Or would you rather wait?

"You will forgive a short note, for I have not been quite well, and there are many cares and perplexities to be met.

"Your affectionate wife,
"MARNA."

UNSENT.

Undated.

"**MY DARLING:** I know you do not realize what I am undergoing, and I tell myself so every moment, lest I should lose myself and think hardly of you. I say: 'It was so sudden that he could not come, and now that it is over, why should he come?' It is true I long for you so that it seems as if I could not live. But I do not like to tell you so. I am not used to bearing so much quite alone. I never had a real bereavement before—I see now that I never did. I think if I could creep into your arms, and hear you say, 'Poor little wife!' that I could cry. I find it impossible to cry.

"I begin to understand for the first time something of what people mean when they say: 'It was easiest for him, but hardest for us.' All those truisms of grief and consolation have never had meaning for me; in truth, I don't think I have respected them—the uncandid prattle about resignation, the religious phraseology made to do duty for honest anguish. But now I think of all the old human expedients enviously. Perhaps if I had been a devout woman I might know how to bear this better. Do you think I should? Dana, it sometimes comes to me, on long nights when I cannot sleep, to ask myself, with the terrible frankness of vigil, whether, if you and I had been what are called religious people, we should have found marriage any less a mystery—for us, I mean; any easier to adapt ourselves to. There may be something in the trained sense of duty, something—who knows?—in that old idea of sacrifice, in the putting aside of one's own exacting personality, in the yielding of lower to higher laws. Do you suppose that the Christian idea can come to the rescue of the love idea? I do not know. I am teaching Marion to say her prayers. I hope you will not mind?

"Dana, Dana, I love you! Sometimes I wish I did not; but I do. I cannot help it. I must be honest and tell you; sometimes I try to help it. I think that I must stop loving you or die; and I grope about for something to take the place of loving you, some interest that I could tolerate, any diversion or occupation, some little passing comfort, the kindness of other people to me, something to 'keep me from sinking down.'

*"Your lonely and your loving
"MARNA."*

SENT.

*"January the fifteenth.***"MY DEAR HUSBAND:** You will be noti-

fied, of course, in the proper way by Father's lawyers, but I am sure you should hear it first from me. The property is found to be in a strange condition—depleted, Dr. Hazelton calls it. There are some shrunken investments, and there has been some mismanagement at the factories since he has been obliged to delegate everything so to other men, who have not proved conscientious. Then there are those lawsuits about his patent on the linen thread—you know you used to take a good deal of that off his hands; but lately I think he has been wronged somehow, and was too feeble to right himself. At all events, something like a couple of hundred thousand is swept away. And, in fact, my inheritance will prove so small that I am thinking seriously of renting the old place. Do you object? I have only Father's friends to take counsel of, and Senator Gray advises me to do this, decidedly.

*"Please reply by next steamer.**"Your affectionate**"WIFE."*

CABLE MESSAGE.

*"January 20.**"Herwin, United States Consulate,
"Montevideo, Uruguay.*

"**Drs. Curtis and Hazelton** wish Father's house sanatorium. Twenty years' lease. Cable reply.

SENT.

"January the twenty-fifth.

"**MY DEAR DANA:** Your cable came, after a little delay. I suppose you may have been out of town? We do not altogether understand it, but I fancy that happens with the cable. It seems clear, however, that you interpose no objections, and, not knowing anything better to do, I have closed with the sanatorium offer for the old place. I think I would gladly be in Uruguay if I need not see my decision carried into effect. I have put the whole affair into Mr. Mellenway's hands, so that there shall be no blunder.

"It seems this sanatorium idea has long been a fad of Dr. Curtis's and a dream of Robert's; and the other day that rich old man Pendleton, whom Robert has kept alive for years, surrendered his ghost and his will. Everything goes absolutely to Robert to support a private hospital after his own unrestricted pleasure. Robert says it is such an opportunity as some men in his profession would give their lives for. Dr. Curtis is to be the figurehead, but Dr. Hazelton will be in virtual control, being resident superintendent,

but with a staff of subordinates which will permit him to retain portions of his private practice. Otherwise, Fanny says, his clientele would rise and mob him. If I must see anybody in the old house, I would rather it were friends than strangers. I am trying to mold my mind to it without grumbling. I think there is this about the great troubles—they teach us the art of cheerfulness; whereas the small ones cultivate the industry of discontent. I hope you will be pleased with what I have done. You see, Dana, that what I have of Mother's has dwindled with the rest, and, I suppose, for the same reason. I hated to have to tell you, but really, dear, I don't see just how we could get along if I did not rent the place.

"Thank you for your last letter. If they were a little longer sometimes, I could feel that I could form a better idea of your life. You seem as far from me as if you swung in a purple star upon a frosty night—at the end of dark miles measured by billions in mid-space. But I am

"Loyally your wife,
"Marna.

P.S. Marion is becoming dangerously pretty, and your eyes grow older in her every day. She sends her love to Pity Popper, and commands that you kiss Dombey, distinctly omitting Banny Doodle, who is, at this writing, head down in the umbrella-rack, by way of punishment for invisible offenses. Last Monday Banny Doodle was saved by old Ellen, at the brink of fate, from being scornfully run through the clothes-wringer.

"Ellen has asked my permission to spend the winter with me, refusing any wages. Thank you for the last draft. I shall use it as wisely as I can, and I am learning to live economically, because I must. We have given up the telephone."

May the twenty-fifth.

It is one of the days that make one believe that everything is coming out right in some world, and might do so in this one if the weather would last. Showers of sunshine drench the brightest grass, the mistiest leaf, I think I ever saw. The apple-tree is snowing pearl and coral upon the tree-house. (If Dana could see it, I should be quite happy.) The world is one bud, blossoming to a faithful sky.

Marion is out six hours of every blue-and-gold day with Job and Ellen, who, between them, spoil the child artistically. After her hard winter, the baby herself seems but a May-flower, a pink, sweet May-flower, opening

in a shady place. If it had not been for the doctor—well, if it had not been for the doctor, I cannot think what would have happened, or what would yet happen. I cannot, now, imagine myself without him. He who saves her child's life recreates a mother.

The old home and the new sanatorium are wedded more comfortably than I should have thought possible; and I have outgrown the first pangs of jealousy. They call it the Pendleton, as if it were an apartment-house. The patients are not so many yet, of course, as to be disturbing, and the whole thing moves on rubber-tired wheels. Mercibel has a permanent position there.

It is said that all sanatoriums, or such institutions, are replicas of their superintendents. About this one there is a certain gentle cheerfulness, a subtle invigoration, which is Dr. Robert all over again. He is the soul of his hospital.

I have noticed that the preoccupations of very busy men do service as apologies for neglect of friendly claims to an extent which is deified in the spirit of our day, like a scientific error, or any other false cult. I, who have no claim upon this overworked man, either of his seeking, or of my wishing, or of the world's providing, am touched by a thoughtfulness which I have no right to exact and no reason to expect. When I think of the intricacies which have resulted in the simple circumstance that my father's house has become a private hospital, I must feel that the hand of mercy has remembered me.

Once when Father was calling on Whittier at Amesbury, Mr. Whittier said: "I wish I had thee for a neighbor." I have often wished I had a neighbor, a soul-neighbor who was a house-neighbor. I never had before.

All this cruel winter my old friend has befriended and defended me from every harm between which and myself he could, by any ingenuity of the heart, interpose his indefatigable tenderness.

I choose the word, but I do not give it the lower translations. He has taught me what few women learn, what fewer men can teach, that there is such a thing as trustworthy tenderness. I might almost call it impersonal tenderness. Language does not betray it; expression does not weaken it. It is as firm as the protection of a spirit, and as safe. Swept into the desert of desolation as I am, something upholds me, that I do not perish. Is it mirage, or is it miracle?

There is a marvel which many women dream of but do not overtake—the friendly kindness of a strong, good man.

May the twenty-seventh.
No letter has come yet from Dana. It is now three weeks since I have heard. Once, in the winter, it was four.

"I would keep on writing," the doctor says. How did he know that I had not? Sometimes it seems to me as if I could drop into the unfathomable silences, and at other times as if I must. Dana's letters are no more natural, I perceive, than mine. Some of them are curiously involved and elaborate, and others are one dash of the pen, like a tongue of fire that may reach anything or nothing.

He writes so frostily in one letter that my heart freezes; and in the next I find a kind of piteous affectionateness before which I melt and weep.

He has ceased to speak of making a home for me in Montevideo. At first he wrote about hotels and the discomforts of housekeeping—about the spiders and lizards. After that he said that the climate would not do for Marion, and that there was no doctor in the whole blanketed country to whom I would be willing to trust the child. There is a certain something in his letters which perplexes me. I showed one of them in April to Robert.

"Do not resent this," he said. "Be patient; be gentle."

He walked across the room, and returned.

"As if," he added, "you were ever anything else!" I could have thought that his grieving lip was tremulous. He has a delicate mouth; but it is stronger than most delicate things, and never betrays him.

Did I once think him a plain person? At times his strong, unostentatious face assumes transfigurations. There have been moments in my desperate and desolate life this year when he has looked to me like one of the sons of God.

How manifold may be the simplest, sanest feeling! I cherish in my soul two gratitudes—that of the patient, and that of the mother—to this kind, wise man. I might add a third: the thankfulness of an old friend for a new loyalty. To-day the doctor said to me, quite incidentally: "The next time you write to Mr. Herwin, pray tell him that I suggested that he should hunt up that medicine-case, and take atropin 3^x twice daily."

"What for? Malaria?" I asked.

"I think you said he complained of malaria," replied Dr. Hazelton.

June the first.

MARION had one of her feverish turns last night, and Ellen went for the doctor. It was a warm, soft night, and we had only candle-light in the room. I use Robert's candlestick a good deal for sickness; it holds an English candle and burns all night.

When he had stirred Marion's medicine, and covered the tumbler in his conscientious way, he nodded at the gold candlestick.

"You keep it well polished," he said, smiling.

"It has proved a faithful compass," I answered, smiling too. "I believe they don't always, do they? I heard the other day of a wreck on the coast of Norway which was caused by the deflection of the needle."

"Yes," said the doctor, "I read that. It was attributed to a magnetic rock. There really are such, I think, though they are rare." He began to talk about the coast of Norway with more interest, I thought, than the subject called for. It was as if he deflected my mind from the compass. I felt a trifle hurt, and a certain pugnacity into which I lapse now and then (and for which I am generally sorry) befell me. I took the compass up, and shook it. The candle flared out. I lighted it again as quickly as I could, for the baby complained that I had "grown it dark" and she could not see "her doctor." He watched the needle mounting steadily.

"See!" I cried, "the candle went out. But the compass holds true. The needle points due north, Doctor."

"And always will," he answered solemnly. In the vague light, and moving away from me as he was, for he had risen abruptly to end his call, his strong features were molded by massive shadows. Even in stature he seemed to change before my eyes, and to grow tall, as figures do that one sees in a fog.

June the fifteenth.

DANA'S letter has come at last. It is a very strange letter. He offers no explanation of his silence, no apology for the neglect. He writes with a certain vagueness which is almost too impalpable to be called cold, and yet which chills me to the soul, like a mist when the sun is down. He sends his love to Marion, and I am to remember him to the doctor. He is glad I am in such good medical hands. He mentions again that there is not a decent doctor in that country, and

adds that he does not think the climate agrees with him, that he was fooled on the climate, and that the whole blanketed nation is a malaria microbe. He incloses a draft (a small one), and inquires whether I had not better have the telephone put in again; in fact, he makes a particular request of it. I wonder why his mind should fasten on this, the only detail about my life which has seemed, for some time, to take a very distinct form to his imagination, or even to his recollection.

I handed the letter to the doctor. Although I hesitated about troubling him, I did not hesitate about the letter. There is seldom anything now in my husband's letters which I could not show to another person, unless, indeed, I should not for the very reason that I could. Now and then some sharp word or phrase pierces the soft, elaborate surface,—some expression like a stone, or a tool, which did not take the frost-work, or from which a clouded sun has melted it,—but for the most part Dana has ceased to be cross to me. Sometimes I wish he were. I read a story once of a poor woman who fled and hid herself from her husband (but he was one of the brutes), and, being illuminated by repentance, he sought and found her. His first expression of endearment was a volley of oaths. "The familiar profanity," so ran the tale, "reassured the wife. She nestled to him in ecstasy."

There is something in Dana's excessive and courteous good nature which troubles me.

Dr. Robert read this letter slowly. I had the ill manners to watch his face boldly while he did so. It was inscrutable. He folded the letter and handed it back without a word.

To-day Mercibel brought me this note from him—the first that Robert has written me since those old days in the other world where I was dear to him. It is a comfort to know that I am so no longer, and I am sure he has forgotten that I ever was. I am quite ashamed of myself that I recall it. Women have relentless memories about the men who have once loved and honored them; I think they cherish these tender ghosts of experience after a man himself has virtually forgotten them.

I fasten in the doctor's note:

"**MY DEAR MRS. HERWIN:** I have given the matter some thought, and I suggest that you have your telephone reconnected, as your husband seems to wish it. I do not know that my reasons for the advice are so definite

to myself that I can very well make them clear to you; but, in fact, I urge it.

"Sincerely yours,

"ROBERT HAZELTON.

Later.

"P.S. I am called out of town on a distant consultation, and expect you and Marion will both keep quite well till I return. I shall be gone till day after to-morrow. In case of any sudden need, my first assistant, Dr. Packard, will do excellently, if Dr. Curtis should not be able to come to you. Dr. Packard has access to my case-books and Marion's remedies.

"I have taken the liberty of asking the telephone people to call and receive your orders this afternoon. It may save you some trouble."

I am ashamed to say that my discreditable impulse was to refuse to see the telephone manager when he came; for once I was a girl of what is called spirit, and certainly Robert has taken upon himself—

What? What can the doctor take upon himself but a thankless and uneased burden, a neglected woman and her ailing child? What can he take upon himself but sacrifices without hopes, duty without comfort? What shall I take upon myself but the ashes of repentance? I am not worthy of such high comradeship.

I have ordered the telephone put in again.

"**MY DEAR DOCTOR:** I send this to let you know at once on your return that I have obeyed you. The wire will be reconnected by Sunday, and I shall send my first message by way of that old and re-established friend—if I may?—to yourself.

"I do not find it easy to express my sense of obligation to you, but I find it harder not to do so.

"I have been everything that is burdensome and trying, and you have been everything that is kind and wise and strong. I have been all care and no comfort; believe that I understand that, even though I do not seem to. You are always nobly giving, and I am always pitifully receiving, some unselfish, friendly service. Sometimes I feel ashamed to allow you to be so considerate of my child and of myself; and then I am ashamed that I have been ashamed; for God knows we have needed you, Marion and I. What would have befallen us without you I do not find myself able to imagine. I often try to explain to my husband, when I write

him, all that you have done and been and are to us.

"Far better than I can ever do, he will acknowledge your faithful kindness when he returns to us, and to himself. Oh, Robert! do you think he ever will? I am

"Your grateful patient and
your sincere friend,
"Marna Herwin."

July the fifth.

YESTERDAY I was really ill. I think it was the terrible weather (of course I miss the sea), and something that troubles me, and the loss of sleep caused by the excess of patriotism on our street; in fact, this has lasted five nights, culminating on the night of the third. The doctor says that his patients, some of whom are of the nervous species, have suffered to such an extent that he is prepared to wish the American nation had remained in a colonial condition. He divided the entire night between his sick people and the ruffians on the street, for the private guard that he had provided proved incompetent to cope with them. Once, in the night, I heard footsteps outside my cottage, and looking out, I saw the doctor's patrolman softly pacing around our house. Nothing has been said to me about this, and I have not told him that I know it; but the tears smarted to my eyes—that little act of thoughtful care was so divinely like him.

As I write, Ellen is singing to Marion in the nursery:

His loving kindness,
Loving ki-ind-ness,
Lov-ing ki-i-ind-ness, oh, how great!

Every time that Ellen strikes a high note Job barks. Ellen is a musical Methodist, and Job, I have always maintained, is a Unitarian. I think Job misses his master's singing. The piano has been mute, now, nearly a year; I have never touched it since he left. Ours has become the home of the unsung songs.

I am writing on in this preposterous way because something has happened. It would be easier to record any histrionic episode, any thrilling incident of fate or of fiction, than the intangible circumstance which I wish to enter upon this candid page.

What (I think I have said before) are the plots of event before those of feeling? They seem to me inartistic and dull.

I, who live—more quietly than most of my class and my years—the secluded life of a New England lady; who play only the poor

rôle of the slighted wife, not even dramatically deserted; I, who have not the splendors of a great tragedy to throw high lights upon my gray story—I, too, experience drama.

How shall I maintain my untaught part upon this stage of the spirit? For me it confuses more than if I were a woman of the world. I perceive that I am not representative of my day, that, young as I am, I belong to an elder time: I am an anachronism. For I am a woman of the home, and the homing nature has sheltered me. Mme. de Staël, when she was dying, said: "I have loved God, my father, and liberty." I have loved my father, my husband, and my child. Now every thought is a spectator in this, to me, uneducated action; every hope, every feeling, every nerve, is an actor. My nature seems to be taxed with a new and imperious expression of itself. Am I appointed to some solitary scene, some thrilling monologue, where duty and desolation are at war?

WHEN the doctor was called to-day, he seemed distressed at finding me more ill than he had supposed, though, really, I think it was what many physicians would have dismissed as a nervous attack, and disregarded. He said at once:

"Did you have a letter yesterday?"
"I did not sleep," I answered; "the boys in the street—" "Yes, yes, I know. Can I see the letter?" "I think not—this time, Doctor." "Very well. Any news in it?" "None. About the same thing."

"It is not necessary for me to know details. What I must know is, has there been an emotional strain? It makes a difference with the prescription. Your pulse is not quite as firm as it ought to be. You were grieved at something? You need give me no particulars—"

He turned to prepare his powders, and neither of us spoke. Marion did the talking; she trotted up to my lounge, and asked when Pity Popper would come home.

"You are to sleep, no matter how much trouble it takes to keep the house still," the doctor said peremptorily. "I will give orders to the servants myself as I go down. Ellen shall take the child over to Mrs. Freer for a few hours. I will ring and direct this."

He rang, and Ellen came, and Marion went. The doctor went on folding powders calmly. I turned my face upon the sofa-pillow, and closed my eyes. I had on one of my thin white gowns, and the lace at my

throat stirred with my breath, and tickled my cheek a little, so that it annoyed me, and I started quickly to brush it away.

The suddenness of the motion took him unawares, and my eyes unexpectedly surprised his. He had finished folding powders, and sat looking at me, thinking that I would not see, believing that I would not know, perhaps—God grant it!—himself not knowing how it was with him.

It all passed like a captured illusion, which escaped, and refused to be overtaken. The soul of the man retreated to its own place, and the lens of the physician passed swiftly before his guarded eyes. The defense was something so subtle but so instantaneous as to be superb. I honored him for it, from my heart.

But, ah me, ah me! Some other man, some stranger, some new friend, might perplex me, but not this one. For I had seen Robert look like that—how long ago!—when he was free to love me, and I to be beloved.

July the sixth.

I SAID that something had happened. What? The lifting of an eyelash, the foray of a soul. Nothing more. Yet am I hurled by the movement of the drama.

To-day Dr. Packard came to make the professional call. He reported Dr. Hazelton as excessively busy, and summoned off on a consultation by an early train. How haggard Robert looked that last time he was here! He had slept less than any of us. His eyes had the insomniac brilliance and the insomniac honesty. I do not think I even told him that I was sorry for him. The omission taunts me now that I cannot see him.

SENT.

July the seventh.

"MY DEAR HUSBAND: Your last letter hurt me, but I will not dwell on that. I am sure that you must have felt truly ill to write just as you did, and I am distressed and anxious. I cannot think that the climate agrees with you, as you say. Your intimation that you may not serve out a much longer term in the consulate would have given me pleasure but for—you know what. There seems to be always a lost bolt in the machinery of human happiness. As you say, the mill never turns with the water that is passed. New currents sweep the whirling wheel, and new forces start the life and fill the heart.

"Marion is well, and I am better.

"Your affectionate wife,

"MARNA HERWIN.

"P.S. No; I do not mind that gossip about you. I would not stoop. I could no more believe it than I would believe it of myself. Give yourself no concern on that score. Whatever else may happen, you are incapable of *that*.

"I cannot deny that it wounds me that I am not in a position to defy the world and the worst with my confidence in my husband—my ultimate confidence burning deep in the dimness where the great elements of character are forged. But of this we need not speak. Let it suffice that I trust you, Dana.

"And, dear, I have sometimes thought that was a wicked proverb. It may not be the same water that turns the mill, but it is the same stream, Dana."

July the eighth.

TO-DAY the doctor came. He has resumed himself altogether. Except for a sheen of his transparent pallor, he was much as usual—cheerful, quiet, strong. He made a strictly professional call, and it was brief. He regretted that he did not find me better, and I protested that I was quite well; and we talked of the weather, and of Marion, and of the climate of Uruguay, which, it seems, bears an excellent reputation.

He left a new remedy, and rose to go. Swiftly my common sense deserted me, and I lapsed into one of the lunacies for which sick women, above the remainder of our race, are, I believe, distinguished. In point of fact, I felt physically weak enough to cry my soul out, and leave it for the doctor to pick up and put back—as if one dropped a bracelet, or a flower. It seemed to me a laudable evidence of self-restraint that I should only say:

"Why did you send Dr. Packard? I missed you, Robert."

"Did you?" he asked gently. He took my hand with ineffable tenderness and delicacy, and then he laid it down upon the folds of my white dress.

"I think you are right," he said quietly. "It was not very brave. I do not mean that you shall miss me too much—nor—"

The sentence broke. His eyes said: "Nor do I mean that you shall need me too much, either." But his lips said nothing at all.

UNSENT (ADDRESSED, STAMPED, AND HELD OVER).

Undated.

"DANA! Dana! Come back to me! I fling my pride to the stars; I never had any too much of it, so far as you are concerned, my

dear,—not since the day you made the Wilderness Girl your prisoner,—and I clasp you with my heart, and cling to you. Do not stay away too long, not *too* long! Do not push the risks of separation too far, I do entreat you. I am a young wife, Dana, not used to solitude and care, and I never was neglected in my life before—and you know I don't bear loneliness as well as some women do. I thought I was a constant woman, and I think so. But I cannot answer for myself, Dana, if this should last, if I should be tried too cruelly. There is an invisible line in a woman's nature of the existence of which I begin, for the first time, to be aware. Once crossed, I perceive that all the powers and principalities of love cannot recross it. I have often thought it must be the final anguish if I should be compelled to admit to my own soul that you had ceased to love me. Dana, there is a finality worse than that. If I should cease to love *you*—then God help us both! Everything is mine as long as love is. I sacredly believe that anything may be ours as long as I love you. Hope can live as long as love does. I could be so tender to you—yet. I could be so patient, and try so hard to make you happy—yet.

"There have been times (I wrote you so, candidly) when I have tried not to love you, in very self-defense. I commit that spiritual gaucherie no more. Now I summon my love, and cherish it, like some precious escaping bird, lest it evade me. Ah, help me to cage it, Dana! You only can.

"Did you ever think what it means to be a desolate woman, to sit alone every day and all the evenings? Do you understand how far a little kindness goes to a lonely wife—thoughtfulness, unselfishness—the being remembered and cared for? Did you never put the question to yourself? No; I know you never did. And I say you never shall.

"Dana, I ask you to come home. It is the first time, you will bear witness to me. And I cannot tell you all the reasons why I do. Indeed, I do not think I understand them quite myself. But I think you would respect them, and I must tell you that I shall not ask again.

"Loyally and longingly,
"MARNA, your Wife."

July the tenth.

I THOUGHT I would go out myself, to-night, and post that letter in the old box that has stood for years on the elm at the opening of the governor's avenue; it was put there

by way of honoring my father and making his large mail easier for him to deal with.

It is a hot night, and there is a burning moon. I ran across the lawn with Job, as I used to do, as if I still had the right, not coming very near to the Pendleton Hospital; but I could see it quite plainly—the patients on the piazzas, the lights in the long dining-room windows, and in the library, which is the doctor's office now. He was sitting at his desk, absorbed and busy. I ran on to mail my letter. When I got to the box, I changed my mind, and thought I would not do it. So I came back slowly, by the avenue, meaning to cut athwart the shrubbery and come out by the tree-house quite unnoticed, for I felt as if all the moonlight of the world were concentrating on my organbie; white dresses do give one that impression on moonlit nights.

When I reached the tree-house the doctor was walking slowly up the garden path, between the July flowers. He had one of his patients with him, a deaf old lady who is gifted with fits.

"I ain't had but six to-day," she announced.

Now Job does not like that old lady, and he has acquired an unfortunate tendency to take her by the hem of her dress and spin her round. As I turned to anticipate Job in this too evident intention, I dropped my letter. The doctor picked it up and handed it to me.

"You did not mail it," he said.

"I decided not to, Doctor."

"Why?"

When I made no answer, his face settled sternly.

"Wait a moment, Mrs. Herwin," he commanded in his professional voice. "I shall return directly."

"And only seven yesterday," put in the old lady.

"Doctor," I said, "she will have sixteen if Job plays top with her in his present frame of mind. I can't manage him much longer." For Job was barking, and wriggling out of his collar to get at the old lady.

Smiling indulgently, the doctor drew his patient away, and Job and I went up into the tree-house to wait for him, and the large moon regarded me solemnly through the vines. "Not here," I thought, "not *here!*" For I remembered Dana. So I came down from the tree-house, and went into my own home, and Job went with me. In a few minutes Robert came in, knocking lightly

on the open door, and waiting for no answer. He did not sit down, but began at once:

"Tell me, why did you not mail that letter to your husband?"

"Tell me why you ask."

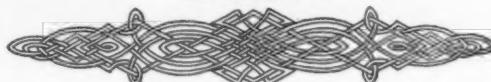
He sighed, and turned.

"I know I seem to presume," he said wearily. "But I thought you would forgive me, Marna. And I had the feeling—of

course I may be wrong—that the letter had better go. Anything that comes from your heart—anything that could do any good—"

He did not finish his sentence, but abruptly left me. I went to the door, and watched his sturdy figure quickly crossing the lawn and the hospital grounds, till it disappeared in the sacred shadows of my father's house. I waited till he had been gone awhile, and then ran out with Job and mailed my letter.

(To be continued.)



THE HERETIC.

BY BLISS CARMAN.

*ONE day as I sat and suffered
A long discourse upon sin,
At the door of my heart I listened,
And heard this speech within:*

One whisper of the Holy Ghost
Outweighs for me a thousand tomes;
And I must heed that private word,
Not Plato's, Swedenborg's, nor Rome's.

The voice of beauty and of power
Which came to the beloved John,
In age upon his lonely isle,
That voice I will obey, or none.

Let not tradition fill my ears
With prate of evil and of good,
Nor superstition cloak my sight
Of beauty with a bigot's hood.

Give me the freedom of the earth,
The leisure of the light and air,
That this enduring soul some part
Of their serenity may share!

The word that lifts the purple shaft
Of crocus and of hyacinth
Is more to me than platitudes
Rethundering from groin and plinth.

And at the first clear, careless strain
Poured from a woodbird's silver throat,
I have forgotten all the lore
The preacher bade me get by rote.

So I would keep my natural days,
By sunlit sea, by moonlit hill,
With the dark beauty of the earth
Enchanted and enraptured still.

Beyond the shadow of the porch
I hear the wind among the trees,
The river babbling in the clove,
And that great sound that is the sea's.

Let me have brook and flower and bird
For counselors, that I may learn
The very accent of their tongue,
And its least syllable discern.

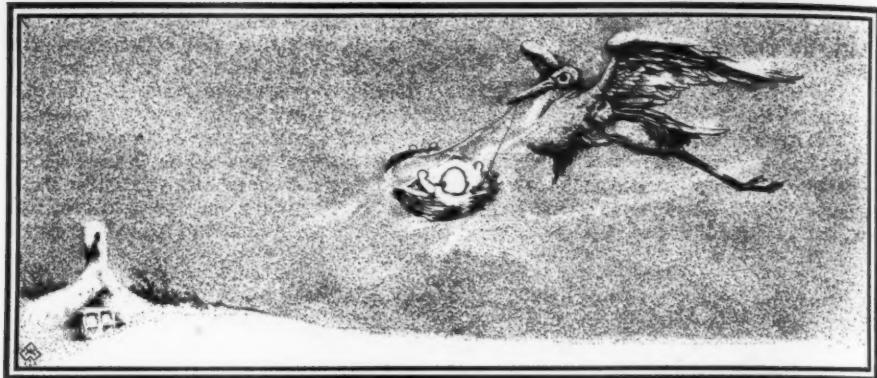
For I, my brother, so would live
That I may keep the elder law
Of beauty and of certitude,
Of daring love and blameless awe.

Be others worthy to receive
The naked messages of God;
I am content to find their trace
Among the people of the sod.

The gold-voiced dwellers of the wood
Flute up the morning as I pass;
And in the dusk I lay me down
With star-eyed children of the grass.

I harken for the winds of spring,
And haunt the marge of swamp and stream,
Till in the April night I hear
The revelation of the dream.

I listen when the orioles
Come up the earth with early June,
And the old apple-orchards spread
Their odorous glories to the moon.



DRAWN BY GEORGE A. WILLIAMS.

CHAPTERS FROM THE BIOGRAPHY OF A PRAIRIE GIRL.

BY ELEANOR GATES.

THE COMING OF THE STORK.

IT was always a puzzle to the little girl how the stork that brought her ever reached the lonely Dakota farm-house on a December afternoon without her being frozen; and it was another mystery, just as deep, how the strange bird, which her mother said was no larger than a blue crane, was able, on leaving, to carry her father away with him to some family, a long, long distance off, that needed a grown-up man as badly as her three big brothers needed a little sister.

She often tried to remember the stork, his broad nest of pussy-willows on the chin of the new moon, and the long trip down through the wind and snow to the open window of the farm-house. But though she never forgot her christening, and could even remember things that happened before that, her wonderful journey, she found, had slipped entirely from her mind. But her mother and the three big brothers, ever reminded by the stone-piled mound on the carnelian bluff, never forgot that day.

An icy blizzard, carrying in its teeth the blinding sleet that neither man nor animal could breast, was driving fiercely across the wide plains; and the red frame dwelling and its near-lying buildings of sod, which only the previous morning had stood out bravely against the dreary white waste, were wrapped and almost hidden in huge banks

that had been caught up from the river heights and hurled with piercing roars against them.

The storm had begun the day before, blowing first in fitful gusts that whistled under the eaves, sent the hay from the stacks flying through the yard, and lifted the ends of the roof-shingles threateningly. By noon it had gradually strengthened to a gale, and the steady downfall of flakes had been turned into a biting scourge that whipped up the soft cloak from the face of the open, treeless prairie and sent it lashing through the frigid air. Long before night had begun to settle down, no eye could penetrate the scudding snow a foot beyond the window-ledges, except when a sudden stilling of the tempest disclosed the writhing cottonwood break to the north, and the double row of ash saplings leading south to the blotted, printless highway.

With darkness, the fury of the blizzard had redoubled, and the house had rocked fearfully as each fresh blast struck it, so that the nails in the sheathing had snapped from time to time, ringing in the tense atmosphere like pistol-shots. Momentary lulls—ominous breathing-spells—had interrupted the blizzard; but they had served only to intensify it when it broke again. As it rose from threatening silence to rending shrieks, the bellowing of the frightened cattle, tied in their narrow stalls, had mingled with it, and added to its terrors.

But, when another wild, sunless day had come in, the drift-piled home had ceased to shiver and creak or admit any sounds from without. Hour by hour it had settled deeper and deeper into the snow that weighted its roof and shuttered its windows, until, shrouded and almost effaced, it lay, at last, secure from the tempest that swept over it and deaf to the calls from the buried stables.

Down-stairs in the big, dim sitting-room, the neighbor woman was keeping the lonely vigil of the stork. Early the previous day, before the storm began, and when the plains still stretched away on all sides, a foam-covered sea, the huge swells of which had been gripped and frozen into quiet, the anxious husband had mounted and started westward across the prairie. The horse had not carried him far, however, for the drifts would not bear its weight; so, when the three big brothers, hearing his halloo, had taken him a pair of rude skees made of barrel-staves, he had helped them free the floundering animal, and had then gone on afoot.

His destination was the army post at the reservation, and he had made swift progress toward it. The ice-bound Vermillion did not check him, and the sealed sloughs shortened his path. Onward he had sped, tirelessly. In half an hour his scarlet nubia had blended into the black of his fur-lined coat; in an hour he was only a speck, now in sight upon the top of a swell, now lost in its trough. And then he had disappeared altogether over the long, unbroken line of the horizon.

That day had passed, and the night; and when a second day was half gone, he had not yet returned. The farm-house, as hopeful as a sailor's home, felt little worry, believing that he was too good a plainsman to brave such a blizzard foolishly, and pictured him fretting his time away at the post, or in some hospitable shanty nearer by.

But the neighbor woman was full of fear for his safety. And, as she waited alone, she walked to and fro, watching first the canopied bed in the corner, and then the shaking sash that, if Providence were merciful, might at any moment frame an eager face. Every little while she paused at the stove, where, the hay twists having long since given out, she fed the fire from a heaping basket of yellow, husked corn.

The three big brothers were in the attic overhead, huddled close about the warm stovepipe that came up through the floor, with the dogs at their backs. It was dusk there, too, for the western gable window, broken the evening before by the force of

the storm, was nailed tight from within and piled high from without; while the window in the opposite end of the house was intact, but veiled with frost and hung with icicles. The week's washing, swinging under the peaked roof on a long, sagging clothes-line, added further to the gloom. Stiff and specter-like, it moved gently in the currents of air that blew down from the bare, slanting rafters, each garment taking on a fantastic shape of its own. Near the pipe hung the stockings of the family, limp and steaming in the twilight.

The biggest brother had been reading aloud to the other two; but, as the light grew less, he threw the paper-bound book aside, and they began to talk in subdued tones. Below them, they could hear the neighbor woman walking back and forth, and the popping of the kernels in the stove; behind them, the dogs slept; and from above came faint sounds of the storm.

Outside, night was coming on fast—the early night of a stormy day. The neighbor woman, noting the increasing darkness in the sitting-room, lighted a tall kerosene-lamp and set it on the clock-shelf near a south window. The lower windows to the west were closed and sightless, so no beacon could shine from them; but she hoped that the lamp's feeble rays, piercing the un-screened top panes of the south window, might by chance catch the eye of the husband were he striving to return.

With increasing darkness, the blizzard grew in strength and fury. It loosened a clapboard below the east gable, and shrieked through the partial opening. It rattled the window, and tore at the heavy planks on the roof that supported the stovepipe. It blew the snow from the cracks and whistled through them shrilly. It caught the house in its drifts and shook it.

The dogs, awakened by the screeching and clash of things, crouched in fright against their masters. Shepherd, pointer, and Indian dogs trembled when the wind moaned, and answered every whine from without with another. The St. Bernard, separating himself from the pack, sprang at a bound to the boarded-up window and, raising his head, uttered long, dismal howls. The big brothers hastened to quiet him, and spared neither foot nor fist; but the dog, eluding them, returned again and again to the window, and mourned with his muzzle to the west.

IT was while the hurricane was thus rag-ing over the farm-house, and when nothing

but a bit of south roof and the tops of the cottonwoods showed that a habitation was there, that the stork alighted.

The big brothers were drowsing in the dark about the pipe, with the pack whimpering beside them, and did not know of his coming until, in a sudden lull, there came up through the open trap-door that led to the sitting-room stairs a small, clear, hailing cry.

It sounded but for an instant. Then the storm broke again, the windows rattled, the dogs whined, the sleet-charged air boomed and thundered and sucked at the quivering house, and darkness, ever blacker and more terrible, settled down.

WHEN the neighbor woman came softly up and put her head above the trap-door, she had to call again and again into the gloom, through which the lines of frozen clothes waved faint and ghost-like, before the big brothers awoke and, rising from their cramped positions, groped their way sleepily to the stairs and followed her down. As they reached the sitting-room and stood in a silent, waiting row by the stove, the dogs about them, the neighbor woman tiptoed to the canopied bed in the corner and took up a tiny bundle, which she brought back and laid in the arms of the biggest brother.

Then she leaned back, fat and smiling, as the big brothers bent over the bundle and looked into a wee, puckered, pink face. It was the little girl.

A FRONTIER CHRISTENING.

THE christening of the little girl began the very morning after the stork flew down through the blizzard and left her. For the three big brothers, rejoicing that they were still only three, got out the almanac, the world's atlas, and the dictionary, went carefully through the first two, read a long list in the back of the last, and wrote down all the names they liked. Then they set about trying to decide upon one.

It was difficult, for their selections were numerous. The world's atlas had yielded Morena, Lansing, and Virginia; the back of the dictionary, a generous line beginning with Abigail and ending with Zoraïda; and the almanac, May and June from the months, Maria and Geraldine from the scattered jokes, and Louisa, Fanny, and Rose from the testimonials of ladies who had been cured of influenza, hay-fever, or chilblains.

So not only that day but a whole week passed away in lively discussion, and they were no nearer a choice than before.

Their mother gave no thought to the subject. Instead, from morning till night, through the lower western windows, now tunneled free, she scanned the snow-sheeted, glistening prairie. It stretched away silent, pathless, and treacherous, smiling up so brightly that it blinded those who crossed it; and hiding, as smilingly, those who lay beneath the drifts that covered it.

But discussion over the naming never flagged among the big brothers, for they did not yet share her anxiety. The chores were their only interruption; still, while they made twists for the stove, melted snow for the thirsty stock, or pitched hay out of the shaft that had been sunk to the half-used stack and piled it into the covered barn through a hole in the roof, they kept up the debate. But, with all the time and talk given the matter, no agreement seemed possible, until one day when the biggest brother made a suggestion.

He proposed that each write a name upon a piece of paper and place it in a hat, and that the little girl's hand be put in among the pieces, so that she could take hold of one, the name on the slip she seized to be hers. So the ballots were prepared, the neighbor woman brought the little girl, and one tiny clinging fist was guided into the crown. But though the pink hand would close on a finger, it refused to grasp a ballot; and, to show her disapproval of the scheme, the little girl held her breath until she was purple, screwed up her face, and began to cry lustily.

The big brothers, when they found that she would not choose for herself, repaired in disgust to the attic. But as they gathered gloomily about the stovepipe, a second plan offered itself to them in the shape of dominoes, and they began to play, with the understanding that whoever came out winner in the end might name the little girl.

The contests were exciting and raged from dinner-time till dusk, the dogs looking on from an outer circle and joining their barks to the shouts of the boys. When the last game came to a close under the swinging, smoky lantern that lighted the room from its nail on a rafter, the eldest brother, victorious, arose and led the way to the sitting-room, the other two following with the pack, and proudly proclaimed the little girl Edith Maud.

But he had not counted on his mother's

wishes. For when she heard the result of the dominoes, she overturned the whole project, much to the delight of the vanquished, by declaring that she did not like Edith Maud at all; and added that the selection would be made from the Bible when their father returned. So the big brothers set to work to hunt out every feminine name between Genesis and Revelation.

But at the end of a fortnight they too grew anxious, and the christening was forgotten. No news had come from the army post, and so, one morning, when the warm sun was melting the white caps of the ridges, they set forth toward it with the St. Bernard. They did not have to go far. The dog led them unerringly to a near-by bluff, from which they returned a sad procession. And next day a mound rose on the southern slope of the carnelian bluff and was covered high with stones, to keep away the hungry prowlers of the plains. The storm that had ushered in the new life had robbed the farmhouse of the old.

SPRING had opened, and the thawing prairie lay in splotches of black and white like the hide of a calico pony, before the family again thought of the naming of the little girl. Then her mother despatched the youngest brother to the post-office, a day's ride to the east, to mail an order to a store in a far-away city. Though there seemed no possibility that it would soon be decided what to call the little girl, preparations had begun for the baptism at the sod church on the reservation, and the order was for five yards of fine linen and a pair of white kid shoes.

During the busy days of plowing and planting that followed, interest in the christening was almost lost. And when the arrival of the linen and the shoes revived it one afternoon in early summer, it was forgotten again in a rush of hoeing and herding. So it was not until late fall, when all the crops were harvested and the threshers had come and gone, that the family began once more to consider it.

It was time that the little girl had a name of her own, for she could trot the length of the sitting-room, if she held on to the biggest brother's finger, and walk, all by herself, from the lounge to the table. Besides, she was learning to eat with a spoon, which she pounded crossly on the oil-cloth when she could not find her mouth, and was teething, without any worry to her mother, on an old soft cartridge-belt.

The subject reopened the night the little

girl's mother cut out the baptismal robe. And while she tucked it in one succession of narrow rows and began to embroider it in lacy patterns that she had learned to do when she was a little girl in England, the big brothers hunted up the lists from the dictionary, atlas, almanac, and Bible, and reviewed them. But when the autumn days had been stitched and discussed away and winter had come in, the family was still undecided. What pleased one big brother did not please another; and if two agreed, the third opposed them. The little girl's mother was even harder to suit than they.

THE afternoon of the first birthday anniversary two important things happened: the baptismal robe was finished and the christening controversy took a new turn. The big brothers, arguing hotly, urged that if a name could be found for every new calf and colt on the place, the only baby in the house ought to have one. Now, the little girl's mother always named the animals, so, when she heard their reproof, she promptly declared that she would christen the little girl at once—and after an English queen.

The big brothers were astounded, recalling how their American father had objected to their having been named after English kings. But their mother, unheeding their exclamations, wrote down a new list, which started at Mary Beatrice and included all the consorts she could remember. But when the queens had been considered from first to last, and the little girl's mother had made up her mind fully and finally, the house was again torn with dissension. The eldest brother favored Elizabeth; the biggest, Mary; and the youngest, Anne. The little girl, happy over a big blue glass ball with a white sheep in the center, alone was indifferent to the dispute, and crooned to herself contentedly from the top of the pile of hay twists.

But, in spite of the wishes of the big brothers, the christening would have been decided that day and forever if it had not been for one circumstance. The eldest brother, protesting vigorously against every name but Elizabeth, demanded of the little girl's mother what she had selected.

"Caroline Matilda," she said firmly.

The eldest brother sprang to his feet, knocking over a bench in his excitement.

"Caroline Matilda!" he roared, waving his arms—"Caroline Matilda!"

And the little girl, frightened at his shouting, dropped the blue glass ball, and scurried under the bed.

It was plain, therefore, that she did not like the name her mother had chosen. So the christening continued to disturb the farm-house. By spring the eldest and the youngest brothers were calling the little girl Anne, while the mother and the biggest brother were saluting her as Victoria.

Matters were still in this unsettled condition when the army chaplain rode in from the reservation one night late in the summer. He was on his way to a big Sioux tepee camp, and carried in the saddle-bags flung across his pommel a well-worn Bible and a brace of pistols. As he entered the sitting-room, the little girl eyed him tremblingly, for his spurs jingled loudly as he strode, and the leather fringe on his riding-breeches snapped against his high boot-legs.

He was grieved to find the farm-house in such a state, and counseled the little girl's mother to delay the christening no longer, suggesting a private baptism, such as the big brothers had had. But to no effect. She declared that a private baptism might do very well for boys, but that the only daughter in the family should be named with more ceremony. The chaplain, finding that he could not settle the question, made it the subject of his evening prayer in the home circle.

THE fame of the baptismal robe and the white kid shoes had gone far and wide over the prairie, and they were talked of from the valley of the Missouri to Devil's Lake, and from the pipestone country to the reservations. So every week of that summer the family welcomed squatters' wives from the scattered claims round about, and women from the northern forts, whose eyes, strange to dainty things or long starved of them, fed greedily on the smooth skin of the ivory boots and the soft folds of the dress. Shortly after the chaplain's stay, a swarthy Polish woman, shod in buckskin, came on a pilgrimage to the farm-house, and the little girl's mother, eager to show her handiwork, lifted the dress tenderly, but with a flourish, from the pasteboard box where it lay upon wild-rose leaves and a fragrant red apple, and held it against the little girl with one hand, while with the other she displayed the pretty boots. The big brothers, hurrying from the barn-yard, crowded to share in the triumph.

But suddenly their delight was changed to dismay. For the little girl's mother, eager to win more praise from the Polish woman, had started to deck the little girl in the dress and shoes, and had discovered that

the beautiful robe was too short and too narrow for its plump wearer, while its sleeves left her fat wrists bare to the elbow. And the white kid shoes would not even go on!

That afternoon the youngest brother started for the post-office to mail the shoes back to the store in the far-away city, together with a drawing on paper of the little girl's left foot, showing just how large the new pair should be. The very same day the little girl's mother began to rip out tucks.

When the chaplain stopped on his return trip, he found that the christening was still agitating the farm-house, the big brothers having formed a triple alliance in favor of Elizabeth, while the little girl's mother was adhering more warmly than ever to Victoria. So he spent the evening in renewed argument and prayer, and offered Catherine as a compromise. But the little girl's mother attached no importance to his suggestion, knowing that Catherine was the name of his wife.

Before starting for the reservation in the morning, as he sat upon his pony with the family in a circle about him, he communicated a notable piece of news. Sometime during June of the coming year the good bishop, who was greatly beloved by the Indians, would visit the post to marry the general's daughter to the major. The wedding would take place in the sod church, and would be followed by a sermon.

"And then," added the chaplain, "could come the baptism."

The little girl's mother was delighted with the idea, and decided on the spot to delay the baptism until June. The administering of the rite by the good bishop would give it a certain pomp, while his presence would insure the attendance of every woman on the plains, and the robe and the shoes would receive due parade and admiration.

The chaplain, satisfied at having accomplished even so little for peace, cantered off, the family looking after him. But when he reached the reservation road he came to a sudden halt, wheeled sharply, and raised his hands to his face to make a funnel of them. All fell into silence and listened for his parting admonition.

"Make it Catherine!" he shouted, and cantered on.

WHEN the little girl's mother thought of the months that must pass before the baptism, she felt sorry that she had been so hasty about sending for the second pair of kid shoes; for by June of the coming year the little girl's feet would be too big for

them. So the youngest brother was again sent to the post-office, this time with a letter that asked the city store to send two sizes larger than the drawing.

While summer was fading into autumn, and autumn was merging into winter again, the naming of the little girl was not forgotten. The subject came up every time her mother brought out the new pair of sleeves which she was embroidering. But it was talked over amicably, the big brothers having relinquished all right to a share in the selection because their mother had at last taken an irrevocable stand in favor of her own choice, and had intrenched her position by a promise that they could have that year's muskrat money. So when Christmas morning dawned and the little girl temporarily received her long, dignified name, together with a beaver pelt for a cap, the big brothers, whittling shingles into shape for the stretching of their winter's catch, silently accepted the decision.

The long, dignified name suited the little girl. She had grown so tall that she could look over the St. Bernard's back, and so agile that she had walked out six pairs of moccasins in as many months. And when the new shoes arrived and the sleeves were finished, she grew so proud that she wanted to wear her gobelin-blue apron every day.

As spring opened, and the last tuck was taken out of the robe, the big brothers put their guns and traps away in the attic, and once more turned to the plowing and planting of the fields. But, in spite of the farm-work, they found time to make preparations for the approaching baptism. They painted the light wagon, giving the box a glossy black surface and the wheels a coat of green, while the little girl's mother began three suits for them, and a brand-new dress for herself out of one she had brought with her when the family came to the plains. The evenings were no less busy. The mother sewed steadily, the big brothers fixed up the light harness, and the little girl, scorning sleep, alternately hindered and helped them, and held on to the ends of tugs and reins with her pudgy hands while the big brothers greased and rubbed and polished.

When the trip to the reservation was less than a week off, the preparations for it were redoubled, and the farm was for a time neglected. The little girl's mother put the last stitches on the new clothes; the big brothers, each having firmly refused to let either of the others try a hand at clipping him, made a journey to the post-office to get their hair

cut by the hardware man; and the little girl wore a despised sunbonnet, had her yellow locks put up on rags, and went to bed every night with clabbered milk on her face.

AT last the great day arrived. Early in the morning, before the rising sun flamed against the eastern windows, an ambitious young rooster, perched on the cultivator outside, gave such a loud, croupy call to the farm-yard that he awakened the little girl. She, in turn, awakened her mother. So it was in good time that the family, after eating a quick breakfast and hitching the gray colts to the newly painted wagon, climbed in and started off.

The little girl, sitting on the front seat between her mother and the eldest brother, her christening robe and the kid shoes wrapped up carefully and clasped in her arms, swelled with importance as the colts, resplendent in their new harness, trotted briskly down the rows of ash saplings in front of the house and turned the corner into the main road. Speechless and happy, she sat with her lips pressed tightly together beneath the big sunbonnet that hid the rag-wound corkscrews on her sore little head; and when the team crossed the Vermillion and passed the sod shanty on the bluffs, she did not even turn her eyes from the long, straight road that stretched westward to glance at the Swede boy who had come out to see her go by.

But before the ride was half over she grew very tired. So, after she had sleepily dropped the shoes and the robe into the hay in the wagon-box several times, she munched a cooky, drank some buttermilk, and was lifted to a hind seat, where the biggest brother held her in his arms. When she next opened her eyes, the team was standing in front of Officers' Row, and the colonel and his wife were beside the wagon helping her mother down.

As soon as dinner was over, the little girl was carried off to be dressed, though she wanted to stay in the parlor and play with the colonel's son; and when she was ready for the baptism the big brothers came in to see her as she stood proudly upon the snowy counterpane of the wide feather-bed, the embroidered robe sticking out saucily over her stiff petticoats and upheld by two sturdy, white-stockinged legs. On her shining curls perched a big white satin bow, while incasing each foot, and completing the whole, was a dainty soft kid shoe.

"My, you're a blossom!" gasped the biggest brother, walking around and around

her; "an' not any of your skimpy flowers, neither; just a whacking big white rose with a yellow center!"

The white rose made no reply, for she had upset on the fat feathers in trying to walk, had broken the string that held the pillow-shams, and had mussed her stiff petals. So the colonel's wife put her on a paper spread over a leather trunk.

When the two families started for the sod church, she was carried by the admiring biggest brother, and on each side of her walked her mother and the colonel's wife, the others following. She kept turning around to look at the colonel's son as they went along, and so did not see the church until she was close to it.

It made a quaint picture in the warm June sunlight as the little procession neared it. The rude cross surmounting the gable above its entrance was twined with morning-glory vines that had found their way to it after hiding the low, thick, black walls beneath; and surrounding the building was a fence of scantlings, which was built every spring by the chaplain to keep the trophorses and the commissary's cows from grazing off its sides, and was stolen every fall by the half-breeds when the first frosts came, and which now served as a hitching-post for raw-boned army mounts and scraggy Indian ponies. Beyond this circle were wagons and big, clumsy, box-topped carts from far-lying farms, with oxen tied to their wheels and swaying their weary necks under heavy yokes.

The church still wore its wedding decorations of cattails and willow-boughs when the door swung open to admit the christening party, and over the step that led up to the altar hung a golden bell of heart-leaved buttercups. As the little girl crossed the threshold, she looked on the crowded, waiting congregation with eager, half-frightened eyes. On each side of the aisle, filling the rear benches, were Indians and half-breeds, the gay government blankets of the men and the bright calico dresses, striped shawls, and gayer blankets of the women setting off their wide, stolid faces; here and there among them, in greasy breeches and flannel shirts, were rough cattlemen and trappers; and the troop's famous scout, the half-breed Eagle Eye, sat in the midst of them, craning his neck to catch a glimpse of her. Instead of the red handkerchief that he wore about his forehead to keep his black hair out of his eyes, in honor of the occasion he had tied a strip of bleached muslin, and under

it his eyes sparkled and his teeth gleamed as he smiled at the white papoose.

When the biggest brother started toward the altar, the little girl hurriedly smoothed the christening robe and put out the white kid shoes so that everybody might see them. And when they passed the frontier families and came in line with the aristocratic army benches, her cheeks were flushed a vivid pink, and she was sitting proudly erect.

Then she beheld the chaplain standing at the step in a long white dress. Scarcely had she gotten over her surprise at his strange appearance, when she saw a man join him who was garbed even more wonderfully. His dark hair was combed back and rested, like Eagle Eye's, on his shoulders, and the sleeves of his robe were wide and ruffled at the wrist. It was the good bishop.

The next moment they were standing before him, the little girl and the biggest brother at the middle of the line and the others on each side.

The chaplain raised his hand, and the white people stood up. And after he had waved both arms commandingly and scowled, the Indians and the half-breeds got up, too, and slouched against the benches while the good bishop said a long prayer and followed it with a longer reading. The biggest brother waited very quietly through it all, but he shifted the little girl from one arm to the other two or three times.

When the reading was over, the little girl's mother answered a few questions in a low voice. As the good bishop began to pray again, the chaplain lifted a silver vessel in his hands and held it up solemnly. The little girl saw that it was the colonel's fruit-dish, and that it was full of water.

She looked about inquiringly, but all who were near her had their heads bent; and at the close of the prayer, before she had time to question, the good bishop took her into his arms.

She was frightened and wriggled to get down, not seeing the warning in her mother's eyes. The good bishop paid no attention to her, however, but leaned forward and spoke to the colonel and his wife.

"Name this child," he said.

The little girl did not hear their answer, for she was watching his hand. It was poised just above the fruit-dish, as if he meant to plunge it into the water.

She caught her breath and raised herself suddenly in his arms. The whole church was bending and stretching to see her, but she forgot the staring people, and was thinking



DRAWN BY E. M. ASHE. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY J. TINKEY.

"THE LITTLE GIRL, GIVING A SUDDEN SCARED, ANGRY SQUIRM, STRUCK THE SILVER DISH
A RESENTFUL UPWARD BLOW WITH ONE VIGOROUS WHITE KID SHOE."

only of her beautiful robe, the kid shoes, and the threatening water.

A brief, solemn silence pervaded the waiting church. It was broken by the good bishop's voice; and, at the same time, his ruffled hand sank into the fruit-dish, held lightly between the chaplain's finger-tips, and came to the surface wet and brimming. As she saw this, the little girl's face turned from pink to white, and she caught her breath again.

Then, just as he bent his eyes upon her and lifted his slender fingers toward her, the little girl, giving a sudden scared, angry squirm, struck the silver dish a resentful upward blow with one vigorous white kid shoe.

The vessel bounded out of the hands of the horrified army chaplain, overturned upon his immaculate robe, and, empty, fell clattering to the step at his feet. And while it spun there, top-like, for one terrible moment,

the baptismal party, standing in front of the good bishop, gazed in agonized, reproachful silence at the little girl, who was looking back at them defiantly from the shelter of the pulpit.

Later, when the good bishop laid damp fingers upon her hair, she was christened.

(To be continued.)

But the family at the farm-house always declared that she did not deserve the long, dignified name chosen for her; and the biggest brother as often added that, because the amount of water has everything to do with a baptism, the honor rightfully belonged to the dripping army chaplain.

P. T. BARNUM, SHOWMAN AND HUMORIST.

BY JOEL BENTON.

"I have observed that in comedy the best actor plays the part of the droll, while some scrub rogue is made the hero or fine gentleman. So in this farce of life, wise men pass their time in mirth, while fools only are serious."

BOLINGBROKE.



DRAWN BY BRUCE HORSFALL. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY G. M. LEWIS.

A LIVE ADVERTISEMENT.

IT may be said of P. T. Barnum that he was the Majordomo or Lord of Laughter and Fun, the protean Dispenser of Amusement. How well he became known through this function one curious incident certifies. Some years before he died, an obscure person in some remote part of Asia wrote a letter, which he dropped in the post-office near him, directed to "Mr. Barnum, America." The letter reached its destination without an hour's delay. The great showman unaffectedly enjoyed being known from the very beginning of his celebrity; and when he found his celebrity was a tremendous

factor in his success, he did everything that he could think of to extend the exploitation of his name. This was not to nourish vain imaginings or because he felt exalted; it was to promote business.

Around his successive homes at Bridgeport, Connecticut, he was fond of putting something that suggested a show. Queerly marked cattle, the sacred cow, or an elephant, were frequently among the stock to be noticed in his fields. On one occasion he had an elephant engaged in plowing on a sloping hill where it could plainly be seen by the passengers on the New Haven and Hart-

ford Railroad, an agricultural innovation that he knew would get notice of some sort in every newspaper in the country. It was even said that he received letters from farmers far and wide asking how much hay one elephant ate, and if it was more profitable to plow with an elephant than with horses or oxen. His replies were invariably frank, and were of this purport: If you have a large museum in New York, and a great railway sends trains full of passengers within eyeshot of the performance, it will pay, and pay well; but if you have no such institution, then horses or oxen will prove more economical.

Mr. Barnum began his business life as a showman, and delighted to call himself one. He had no desire whatever (as some would have had when wealth and fame arrived) to euphemize or efface the plain title of his profession, though he gladly welcomed its intensification to "Prince of Showmen," which editors were fond of applying to him. What he always seemed to me to be, however, was the Magician of Mirth, for he was the personification of jollity. He was really a sort of Mercury and Momus blended, except that these spirits of the ancient mythologies, like Loki of the Scandinavian cult, mixed mischief, and even deviltry, with their fun. In Mr. Barnum's composition there was nothing of this sort. His most audacious performances and jokes were unqualifiedly good-humored.

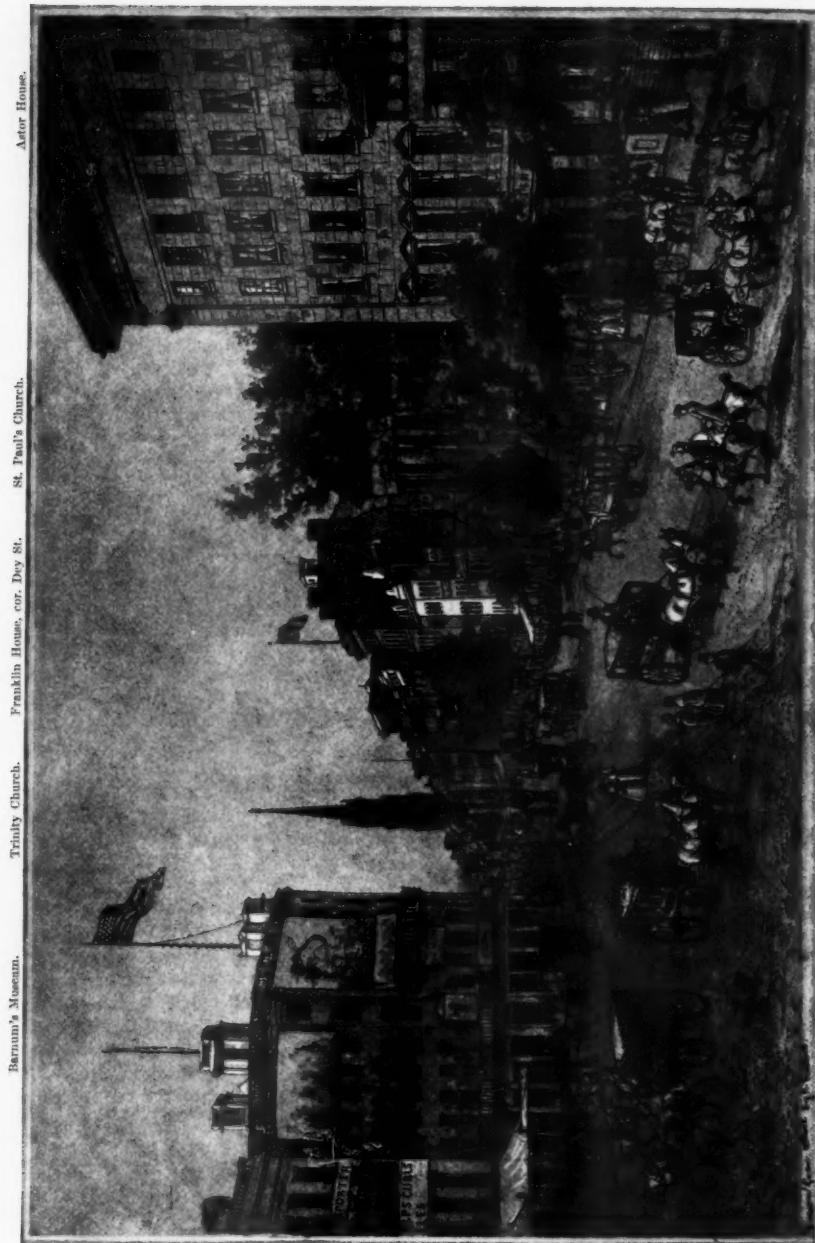
This atmosphere of fun and good humor never seemed to abate. Even in his business transactions he could coruscate with helpful and appropriate levities. I remember riding with him one day through the gateway at "Waldemere," his residence in Bridgeport, Connecticut, when, discovering near it a considerable pool of surface-water, he asked Hugh, his Irish coachman, what had caused it. "Why, Mr. Barnum," said Hugh, "there's a *laik [leak]* here." "Oh, no," said Barnum; "it is n't a lake yet, but it will be if we don't attend to it." On another occasion his elephant-keeper came to him and said that one of the big elephants was sick. On being asked what was the matter with him, the keeper said: "I'm afraid he's got *information* of the brain." "Well," said Barnum, "if he's got that, don't you cure him, for that's just the disease I want him to have." Somebody having informed him once that his keeper was giving Jumbo beer to drink, he sent for the keeper and inquired if this was so. The keeper said it was. He was then asked how much he gave him, and was

told that he drank nearly a keg a day. "But don't you know," said Barnum, "that I'm a temperance man, and this thing will breed a scandal about me?" But the quiet twinkle in his eye indicated that an elephant perhaps might be a law unto himself. He even joked about making his will. He remarked that some people were superstitious about doing this; but, for his part, he got so much satisfaction out of it that he wrote a new codicil annually. Games, among which was backgammon, he was fond of; and he used to say, "Any one who can play euchre is my friend."

In saying that Mr. Barnum was simply a showman, I do not forget that there were incidents in his career that either preceded, or temporarily withdrew him from, his dominant occupation. At nineteen he edited a paper in Danbury, Connecticut, called "The Herald of Freedom," which first brought him to public notice. By his own freedom of speech in it he was made more than once to suffer legal penalties; and at last, in addition to a fine of one hundred dollars, he was sentenced to a two months' imprisonment in jail. This offense was not for telling a falsehood, but for relating a truth. The offending statement was to the effect that a certain man in Bethel, who was prominent in the church, had taken usury of an orphan. As the Connecticut law of the time was based upon the maxim that "the greater the truth, the greater the libel," there could be no defense, and the sentence was carried out. But so unjust was it in essence that when Mr. Barnum's term expired he was taken out of bondage by the people, in large numbers, with a coach and six horses, accompanied by a band of music.

He soon gave up his editorship, but in later life he was often in the State legislature, was once mayor of Bridgeport, and on one occasion ran for Congress. In addition to these functions and that of bank president, he spent a good deal of time in lecturing upon temperance, addressing agricultural societies, and filling lyceum appointments. His chief lyceum lecture was upon "The Art of Money-getting," but he added to it, I believe, one that treated of the secret of happiness. Frequently, too, he wrote for the magazines and syndicates on various subjects; but, whether speaking or writing, he always presented himself as one who struggled to entertain and amuse.

In fact, he had many of the mimetic faculties of the actor, particularly a mobile face and versatility of expression. He was not a bad ventriloquist, and in skilful acts



Astor House.

Trinity Church.
Franklin House, cor. Dey St.,
St. Paul's Church.

Barnum's Museum.

BARNUM'S MUSEUM.

FROM A PRINT LENT BY E. B. HODDER. HALFTONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. DAVIS.

BARNUM'S MUSEUM ON BROADWAY, CORNER OF ANN STREET.

of legerdemain he could have entertained audiences, with a little preliminary practice, night after night. Beginning life as a caterer of mirth, he soon exaggerated a native desire to make people happy, and seemed, after reaching the full tide of his activity, to care quite as much to be the purveyor of entertainments that hold the multitude as he did to make money therefrom.

No one ever saw him at his show, or in the old Broadway and Ann-street museum, where the brass-band, from its balcony, was daily deafening Broadway in front of the

happy, one of which may be worth repeating here. Everybody will recall the fact that, in later years, Barnum's show began its season of activity at Madison Square Garden in New York. As a loud-resounding, preliminary advertisement to it, however, a grand march of the animals, the Orientals, and the circus performers, was made the Saturday night previous to the opening of the exhibition. The route of this march was always specifically noted down in the newspaper announcements of it and on the large posted bills, and the streets selected for it were



FROM THE ORIGINAL IN THE COLLECTION OF B. C. WILLIAMS.

JENNY LIND'S FIFTH GRAND CONCERT ADMISSION TICKET.

solemn apostle under the porch of St. Paul's, without observing a man sunny and alive with ripples of joy over the success of his operations. He did not care who was to be eminent in any field if only he might be acknowledged as the unparalleled purveyor of amusements.

What pleased him most, as he proceeded to the full understanding of his office and vocation, was devising methods to interest the children. Their frank and vocally expressed pleasure, their frolicsome, keen-eyed delight in visiting his museum, menagerie, and show, were more to him than to Cæsar was the applause of millions. A certain writer has said, "Better be driven out from among men than to be disliked by children." The one man who got farthest away from the force of that possible malediction was P. T. Barnum. He not only arranged spectacles to thrill his child patrons and to fill them with awesome or hilarious wonder, but he fixed days and prices to meet their convenience and their ability to pay for tickets.

Many touching stories have been told of Barnum's unfailing efforts for making them

invariably those which could be most aroused by the spangle and glitter of the parade.

Just before one of these occasions a little boy of poor parentage (in a certain part of Grand street or Broome street, I think) met with an accident or was taken ill. When he was told that he would on this account be unable to leave the house for many days, something worse than a temporarily confining illness or disability troubled him, for he had for weeks been counting upon seeing Barnum's street parade. At first he was inconsolable. But in the midst of his grief a happy thought struck him. He concluded to write a letter to Mr. Barnum about it, and he did. It was a very simple letter, worded in child fashion, and asking Mr. Barnum if he would not change the route of the parade to a certain direction that he named, so that it would pass his house, as he could then be taken to the window to see it go by. Mr. Barnum answered this appeal at once, and told the little boy that the change of direction should be made; and it was made. It is safe to say that, happy as the boy was to attain his wish, there was



DRAWN BY E. M. ASHE. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

JENNY LIND AT CASTLE GARDEN.

one made just as happy by the complying letter, and that was the man who wrote it.

To this authentic anecdote I can add another, of which I had personal knowledge. It was his habit, when in Bridgeport, to do a large amount of entertaining. From his house, in the summer-time, various companies of his guests went out to lawn-parties, clam-bakes, and picnics every week.

On one of my visits to his house a string of carriages drew up to his door to take a considerable number of invited persons to Long Beach. Before we started Mr. Barnum heard of a little girl of twelve or thirteen, in the city, the child of humble parents, who was in the last stages of consumption. Word was given that the procession could move on, but Mr. Barnum, having an errand somewhat out of the way, would arrive at the beach a little late. The nature of this errand the company did not guess or know; but its purpose I discovered. It was undertaken to present in person to the sick girl a bouquet of beautiful flowers and a bottle of wine.

A poor widow once called upon him at his house to tell her sorrow. She had a large family to support, and could not provide for them decently. If she could borrow seventy-five dollars with which to buy a sewing-machine, she could not only make ends meet, but would be able to save enough to repay the loan. Mr. Barnum took her word for this, gave her the money, and asked her, when she had saved the sum, to bring it to him. After a considerable period had elapsed, the woman made the requisite saving, and brought it to Mr. Barnum. He congratulated her upon obtaining the machine, and upon one other fact, that she had learned to save. He then gave her the money, telling her to invest it safely.

How natural it seems, after all, that the genius for distributing pleasure should have also other beaming sides! Closely connected with it in Mr. Barnum's case was the effort to relieve pain and subdue sorrow. But with him it went even further. He could not live in a town without being the source and center of the forces that uprise to improve it. If ever a city can point to one man as its preëminent benefactor, that city is Bridgeport, and that benefactor was P. T. Barnum. Its beautiful Seaside Park was mainly his gift, and wholly of his devising. East Bridgeport he largely helped to make by opening it up through legislation that nullified the exactions of a toll-bridge. Many streets of the main city he laid out, cutting one important avenue through a decadent burial-

place, and on these streets he planted seventeen thousand trees. A fine fountain placed in a park in front of one of the churches, the bronze-work executed in and imported from Munich, is only one of his gifts to his home public, a more important one being the Barnum Historical and Scientific Institute and Gymnasium.

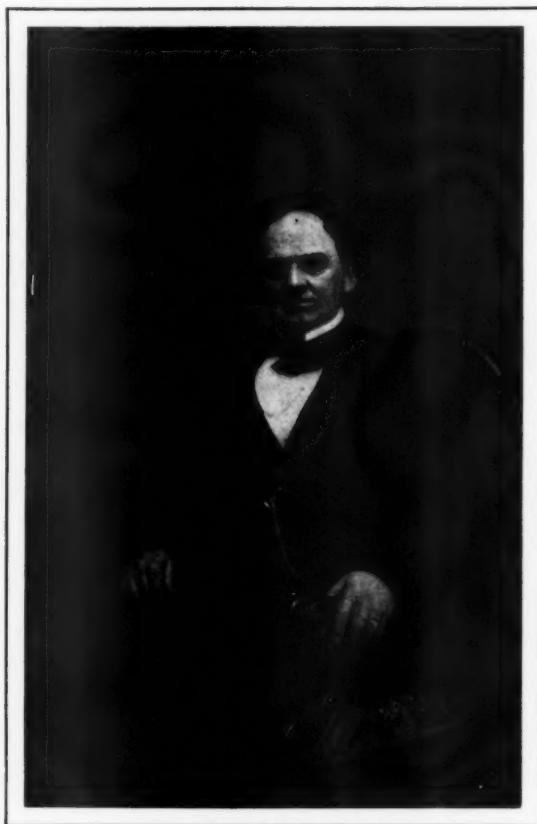
With what genial humor all these and other things were done and projected a few of his intimate friends know very well. The abandoned Jewish cemetery which stood in the way of his desired avenue he did not rudely disturb, for he found a definite and marked resting-place for the bones he removed. With his peculiar mirthful smile, however, he remarked that he had "no wish to anticipate Gabriel's trumpet," but only desired, without inflicting injury, to help the public. An illuminating phrase of his own invention flashes a good deal of explanatory light upon the character of the man. Incidentally, of course, the improvement of a city in which he ultimately owned over three hundred buildings and many open lots was the promotion of his own profit. In view of this fact, he very often said, with a twinkle in his eye, that he always believed in a "profitable philanthropy." But the philanthropy really came first, and the profit simply ensued from its skilful planning and from its magnitude.

Mr. Barnum's innate and exuberant love of a joke, which was a trait maternally inherited, and his frequent habit of self-depreciation, were not always quite understood by the public. He therefore suffered sometimes from too much of his own disparaging frankness. His first autobiography, issued in 1855, was not meant to be taken as literal truth; but it was so taken, and the criticism of it was very bitter. The soberer matter-of-fact public of that day did not see the Pickwickian sense and the orientalism of statement that pervaded it. The cold type could not carry with it the twinkling of the author's eye.

The three things, however, which brought upon him the sharpest criticism were the three curiosities of his show, which were called Joyce Heth, the Woolly Horse, and the Fee Gee Mermaid. The first of these was said to be Washington's body-servant, and was given an incredible age; the second was a real colt that was a freak; the last was probably of Japanese manufacture. Mr. Barnum constructed neither the second nor the third, but bought them from exhibitors, and he was himself fooled at first by the certificates of Joyce Heth's history. He

frankly admits in his biography that he employed two of them to advertise his museum, and was not trying to make their history too exact in announcing them. He romanced somewhat, he says regretfully, in describing the horse, born in Indiana, as a curiosity discovered by Colonel Frémont in the Rocky Mountains; but did this to call attention to

num's word was as good as his bond. His bankruptcy, which was brought upon him by the nearly criminal use by others of his blank note-indorsements, revealed in him a sturdy, self-reliant, honorable attitude. He gave up a vast property to pay what he did not morally owe, and refused large sums that were proffered him from various quarters to



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY IN THE COLLECTION OF B. C. WILLIAMS.

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

PHINEAS T. BARNUM.

a museum of curiosities of which it, with the other two, was merely a fractional part. He said he should not do this again, and expressed a wish that it had not been done at all. The best palliation he could plead for these schemes was that, without them, he did give a big money's-worth to all who visited his museum. No perfectly ethical defense, beyond this, was offered.

In affairs more sober, where the frolicsome show spirit was not invoked, Mr. Bar-

num's word was as good as his bond. His bankruptcy, which was brought upon him by the nearly criminal use by others of his blank note-indorsements, revealed in him a sturdy, self-reliant, honorable attitude. He gave up a vast property to pay what he did not morally owe, and refused large sums that were proffered him from various quarters to help him to a financial foothold. Tom Thumb, Jenny Lind, and many more who knew him thoroughly, begged him to draw on them for large sums, but he steadily refused to do so. He felt that his loss should not become a financial concern of his friends. So he bore it bravely alone, went to work himself to repair it, and climbed up at last to a higher prosperity than that from which he fell.

So many stories have been attached to him that he was, for the most of his life, more of

a show than the one he so vociferously advertised. As an illustration of this it is related that a certain rustic character came one day to the museum when Mr. Greenwood was its manager, and, walking up to the ticket-office, bought a ticket. He then asked Mr. Greenwood to point out to him Mr. Barnum. Mr. Greenwood did so, and the querist started at once in the direction given. Pausing as he got near the object of his search, he took a good look at the showman. Then standing at another angle, he took another look, and repeated this performance till he had gone all around him, when he promptly started for the door. As he was going out, Mr. Greenwood said to him: "My friend, you have not seen the museum yet. There is a whale down-stairs, and any number of things up-stairs, a moral play soon to come off, etc." "I know it," said the visitor, "but I don't care. I've seen Barnum, and I've got my money's-worth."

In later days, when he was old and could not follow his show everywhere, only visiting it here and there in the larger towns, it was noticed that his presence was a large factor in helping to swell the box-office receipts.

The story of the cherry-colored cat, which is occasionally told in relation to him, may be mythical, but it illustrates so well the practical joking which he enjoyed that it is worth a little space here. The trick of the matter, however, first fell upon Mr. Greenwood, who agreed to pay a back-countryman twenty-five dollars for a cat which the countryman avowed was a true cherry-color. When the cat-owner came to the museum to deliver it, he said to Mr. Greenwood that he had perhaps neglected to mention one thing, and added: "I forgot to say that the cherry I meant was a black cherry." Over this remark Mr. Greenwood fairly raged, and Barnum, hearing his charge of fraud and trickery, came to the rescue. When he had learned the countryman's story, he advised Greenwood, as the countryman had really told the exact truth, to pay the bill, which was at once done, no one enjoying the joke more than Barnum. I presume the rest of the story, which asserts that Barnum played the trick over again upon an audience in the moral lecture-room, is an invention.

Mr. Barnum was not himself very easily fooled, though he received scores of letters describing curiosities their writers vouched for, which were well calculated to deceive. He told me that a person in Wisconsin once wrote to him about a negro that could read all sorts of print in the night, and even in a

dark cellar, as well as by daylight, so curiously focused were his eyes. This negro, he said, would go on exhibition for a certain specified sum per week, which was not a prohibitive price, and the writer very strongly urged Mr. Barnum to engage him. The showman saw at once what eyes the negro had, and replied: "If your negro is not blind, I will accept your offer." Of course he was.

It is often said that Mr. Barnum's idea was that "the American people love to be humbugged." He frequently did say this, but he had his own special meaning for the word "humbug," which the dictionaries do not record. The "humbugging" which he called acceptable was not downright cheating, but playful joking of the cherry-colored cat sort. That the joke was upon him mattered little, and it did not destroy his relish for it. For when he once offered to buy of a neighbor a piece of land of which he already had a deed, the neighbor replied by asking him if he did not know that it was his own land. He did not happen, however, to remember this fact, and he said to his neighbor that he should have tendered him a quit-claim of it for twenty-five dollars, which the joke involved would be well worth.

Mr. Barnum, as any one who ever saw him must have noticed, had amazing physical activity. He was large, and possessed a Websterian head, as full of brain-power as it was of playfulness of spirit. In the management of business he was both skilful and acute, but what surprised some was the fact that he habitually asked advice of you, whoever you were, on every matter he had in hand that could be disclosed. In this way he got all sorts of opinions, studied their value, and struck such a balance between them as his own judgment led him to think was the correct one. Of the power of the press he never had a doubt, and he knew better than any other man of his time how to cultivate and evoke it. Approachable, democratic in every way, and shrewd, he fairly melted to the interviewer, whom he frequently did not wait for, but sent for.

The ruse by which he inveigled King Kamehameha of the Hawaiian Islands into one of his Madison Square Garden chariots, and then hurried it at once around the circuit, was planned to get a striking news-event into all the papers, which would make great publicity at no cost for him. There are many who will remember, too, that on one occasion Niagara Falls and its environs estate and approaches were in the market, when a rumor got out to the effect



DRAWN BY R. B. BIRCH.

BARNUM'S CIRCUS

that Barnum was about to buy all the property about the Falls and fence it in for show purposes. At another time a statement was made, equally emphatic, that he was to buy Shakspere's house at Stratford-on-Avon, and bring it over to America, with a similar intent. Neither of these schemes was ever contemplated by him, as I happen to know, but he had no interest in contradicting the stories. He told me that he had too much reverence for those places to make a vulgar exhibition of them, which would be an inexcusable desecration; but he enjoyed the tumult made over the rumors, especially that in the English press.

It was a keen stroke, too, of his devising, in his early career, to get General Tom Thumb noticed by Queen Victoria, when her children were young and easily attracted to the dwarf. The royal patronage did more to earn him money than all the English papers together could have achieved for him without it. In securing Jenny Lind, in 1850, for a series of American concerts, the plain showman seemed to acquire a transfigured grace, to which was added the poetry of Bayard Taylor, through a welcoming song.

It was not Mr. Barnum's invention that put forward hyperbole of a most elastic sort as the trait predominant in show advertisements, though he undoubtedly became a passed master in this art. Resounding adjectives

and substantives were necessarily among the awesome features of his posted bills and his newspaper notices, but I venture to say that the show-bills of the hippodrome and open-air entertainments of Rome, Pompeii, and Herculaneum, centuries ago, were not mildly worded. Something wonderful, colossal, and gigantic must be expressed to define the qualities of a show for the populace, and it is a part of the satisfaction in going to it to read and see this printed and pictorial heralding. We know well enough now that those open-red-mouthed lions and tigers, with animated and furiously flying tails, and the writhing, tremendously spiral, perpendicular boa-constrictor of the bills must not be taken too seriously, but with considerable discount. So we are not disappointed to see these wild creatures, withdrawn from the woods and jungle, greet us with barn-yard docility and tameness when we enter the tent.

In one of Dr. Holmes's latest articles, in which he named a group of old men who were overwhelmingly active in carrying on the world's work, he spoke of Barnum as "still struggling with his superlatives." It was an apt and significant characterization. What Barnum regarded at last, however, as his superlative achievement was his capture of London and the British Islands by his great triple-ring show. It seemed to him



STREET PARADE.

that the world was at his feet when members of the English royal family and of Parliament were there in boxes, and Gladstone, at least, came in to see him in his own box.

For more than twenty years I had the pleasure of frequently visiting him in Bridgeport, as well as in New York, and can never forget his skill and art as an entertainer. As a host he could not be surpassed. He knew the sources of comfort—what to omit doing, as well as what to do, for a guest. He had the supreme art of making you really free, as if you were in your own house. In his successful days he lived in fine style, and so sociable was he that he took great delight in inviting to his home people of various endowments and qualities, who had in any way interested him.

The method of the house was great punctuality of meals and a liberal provision of the best that city markets could supply. In nothing except wines, which Mr. Barnum's temperance creed excluded, could his repasts be said to be lacking, but the sparkling glow and effervescence of his conversation more than made up for their absence.

When he lived on Fifth Avenue, in New York, for the winter, as he did for a few years, the Rev. Dr. E. H. Chapin, the Universalist minister, took occasion to make a friendly and pastoral call. Mr. Barnum asked him how he knew the way. "Well," said

Dr. Chapin, "I saw a house that was good enough for you, with 'P. T. B.' on the door. When I read the letters I thought they said, 'Pull the bell.'"

Mr. Barnum was born in July, 1810, at Danbury, Connecticut, now Bethel, the smaller town which once was a part of the larger. But his home after he grew to importance in the public eye was established in Bridgeport. The first one, which was destroyed by fire before I knew him, was "Iranistan." This Oriental name was appropriate, for it was a house with many circular and pointed towers. When Mr. Barnum lost his first fortune by indorsing a certain company's notes, he remarked that the name was prophetic. He said: "I ran, I stand—I ran into a scrape, and I will stand the burden of it." His house on Fairfield Avenue in that city had large grounds, but after it was burned he sold the realty to Elias Howe, of sewing-machine fame, and built "Lindencroft," a spacious house, with liberal grounds, farther up (or westward) on this fine residential street. The name was given to it by Bayard Taylor, who was one of those who found a delightful hospitality at Mr. Barnum's invitation.

Here I visited him for the first time, and every summer, for a considerable period, for many years. One day in the early seventies, I think, when we were driving about, he took

me to the sea-shore through what were then open lots, and approaching a rolling knoll which marked the highest point, said, "Here I am going to build a new home." He had already sold Lindencroft, and had mapped out on the Sound a park of one hundred acres which the new place would overlook. This place inclosed twenty acres, and on it was a broad group—almost a small grove—of hard-wood trees. He purposed to call the place "Sea-Grove," but he wrote to about a

in the morning, he rode to his up-town office, interviewed his various agents, drove to the stores and markets, and saved a large part of the afternoon for rides or for a picnic.

It was his pleasure in summer, as I have already said, to order clam-bakes on the shore for a score or more of friends. But there were more things than clams on the table. All the varieties of food that make up a liberal banquet were seen at those feasts. It often happened when Mr. Barnum's



FACE AND BACK OF A PASS TO THE "GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH."

dozen of his friends, of whom I was one, to suggest something better, if something better was possible. I wrote him that, to keep up the sonority of the two previous names, he might call the new place "Waldemere," which would carry virtually the idea of sea-grove, or woods by the sea. When the place was finished, and very large trees had been set out here and there along the roadways, and I went to visit him, then for the first time I saw on the gate-posts, as I entered, the name "Waldemere."

The charm of Mr. Barnum's hospitality was that it consisted in having everything done for you without effort and without constraint. The guest, therefore, had unparalleled freedom. At his home Mr. Barnum, busy as he was, had leisure hours. When letters and telegrams and visitors had been attended to

house was full of guests, and his relatives' and friends' houses near by were also filled, that two picnics would be organized for the same afternoon. One party preferred to go inland up the Housatonic Railroad to a thick wooded grove and its picturesque surroundings, while the other chose the shore-line at some convenient point. When such a division came, there was much rival pleading resorted to by those who were to make up the picnics to secure Mr. Barnum's presence in their particular direction.

Mr. Barnum was not only sociable by temperament and nature to an unusual degree, but he was the provoker of sociability in others. If no large company could be had, he never failed to make the most of the solitary guest. On more than one occasion I was that person. Once we went—when no



FROM A WATER-COLOR DRAWING OWNED BY MRS. D. W. THOMPSON. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. SCHWARZBURGER.

IRANISTAN, BARNUM'S BRIDGEPORT HOME THAT WAS BURNED.

one else could go—early in the morning to Charles Island, midway between Bridgeport and New Haven, which a steamboat touches in its trips, where was to be found a spacious summer hotel. Only a few guests were there, but we were well entertained, and with books and a backgammon board, with which we provided ourselves before starting, the day was made short.

Mr. Barnum could command great company. At his house Connecticut's governor could be seen unbending himself in the evening, by taking a low seat on the door-steps. Horace Greeley could be sometimes seen there. In Mr. Barnum's New York house Mr. Greeley spent days at a time. Mr. Barnum thought Mr. Greeley was too negligent of his own

comfort, so he furnished him the slippers and dressing-gown which he neglected to bring. As both were of one political mind and of temperance proclivities, and were also parishioners in Dr. Chapin's church, there was not a little basis for harmonious and agree-

able talk when they were domiciled together. Mark Twain used to run down to Bridgeport occasionally from his Hartford home. Elias Howe, who was Mr. Barnum's neighbor, often dropped in upon him, and Matthew Arnold, when in America, went to Bridgeport as his guest. The view at the Seaside Park pleased Mr. Arnold so much that he could not go in to dinner until he had walked down to the Sound to see the landscape and the captivating shore and water.



GENERAL TOM THUMB.



WALDEMERE.

Once when Mark Twain was there he looked over the freak and crank letters asking for contributions of money and gifts which came to Mr. Barnum always in great abundance. No one who has not seen letters of this sort knows, or can imagine, how preposterous they were. Mark Twain said it would be impossible for anybody to make deliberately such humor as they contained.

In Mr. Barnum's rides no one, even if he were a stranger on the road, failed to know who it was that passed. For every one he met he had a good, cheery word. He went out of his way to see the old and feeble and to help the poor. A figure of more impressive personality has not been given to many neighborhoods. Before he died, the city which he had adopted as his home seemed to know this. Whoever visits Bridgeport now will therefore see at its beautiful Seaside Park a bronze seated statue of the famous showman, the hospitable host, the good neighbor, and the city's untiring friend.

The London "Times," in chronicling his death, which occurred on the 7th of April, 1891, called him "that fine flower of Western civilization, that *arbiter elegantiarum* to De-

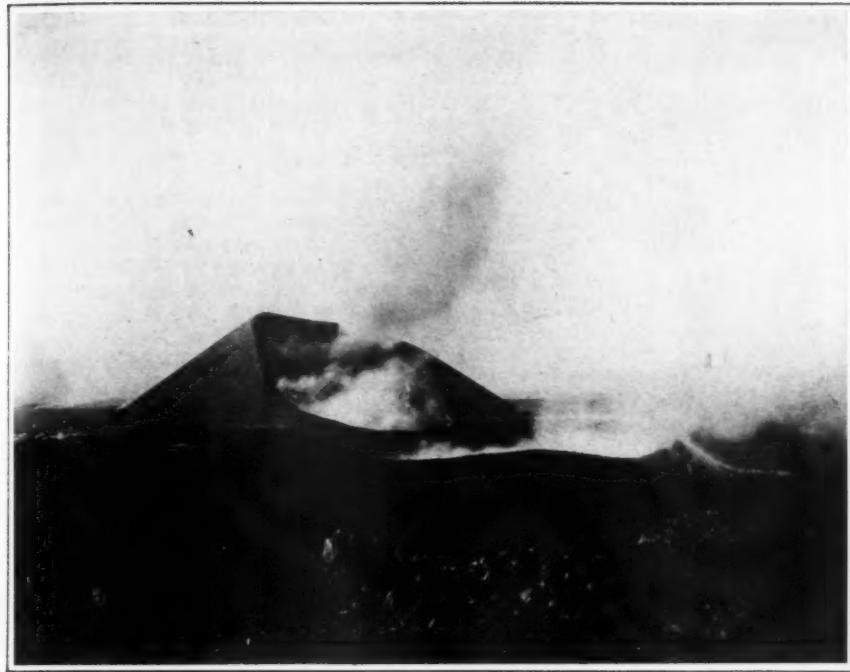
mos, who gave a lustre to America. . . . He created the *métier* of showman on a grandiose scale worthy to be professed by a man of genius. . . . His immense activity . . . marked him out as one of the most typical and conspicuous of Yankees. From Jenny Lind to Jumbo no occasion of a 'public sensation' came amiss to him. When, in 1889, the veteran brought over his shipload of giants and dwarfs, chariots and waxworks, spangles and circus riders, to entertain the people of London, one wanted a Carlyle

DRAWN BY HARRY FENN, AFTER PHOTOGRAPHS LENT BY MRS. D. W. THOMPSON. HALF-TONE PLATE
ENGRAVED BY C. SCHWARZBURGER.

LINDENCROFT.

TWO HOMES BUILT BY BARNUM AT BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

to come forward with a discourse upon the Hero as Showman. It was the *ne plus ultra* of publicity. . . . There was a threefold show—the things in the stalls and cages, the showman, and the world itself. And of the three perhaps Barnum himself was the most interesting. . . . His name is a proverb already, and a proverb it will continue." May not this be said also?—If he had lived in a mythologic time he would have had some setting in a Pantheon, or glorification as a Joy-bringer or supermagnified Santa Claus, that would have associated him permanently with a company equal to that of Olympus or Valhalla.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH LENT BY LORENZO G. WOODHOUSE.
THE CRATER OF ETNA, AFTER THE ERUPTION OF 1892.

EARTHQUAKES AND VOLCANOES: THE GREAT NATURAL CATACLYSMS.

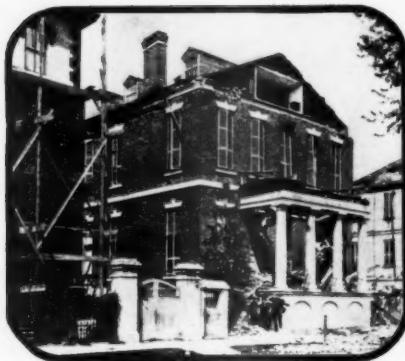
BY JAMES FURMAN KEMP,
Professor of Geology in Columbia University.

THERE are various ways in which the forces of nature manifest themselves with such violence that, despite our precautions and engineering skill, they prove greatly destructive of life. Terrible storms at sea develop beyond the power of any vessel to resist; cyclones and tornadoes sweep across the land, leveling and uprooting everything in their path; avalanches and snow-slides pour down the mountain-side, laying it bare and burying the valleys: but no one of these possesses the mystery, causes the terror, or works the destruction of either volcanoes or earthquakes. The storms, the cyclones, and the avalanches deal with materials which are familiar things in our daily lives; they are manifestations in the extreme of forces which are constantly about us. Neither air nor water is ever wholly quiet, and smaller stones and boulders are constantly

rolling down the mountains. But the dread earthquake shakes the very things that are our types of unchangeableness and solidity. It slips upon its victims without warning, and dies away they know not when or why. The volcano pours from its vent steam, dust, lava, and often mud, with almost inconceivable energy, and while it gives warning, it can be escaped only by precipitate flight. If, with all our modern knowledge of natural forces, and with the elimination of superstition, we cannot restrain feelings of mystery and terror, we may well realize to what degree these manifestations of power entered into even the religions of primitive peoples.

ANCIENT RECORDS OF EARTHQUAKES.

IN the ancient records of earthquakes we must not be surprised to find the supernatural element entering, nor to have the



WRECK OF CORNICE IN THE CHARLESTON EARTHQUAKE BY A SHOCK MOVING PARALLEL WITH THE SIDE WALLS.

descriptions of purely physical happenings accompanied by moral interpretations. This disposition is scarcely less active to-day. The negroes and probably even many of the more educated people of Martinique regard their calamities as sent by God in punishment for their moral delinquencies.

The first definitely recorded earthquake is the one which in large part occasioned the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah. The date given in King James's edition of the Scriptures is about 1900 B.C., and the events are mentioned by profane as well as by sacred writers. Apparently, from the Mosaic account, volcanic phenomena were also manifested, but no known volcano lies nearer their sites than two hundred miles. It is possible that even earlier than this we have mention of earthquake tidal waves, in that the Assyrian account of the flood which swept up the valley of the Euphrates, and which was anticipated by one Hafiz-Adra, very much after the manner of Noah, can best be interpreted in this manner. As recorded upon the cuneiform inscriptions which have been dug up at Nineveh, Hafiz-Adra, who dwelt near the ancient city of Surippak, was warned by the God of the sea and the depths, through the agency of the hero Izdubar, to build for himself, his family, his goods and stock, and for living creatures in general, a ship in which they could escape the impending flood. Hafiz-Adra did so, and when the flood rushed in, he and his belongings were preserved. The episodes of the bird sent forth and of the rainbow appear in the Assyrian account as well as in the Mosaic. Probably Hafiz-Adra took warning from preliminary shocks and built himself an ark of safety, in which he escaped the sea-wave.

If the Deluge of Noah be placed at 2300-

2400 B.C., a thousand years and more must have elapsed, according to the chronology generally given, before the earthquake shook Mount Sinai when Moses received the tables of the law; and before that other earthquake developed rents in the ground which swallowed up Korah, Dathan, and Abiram; and before a third threw down the walls of Jericho.

Earthquakes did not escape scientific study among the ancients. Aristotle, for example, endeavored to establish a classification on the basis of the nature of the movement, whether up or down or sidewise, whether the shocks were single or complex, etc. His explanations of causes, as well as those of other ancient writers, are of great interest, although, withal, a bit amusing in the light of later and fuller knowledge. But no people of discernment who lived in the Mediterranean basin could long be unmindful of the dynamics of geology.

CHRONOLOGICAL LISTS OF EARTHQUAKES.

FROM the ancient time to the present an unbroken series of shocks has been recorded by the historians, and from the complete records of later years it is seen that hardly a day passes without one somewhere over the world. Several scholarly and patient investigators have set themselves the task of arranging these in chronological sequence, and vast erudition has been employed to make the lists complete. Up to 1850 between six and seven thousand were listed, and as not less than one hundred per annum have been recorded since, the number must be twelve or fifteen thousand to-day. If we judge the incomplete records of the past by the fuller information of the last fifty years, we may multiply even this



WRECK OF CORNER IN THE CHARLESTON EARTHQUAKE BY A SHOCK MOVING ON THE DIAGONAL OF THE BUILDING.

total by a large factor, and we may gain some conception of the instability of what we, from the human standpoint, often regard as the eternal hills and the unchanging rocks.

THE CONNECTION OF EARTHQUAKES WITH VOLCANOES.

WHILE earthquakes accompany volcanic outbreaks, they likewise frequently appear in regions remote from any known crater. In 1886 Charleston, South Carolina, was severely shaken, and yet there is no active or even recently extinct cone within hundreds of miles of it. During the years from 1810 to 1813 the valley of the Mississippi near New Madrid, in southeastern Missouri, was repeatedly and violently agitated. A huge bulge from the banks and bed of the river was elevated twenty-five feet above its level and immediately in its path. For several hours the current of the Father of Waters at this point was turned back to the north, but in the end the river broke through and established its present course. To the east the land sank, and in Reelfoot Lake, from twelve to twenty miles from the river in this direction, the trees killed by the subsidence of their roots beneath the water still project above its surface.

We are therefore justified in concluding that causes may produce shocks which are not immediately connected with eruptions. In the study of the structural relations of the rocky formations of the globe one of the commonest experiences is to find strata which must have formed the sea-bottom, crumpled into folds, broken by great cracks with displacement of the sides, and disturbed from their original horizontal position in all manner of ways. These changes need not be accompanied by outbreaks of lava or any volcanic phenomena, and yet it is evident that their development must have sent vibrations and oscillations of great violence in every direction, and must have produced earthquakes at all periods of the earth's history. If in our mountains we now find the old sea-bottom, with its shells and corals, ten or fifteen thousand feet above the present level of the ocean, it is obvious that the elevation, even though very gradual, was a fruitful source of shocks.

EARTHQUAKES AT ANTIOCH.

ANTIOCH in its day was the third city in importance in the world. Situated in northern Syria upon the river Orontes, it enjoyed a

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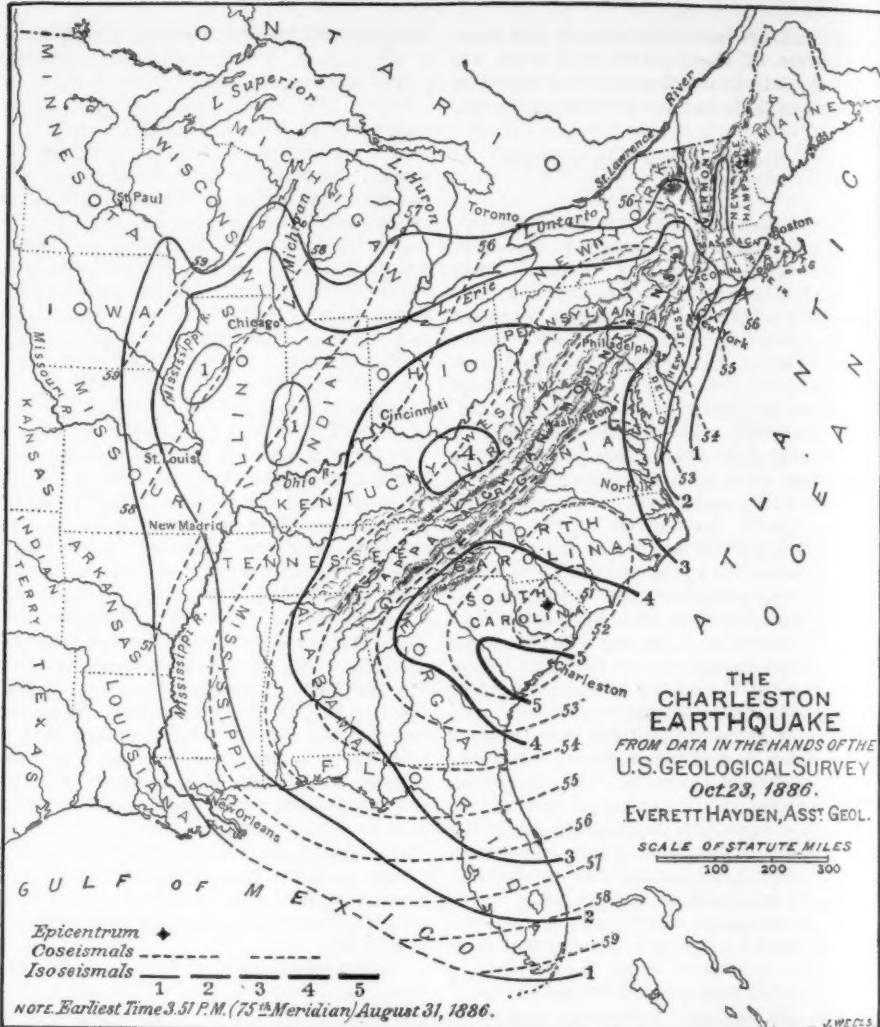
salubrious climate and reached a high state of civilization. The records are therefore quite complete. It was, however, located in a region that suffered severely from earthquakes, and its name has become inseparably associated with some of the most famous shocks. No volcano is within five hundred miles, and as the city is back from the coast, no sea-wave ever affected it. The first recorded shock took place in 148 B.C. Others in A.D. 37, 115–117, 341, 447, 458, 515, 526, 528, 579, 587, 712, 1092, and even in other years, are matters of historic record. As late as 1822 old-time experiences were repeated for the inhabitants. The most destructive and therefore famous earthquakes took place in 115–117, 341, 526, and 528. During the first of these Trajan and his army were in the city, three fourths of which was destroyed. Rivers changed their courses, terrible storms broke out, and the emperor himself was in great danger of his life. In 341 the shakings lasted a year and extended all over the Orient. In 526 six days of severe shocks were experienced, which destroyed, among other edifices, a famous Christian temple. There happened to be a great assemblage of Christians, estimated at two hundred and fifty thousand, in the city at the time, and the loss of life was very severe. The city was rebuilt, however, and for two and a half years remained unshaken. Then in November, 528, came a shock of several hours' duration, accompanied by outbreaks of water. The newly built houses fell in on their inhabitants, and five thousand people perished. Fifty years later the city was again wrecked, and before ten years had passed there came another shock with great loss of life.

Antioch presents a striking case of continued and violent shocks in an inland city, and while we have not detailed scientific records, its history places before us a significant story of the relations of mankind with one of the destructive phenomena of nature.

THE LISBON EARTHQUAKE.

THE most terrible of the earthquakes of which we have full records is the one that befell Lisbon in 1755. It also presents some interesting particulars not afforded by those at Antioch, because Lisbon is situated on a gradual slope near the coast and on a bay at the mouth of a river, conditions necessary for the production of a great sea-wave.

For five or six years before the shock came there were outbreaks of the volcanoes



of the Mediterranean, and earthquakes were felt throughout both southern and northern Europe, but they were not of such violence as to excite unusual attention. They did, however, increase in frequency in the early months of 1755. In Lisbon itself a slight shock was felt at midnight of October 31. At half-past nine, or a few minutes thereafter, on the morning of November 1, the advance-guard of the severe shocks came. There were three different ones in close succession. The forerunner of the three lasted but six seconds, and yet it sufficed to destroy nearly all the buildings of the city. The other two then came after

very brief intervals. Before the walls of the buildings fell they vibrated from east to west. Some time after these first shocks the great sea-wave rolled in. It was probably started above the place where the shock came first to the upper world in the sea-bottom, but it traveled toward the land more slowly than the vibrations in the solid ground. There is some conflict of testimony among eye-witnesses as to the intervals and the times of the several happenings. One observer records that the wave rolled in coincidentally with the second great shock, and this is placed by another eye-witness at three hours later than the first. The second great

shock was less violent than the first, but it completed the destruction already begun. The great sea-wave brought ships upon its crest, and one Dutch vessel was stranded high and dry. A second wave, however, reached it, and rolling back, floated the vessel to the sea again without serious injury.

Just as the sea came on toward the land, a huge fissure must have opened along the water-front, because a fine marble dock, which had been completed just before this time, and which was crowded with seekers after safety, sank down and disappeared with its load. Many small boats were moored to it, and of no one of them did so much as a trace ever again reach the surface. The bottom of the bay must have engulfed them and closed over them. Subsequently, when soundings were made, 600 feet of water were found on the site of the quay. This catastrophe and the onrush of the waters were the chief causes of the loss of life.

In the parts of the city which escaped the water, fire either had broken out or shortly did so, and what escaped the shock and the waves was devoured by the flames. The once beautiful city, at the time one of the richest in Europe, became, as one of its citizens expressed it, nothing but a stone-quarry. The fatalities have been estimated from forty to sixty thousand.

In the neighborhood of Lisbon there were other changes in the surface besides the sinking of the quay. A depressed area that had been a swamp in summer and a lake in winter, with a considerable volume of water in it, became elevated, and was ever thereafter dry land. Elsewhere along the streams there were in some places manifest upheavals, and in others equally obvious depressions of the ground.

The destruction wrought by this great earthquake was not limited alone to Lisbon, but was especially developed to the south along the same meridian. Many other places felt it likewise. Dwellings were shaken down, and in a few localities fissures were opened in the ground. The meridian of Lisbon just misses Cape Vincent and strikes Africa at Mogador, on the northwest coast. Off the harbor of this city there was before the earthquake a reef of rocks with very shallow water, suitable only for small boats; but after the shock the reef had sunk so low that 120 feet of water stood above it and the largest ship of war could pass into the haven.

With an intensity that decreased to the

east and the west, the earthquake was felt over a very wide area. The most westerly point was Madeira, over five hundred miles from the longitude of Lisbon and three hundred miles south of its latitude. To the east it was observed in Teplitz, Bohemia, to the north in Scotland and Norway, and to the south in Mogador, in Morocco. Differing estimates of the velocity with which it traveled to several points have been calculated. They vary from about 1000 to as high as 2400 feet per second; but the time-records are not so good, nor are the velocities so well established, as for the Charleston earthquake, which will next be described.

THE CHARLESTON EARTHQUAKE.

THE Charleston earthquake is the most important one which has happened within the historic period in America. It was extremely severe, and was felt over virtually all the country east of the Mississippi and south of the Great Lakes. It happened after standard time had been adopted, and therefore under conditions favorable to the fairly exact determination of time-intervals, which would give a clue to the rate of transmission. It was, moreover, promptly studied by good observers on the spot, and subsequently very carefully analyzed by Captain (now Major) Clarence E. Dutton, U. S. A., then attached to the United States Geological Survey. Of all the American shocks it has served best to illuminate the whole subject of earthquakes.

The main shocks, which began August 31, 1886, and continued through the next day, were preceded, on August 27 and 28, by some mild disturbances at Summerville, a suburb of Charleston, twenty-two miles northwest. No great attention was paid to them. In the evening of August 31, at about nine or ten minutes before ten, a very violent shock struck Charleston, and lasted, with two or three periods of maximum intensity, for from thirty-five to forty seconds. The most violent agitation came near the outset. Loud rumbling sounds accompanied the vibrations. Eight minutes later came a second shock of less violence, and then two more before midnight. Six others manifested themselves on September 1, respectively at 2, 4, and 8:30 A.M., and 1, 5, and 8 P.M. Then they stopped for good. Fortunately the number of fatalities was not great, as the city did not contain the great stone buildings of Lisbon, for example, and because no sea-wave rolled in upon the ruins; but the damage to real prop-

erty was estimated at from five to six millions of dollars. Few houses escaped greater or less injury. Of fourteen thousand chimneys, not one hundred survived intact.

Charleston is built upon a neck of land between the Ashley and Cooper rivers. It rests upon sands and soft deposits which extend to very considerable depths. They seem to have propagated the undulations of the earthquake in a form closely resembling small waves of water. Several reliable observers noted the advance of waves a foot high across the ground, and even the intersection of two sets proceeding at cross-courses, so as to create a sort of choppy sea. To some extent in the city itself and to a greater degree inland, fissures were opened of considerable length, and two feet or less across. Not a few craterlets or circular sink-holes also resulted.

The movements of the ground were exceedingly complex, but it is evident from the nature of the damage that sometimes an oscillation passed through a building parallel to the side walls. Then the cornice or the entire front wall, being unable to recover itself, fell with a crash. Again, if an oscillation went through a building on its diagonal, the far, upper corner would be cast down. Still again, if there was a large vertical component to the movement, or if the structure could not hold together during the agitation, the ruin became complete.

THE METHODS OF INVESTIGATION PURSUED AT CHARLESTON.

The methods of investigation pursued at Charleston were those which have been developed by workers elsewhere, together with some modifications. An earthquake would seem at first thought a most elusive phenomenon, but yet by careful observation and record considerable definiteness can be established.

One of the first things to be determined is the exact time of the shock or shocks, in order that the rate of transmission to other

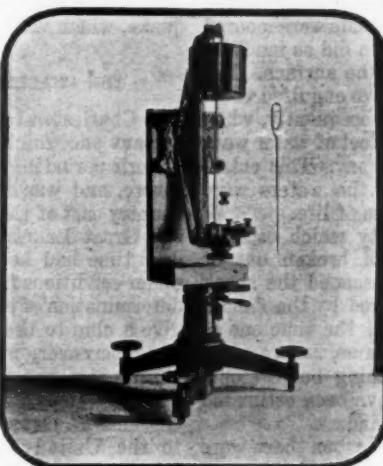
points may be deduced. We need to know it within a limit of error of a few seconds, because, as we shall see, the shock travels with great speed. Several standardized clocks having second-hands were stopped by the shocks, and though their different records covered an interval of over forty seconds, yet when the directions whence the successive waves came were compared with the planes in which the pendulums of the clocks vibrated, it was seen that successive undulations had brought them to rest. After a careful analysis Captain Dutton concluded

that from Charleston the shock spread at a rate of about three and one fourth miles per second. It took less than four minutes to reach New York.

Another important point is to plot upon a map the concentric curves which indicate the places where the shock was felt at the same instants. These are called coseismic lines, and they close in around the place where the shock was first felt. Since, however, the time-intervals amount to but a few seconds, and since ordinary clocks differ from one another by minutes,

great care is necessary in arriving at reliable results.

The observers also note at once and before repairs are begun the zones of different damage. To a certain degree their determination is a matter of judgment; but it soon results from careful study that a central area of total or very great ruin is established, which is surrounded by one somewhat less shattering, and so on to the outer limits of severe effects. These curves are called isoseismic curves, and they close in around the point, called the epicentrum, where the earthquake waves reached the upper world with greatest energy. Now, if the waves originated far down in the depths, as indeed they must, they would travel outward, if we consider the earth homogeneous, in concentric, spheroidal surfaces, and would first reach the exterior along the shortest path, which is the radius of the earth itself. It therefore follows that the place of origin,



A SEISMOGRAPH, CONSISTING OF A SHORT AND VERY HEAVY PENDULUM AND A RECORDING-NEEDLE.

technically called the centrum or focus, is vertically below the epicentrum. It remains to discover how far down the centrum is.

This problem is more difficult. Mr. Robert Mallet, a distinguished English investigator, first sought to determine the angle at which the undulations emerged from the ground along the various isoseismic curves. He examined the cracks in those walls which stood across the advance of the waves, and which often showed a concentric arrangement, suggestive of the radiating, spherical surface. If the angle of emergence could be determined, the wave path might be followed down to its intersection with the vertical below the epicentrum, and this would be the centrum itself. But the undulations were found to be so complex that no good angles could be determined. Mr. Mallet then tried another plan. He reasoned that the wave emerging at the epicentrum would cause a loose object to be projected vertically upward; but around the centrum, as its angle of emergence becomes flatter and flatter, it would cast things more and more horizontally. The farther it moves, however, the less power it has, so that there is an isoseismic curve along which the waves emerge at an angle a little less than 55° , where they are able to cast things farthest. If, then, by a study of the effects, we can locate this curve, a wave path, if followed back into the ground at 55° , would conduct to the centrum. This method, however, failed from the impossibility of deciding on the right isoseismic line.

Captain Dutton and Mr. Everett Hayden, by the mathematical treatment of the energy of the radiations, devised another method based on the relations of a particular isoseismic curve, where there is a sudden and necessary change from greater to less destruction, to the depth of the centrum below the epicentrum. The isoseismic curves indicated two epicentrums in the Charleston case, one at Woodstock, a town northwest of the city, and one at Rantowles, a station nearly due west. The calculations gave for the Woodstock centrum a depth of twelve miles, and for the Rantowles one of eight miles.

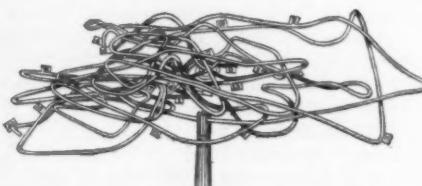
DEVICES FOR AUTOMATIC RECORD.

EARTHQUAKES come suddenly, and people are apt to be so agitated as to be poor observers. They are also unable to determine the directions and intensities of the motions. Various instruments have therefore been invented to accomplish this. The simpler ones consist of a series of cylinders or blocks in rows at right angles to each other, which, having bases of different sizes, will be upset by shocks of different intensity, and by the direction of their fall in a bed of soft sand give a clue to the motion. Liquids, especially quicksilver, in basins with holes at various heights will wash up and down in particular directions, will spill through particular holes, and thus give indications. Pendulums may be set swinging in different planes, and so on; one may readily apprehend the scope of these devices.

In more serious attempts the great objects are to obtain,

first, records of motion in three planes at right angles to one another; second, records of the intensity of the shock, and, third, of the exact time of beginning and closing. If one or more instruments can be constructed having a heavy weight so supported that it will remain relatively unmoved while recording-plates rub against its projecting pencils, and if it is connected with a clock by some electric or other attachment, all the main objects may be approximately obtained. These are the general principles of seismographs; and by heavy pendulums, by inverted pendulums, by brackets at right angles, and by ingenious recording-diagrams which themselves may move by clockwork, very good data have been secured. They all show that the movements of any particle in the earth are exceedingly complex and difficult to follow.

There was no automatic seismograph in eastern North America at the time of the Charleston shock, but since then a number have been established. Earthquakes have been specially studied in Japan and Italy. In the former country there is a seismological society, with proceedings which now fill several volumes.



MODEL MADE BY PROFESSOR SEKIYA OF JAPAN,
SHOWING, ON AN ENLARGED SCALE, THE MOVE-
MENT OF AN EARTH-PARTICLE AS RE-
CORDED BY A SEISMOMETER.

THE CAUSES OF EARTHQUAKES.

THE causes of earthquakes are obscure and, beyond question, not always the same. If along a great plane of weakness in the earth's crust one side drops or rises, a shock will result at each movement. This is what is called faulting in geology, and its results are of wide distribution. If there is a collapse of unsupported, overlying rock, because underlying material has been removed in solution, as in the production of caves; in the movement of fused rock, as in the eruptions of lava; or artificially, as in mining—an earthquake results. If, again, steam in the interior bursts into a cavity at high pressure, there will result an explosion and shock. Finally, if a mass of molten rock is driven into a fissure, like a great wedge in a stick of timber, a series of violent shocks will ensue. All these are correct corollaries of the strains and consequent readjustments in the earth, and while geologists do their best with the data in hand to reach well-based conclusions, yet the difficulty of discovering just what caused the Charleston shocks, which originated eight and twelve miles below the surface, is apparent. Human knowledge, unfortunately, has its limitations.

VOLCANOES.

UNCIVILIZED man attaches a personality to all the forces of nature. His world is peopled with spirits which are either friendly or hostile to his interests, and he is ever on the alert to gain their favor or allay their enmity. We can but faintly imagine the hold which volcanoes must have had upon him in primitive times, or the terrible nature of the personalities which in savage lands he attributes to them to-day, the dread agents of life and death. Even among the earlier civilizations of which we have the best records the rôle which they played was scarcely different, and they gave rise to myths and legends of a most interesting character. No one of intelligence attributes a personality to them to-day, but as agents for the punishment of moral delinquencies they are unfortunately still regarded as instruments in the hands of the Deity.

Volcanoes were ever before the ancient peoples of the Mediterranean basin. The towering cone of Etna, 10,000 feet and more above the sea, loomed large before the mariners who coasted the shores of Sicily. To the north the *Æolian Islands* (now the Lipari group) possessed the cones of Vulcano and

Stromboli. Still farther north rose Monte Somma, the old and apparently dead cone of Vesuvius; but in the Phlegraean Plain there was no lack of mild exhibitions of heat, and on the island of Ischia there was one active vent.

In the Grecian Archipelago, Santorin gave from time to time grand outbreaks. We may indeed wonder whether, had there been no volcanoes, and none of their attendant hot springs, caverns with mephitic gases, and sulphurous fumaroles, we should have ever inherited the conceptions of the "lower world," of the fiery pit with its burning brimstone, or of the doom of the lost; or whether we should possess to-day anything corresponding to the myths which describe the trips of heroes to the abodes of the dead, or should have the sixth book of the "*Æneid*," the "*Divine Comedy*," or a large part of the current speech of theology.

VESUVIUS.

VESUVIUS is much the most instructive of all the volcanoes. It stands in a region the historic records of which date far back, and we have a very complete catalogue of its outbreaks since 79 A.D. The geological structure of the region is well understood, and the details of the volcano have been worked out with almost microscopic care. It combines, moreover, the characters both of the cones built up of volcanic ash and of those composed of flows of lava.

Vesuvius is set upon the Campanian plain, in the angle between the main range of the Apennines and the southwesterly spur which they send off in the ridge of Monte San Angelo. Deep borings at Naples have revealed a foundation of cretaceous limestone, upon which rests a stratum of Eocene sandstone 150 feet thick. Next these are 700 feet of calcareous marine sands, with no sign of volcanic products. Then follow 600 feet of sands with marine shells and much volcanic ash, bringing us to the surface. Evidently Vesuvius began as a submarine vent, and having built up a deposit 600 feet thick by successive eruptions, in the intervals of which the mollusks flourished, it acquired a subaërial character and began to rear the old crater of Monte Somma. If we prolong the inner slopes of Somma until we reach the apex of the resulting inverted cone, we find it well down in the cretaceous limestone. Indeed not a few blocks of this limestone have been cast out of the vent, with their fossils still preserved in them. The

great ring of Monte Somma was built up before the historic period, and the activity then ceased to such an extent that the crater was covered over with vegetation. The ring consists of beds of pumice and tuff, bound together by sheets and dikes of lava.

In 63 A.D. a severe earthquake did much damage to the towns about the cone and

that recently exhibited at St. Pierre. The eruptions in the Lesser Antilles, both from Mont Pelée and La Soufrière, began with mild explosive outbreaks and proceeded with those of greater and greater violence to the subsequent great catastrophes. Herculaneum was overwhelmed by a flow of mud, precisely as was the Guérin factory near



TOWN OF BOTTOM, ISLAND OF SABA (CARIBBEAN ISLANDS), SITUATED IN AN OLD CRATER.

cast down many buildings in Pompeii. One happened to be a temple, the picture of which was then carved upon a tablet and preserved in the restored edifice. The picture and inscription have since been exhumed. The shocks and warnings seem to have continued in a mild way for sixteen years, until, in 79, came the great explosive outbreak which first cast a layer of fairly coarse pumice fragments and subsequently fine dust over Pompeii, burying the city from sight. The whole course of events was very much like

St. Pierre, while Pompeii, lying farther south, received the fragmental pumice and dust, just as did St. Pierre. The accompanying picture of La Soufrière during the eruption of 1812 vividly suggests the Pompeian outbreak in many of its essentials.

The Pompeian eruption is believed to have blown out the seaward portion of the ring of Monte Somma and to have begun the erection of the present dome-like mountain, which rises in the gap. Between its bottom and the inner base of Monte Somma is a

deep annular valley. Vesuvius itself consists of a double mountain; that is, there is the dome-like main elevation, and upon its top usually a smaller cone which has been built up by recent ejectamenta. When a great eruption breaks out, the small cone and more or less of the large one are blown off. Rents may then pierce through the mountain and furnish vents for the outflow of lava; or else, if much fluid lava is not afforded, fragmental materials are the principal product of the subterranean forces. In recent times mild explosions have been almost constant. We may therefore say of Vesuvius that its lavas well up through a conduit in some 2000 feet or more of known rocks, but as to the depth where lies the great parent reservoir we do not know.

MONTE NUOVO AND OTHER EPHEMERAL CONES.

DURING the years 1536 to 1538 the region north of Naples and on the other side of the city from Vesuvius suffered severely from earthquakes. On the 28th of September, 1538, the shore was elevated so as to add 600 feet to the land, the sea retiring. Back from the old shore a depression was formed which became, on the 29th, the scene of fragmental eruptions. They were more pronounced on the 30th, and in a total activity of three days they sufficed to build up a cone a mile and a half in circumference and 440 feet high. The eruptive forces then subsided and have not been active since. The result is simply a crater-like ring, with a hollow interior 419 feet deep. One can easily climb the edge and descend to its floor. At present both outer and inner slopes are overgrown with vegetation, precisely like any waste place. The new mountain has been appropriately named Monte Nuovo.

Another similar case is Jorullo, in the state of Michoacan, Mexico, a cone that has become famous through the description left by Humboldt. In the night of September 28-29, 1759, and many miles from any other active vent, a fragmental eruption suddenly broke out. In the morning the inhabitants found one large and five smaller cones arranged apparently along the same great crevice.

There are innumerable cases in our Western States of little cones which have been constructed by explosive eruptions, and which have then been breached by a lava flow.

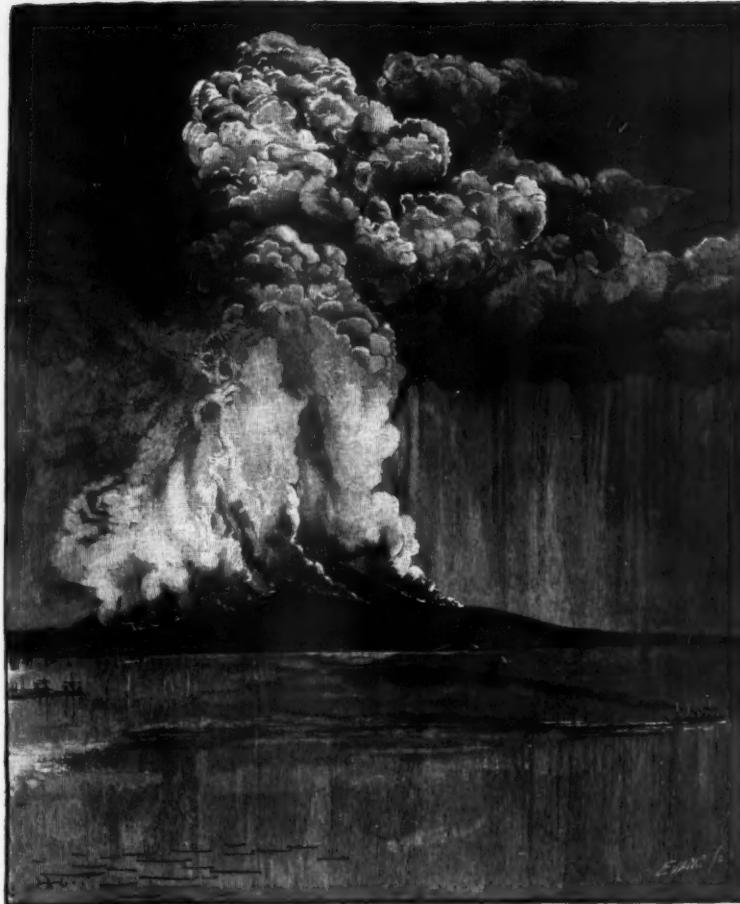
Not infrequently similar short outbreaks appear beneath the sea, and serve to build

up temporary cones which have a brief life and then are washed away by the waves. For example, a submarine vent became active in 1831 between Sicily and Africa, and constructed a tuff cone from the bottom, 800 feet to the surface and 200 feet into the air. It is generally called Graham's Island, but it had another name as well, because a strife broke out between rival discoverers for the honor of christening it. After no great time the waves cut it down to a shoal, and effectually settled a case that otherwise might have needed international arbitration.

KRAKATUA.

THE most impressive instance of an explosive volcano among all that have been in action within the historic period is Krakatua, and although it is or was situated at the opposite side of the earth from Europe and America, both these continents had opportunities of experiencing its effects. Before the outbreak the island of Krakatua was a wrecked crater forming an imperfect ring in the Sunda Strait, between Sumatra on the north and Java on the south, and therefore under Dutch jurisdiction. Virtually no one lived upon it, but its volcanic nature had been long recognized. Indeed, in 1860 it was active and with no small violence, but by November, 1861, it had quieted. There were three visible extinct vents before the catastrophe of 1883. On the 20th of May of this year their activity was first noted. A passing war-vessel made observations upon the height of a cloud of vapor which had mounted into the air. By instrumental survey it was proved to be nearly 35,000 feet in altitude, a fact which bore witness to the enormous tension of the imprisoned gases at the time of the outbreak. The phenomenon excited so much interest that an excursion was organized from Batavia, and its participants climbed to the edge of the crater in order to view the rush of vapor into the atmosphere. They little realized what imprisoned forces were beneath them.

With varying but, on the whole, increasing violence, the volcano went on its way until, toward the end of August, the explosions became terrific. The number of vents increased, and much anxiety was felt on the neighboring islands. On the 26th of August Krakatua contained somewhat over twelve square miles. At 10 A.M., on the 27th, the great explosion came, and when it was over only four and one fourth square miles remained. The old mountain and probably



VESUVIUS IN ERUPTION.

much new lava were blown to a dust the coarser particles of which fell near the vent, but the finer ones were carried by high currents in the atmosphere quite around the globe. Many persons will recall the red sunsets which the dust caused in Europe and America.

During the principal outbreaks the usual thick darkness ensued, because the cloud of volcanic ash in the atmosphere shut out the sun. Through the pall, flashes of lightning played vividly, being produced by the electrical disturbances engendered in the atmosphere. The bursting of the vapors through the overlying sea developed enormous waves which are said to have been from 90 to 100 feet high. They dashed on the neighboring islands and caused great loss of life. The fatalities from the entire eruption were estimated by

the Dutch officials at forty thousand, a total which surpasses the recent catastrophes in the Lesser Antilles, but which can scarcely have been based on such accurate knowledge. The noise of the grand explosion was heard on the island of Rodriguez, three thousand miles westward across the Indian Ocean. Barometrical disturbances were recorded in Berlin after an elapsed time of only ten hours.

To-day, at Krakatua, a few reefs and half of an old cone stand in an excavated tract about four miles across, and now filled with the sea.

The ancient cone was built upon a foundation of Tertiary strata, and at least three eruptive periods can be identified before the grand catastrophe. They each yielded different lavas. Krakatua thus presents a combi-



THE CRATER OF VESUVIUS IN MILD ERUPTION.

nation of lava flows and explosive outbreaks, one of which virtually destroyed the old crater.

THE HAWAIIAN VOLCANOES.

THE Hawaiian Islands are entirely formed of volcanic rock, except for a few raised sea-beaches into which the hard parts of shell-fish and other organisms enter. They number twelve in all, but of these four are small, barren, and uninhabited. Of the remaining eight, one, Hawaii itself, with three thousand nine hundred and fifty square miles, contains about two thirds the total area of six thousand and forty square miles in the group. The highest peak is Mauna Kea, 13,805 feet, with Mauna Loa, an active volcano, a close second at 13,675. Both these great mountains are on Hawaii, at the southeastern end of the chain of islands. If the general slope of the mountains is prolonged beneath the sea-level, it leads gradually downward, without essential variation from the land-slopes, until the normal bottom of the Pacific is reached at from 14,000 to 19,000 feet in depth. There is thus every reason to think that the islands have been built up by volcanic action from the abysses of the ocean, and that they constitute a stately pile of lava some 30,000 feet in height. If the slopes are plotted in a true scale, they are found to

range from 1 vertical in 10 horizontal to 1 vertical in 14.3 horizontal. These ratios correspond to angles of from 4° to $5\frac{1}{4}^{\circ}$, and it is evident that the rise is extremely gradual.

This character coincides with the nature of the cones. They are very different from any thus far described in this article. The others consist largely of loose materials which have been blown out of comparatively small vents and which have built up their cones at the angle of repose for loose materials; but the Hawaiian cones are piles of huge clots and lava flows with comparatively little or almost no fragmental beds. The other volcanoes thus far referred to have yielded, as a rule, silicious and ropy or viscous lavas, good material to confine steam until it bursts with explosive violence. The Hawaiian lavas are almost exclusively basalt; they are therefore more fusible, more fluid when fused, and less adapted to yield tuffs. While there is no lack of emitted steam during eruptions, and while clots of lava are blown high in the air, yet the principal product of the vents is a great liquid tide which breaks through some rent in the side of the crater or lower down the mountain, and which may flow nearly fifty miles.

The craters, moreover, are different. Instead of a comparatively narrow throat, from



CHILLED LAVA FLOW AT VESUVIUS.

which, as from a safety-valve, the escaping steam roars hoarsely into the air, we find great pools or lakes of molten rock, upon the surface of which sheets of congealed lava form and disappear like evanescent ice on water, or which are surging and boiling as the vapors rise from the depths and float away in the air. The height at which the lava stands

the historic period. They remain as the evidence of former outbreaks the accumulations of which have been carved by waters into many interesting land-forms.

THE SHIFTING OF VOLCANIC ACTION.

FEW portions of the world have entirely escaped the effects of volcanic action or its



ERUPTION IN 1812 OF LA SOUFRIÈRE, ISLAND OF ST. VINCENT.

varies from time to time. It has been observed with differences of 500 feet or more in the same crater.

There are two craters which have been active in recent years. One, Mauna Loa, with its great altitude of 13,675 feet, is not easily reached; the other, Kilauea, on the flanks of Mauna Loa, is only 4000 feet above the sea, and is the one most frequently visited. Its relations with Mauna Loa present one of the most significant of volcanic phenomena. It would seem that, since these two vents are on the same island and but little more than twenty-five miles apart, they must draw their supplies of molten rock from distinct and separate reservoirs, else the lower vent would tap off the upper.

While the remaining islands of the Hawaiian group are all volcanic, yet they do not possess cones which have been active in

closely related manifestations. In some the cones, though now cold and dead, yet look as sharp and clear as if their eruptions were a thing of yesterday. In some the work of air and water has so dissected and laid bare their inmost structure that it is from the dead we learn most of the living. Of still others only the stumps, the once deep-seated portions, are now visible. Craters, lava sheets, and dikes have long since been washed as sand and clay into the sea.

Before the advent of life upon the earth, so far as we can judge from the remains, a great belt of volcanoes ran along the Atlantic from Newfoundland to North Carolina. The summer visitor at Mount Desert may not always know that underfoot are ancient beds of volcanic ash and pumice not so very different, except that they are tightly cemented together, from those which have

lately destroyed St. Pierre; nor may the guest at the South Mountain of Pennsylvania, as he looks across the beautiful and fertile Cumberland valley, realize that the hills about him are old-time lavas. Even such unlikely places as central Kentucky and central New York are not entirely without their dikes of eruptive rock, while the region about Lake Superior must have been

toward the center. The rate varies, so far as reliable data indicate, from 50 to over 100 feet for a degree Fahrenheit. The former, which is nearer the average than the latter, would mean about 100° in the mile. The radius of the earth is nearly four thousand miles. Less than one per cent. of this would mean from 2000° to 4000° . Ordinary lavas fuse at temperatures of from 2200°



VOLCANO FORMED ON SEÑOR JORULLO'S PLANTATION, MEXICO, IN 1759.

once a scene of enormous volcanic activity. Many thousands of feet of old lava flows are piled one on the other in the copper district, and many square miles of ash beds and sheets are in the Marquette iron range.

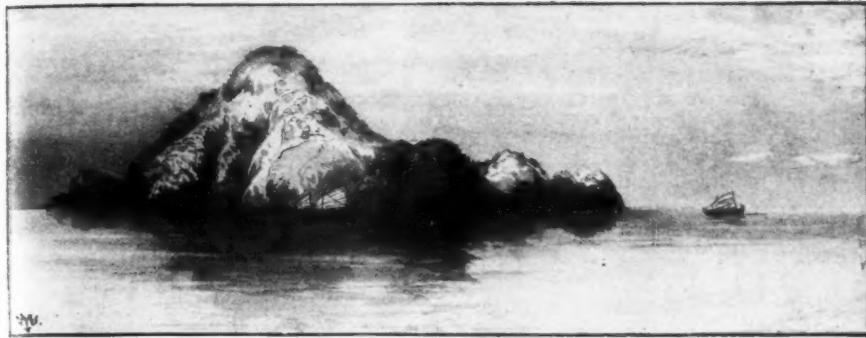
The same relations hold good abroad. Iceland seems to be the expiring outlier of a huge volcanic belt now extinct in the Scottish Isles. The Auvergne in France has been the delight of the geologist since the science began. Among its cones, so beautifully preserved, one may almost say geology had its birth. The Rhine valley, Bohemia, and Hungary teem with evidences of the work of the interior forces of the earth, and if we pass to Asia and Australia their striking exhibitions are no less pronounced.

THE CAUSES OF VOLCANOES.

THE great fundamental proposition upon which the explanations of volcanoes rest is that the earth grows hotter from the surface

to 2500° F., and one might easily infer, as did the early geologists, that the earth was probably molten below twenty-five or thirty miles.

Many objections to this conception, however, arose as it was carefully considered. The earth is a huge, rapidly rotating, spheroidal mass, subject to the attractions of the neighboring heavenly bodies. Yet the mathematicians have shown that it resists these strains as if it were as rigid as the best steel. A great mobile, fluid interior is an impossibility. Again, we readily apprehend on reflection that the outer portions of the earth rest upon the inner portions and are supported by them. If so flat an arch as is any conceivable section of the earth is submitted to mathematical analysis, it at once appears that even were its resisting powers many times those of the best steel, and many more times those of the best rock, the arch would collapse. These outer shells



AFTER A SKETCH BY CAPTAIN JOSEPH T. CONANT.

THE ISLAND "ATHWART THE WAY" BEFORE THE EARTHQUAKE WAVE.

crush down upon the inner portions with almost inconceivable pressure. At six miles the minutest cavities are welded together, for the pressure is eighteen tons to the square inch. Now, pressure makes it more difficult for things to melt; in other words, it raises the fusing-point. A lava which would melt at 2200° on the surface requires a much higher temperature at the pressures prevailing at twenty-five miles. We do not know the exact increment, because these conditions are beyond experiment; but we believe that pressure increases so rapidly that fusion on a grand scale becomes an impossibility, and the earth is virtually a solid body.

Yet solids under overmastering pressure develop in themselves a viscous flow. Professor Frank D. Adams of Montreal has compressed tightly confined cylinders of Carrara marble to disks without destroying their cohesion in the least. Therefore the rock in the interior might stand at a temperature far above its normal fusing-point;

it might, though solid, yet be able to develop a viscous flow toward a point of diminished pressure; it might, if at this point it could turn upward and proceed toward the surface, pass into the molten state as the pressure diminished.

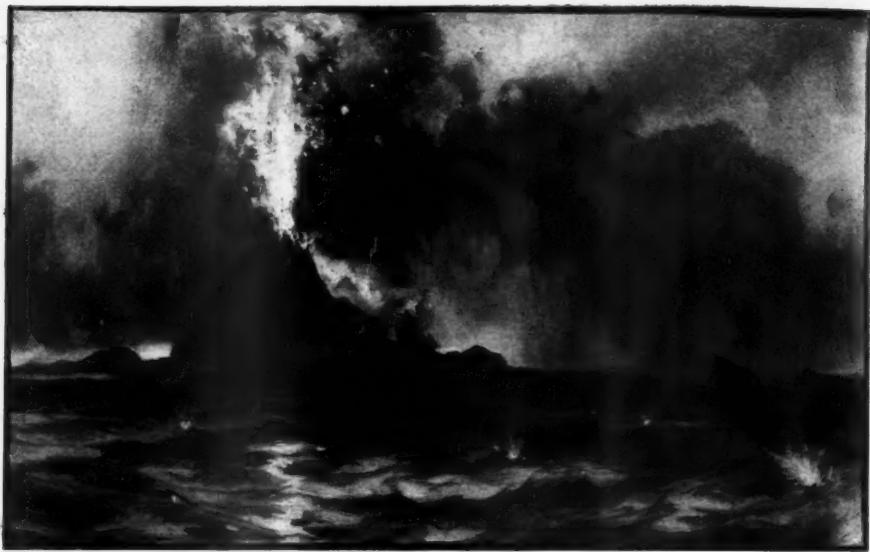
One other preliminary conception, and the explanation of volcanoes is before us. The earth is a shrinking body. The ridges of the mountains, with their bent and folded strata, prove this; but whether the earth shrinks because it loses heat and contracts, or whether, from the drag of the lagging tides and trade-winds, its speed of rotation is diminishing and the consequent loss of energy leads it to change toward a sphere from its present shape of a somewhat flattened spheroid, or whether from some cause as yet unknown, we cannot say. The fact of contraction is nevertheless insistent.

Now let us assume that because of contraction a vast crack forms, and the sides, while still resting on the underlying rock, draw apart. Suppose the crack suddenly



AFTER A SKETCH BY CAPTAIN JOSEPH T. CONANT.

SIX ISLETS FORMED FROM THE ISLAND "ATHWART THE WAY."



KRAKATUA IN ERUPTION.

extends to the depths, and with viscous flow the solid rocks, urged on by the crushing pressure of the sides, ooze into it, move upward, melt with diminishing pressure, and yield fluid, quickly moving lava.

One other consideration now becomes of great importance. All experience with lavas and volcanoes convinces us that the molten rock is surcharged with gases and vapors of which water or its dissociated hydrogen and oxygen are chief. It is necessary to speak of water as dissociated because its critical temperature, or the temperature at which it is rent apart into oxygen and hydrogen, is well below the melting-point of rocks. In the depths of the earth the gases are kept confined by the pressure; but as the lava rises, they burst into the gaseous condition, and they are not only explosive, but combustible, and may yield actual flames. By just so much they lower the specific gravity of the rising column and ease the task of the lower-lying rock,

the onward march of which elevates the lava to the surface. As the column reaches the upper world the gases burst with explosive violence and drive the shattered rock, it may be, as at Krakatua, to the four quarters of the world. That the vapors also drive the lava upward, or even that they are a more potent elevatory force than gravity itself, is believed by many, and the thesis has much in its favor. Some have thought, especially in earlier days, that sea-water percolated downward and became involved in the molten rock so as to furnish the gases, but the preponderance of opinion is against it to-day, because of the difficulty of understanding how water could advance toward and into the heated rock instead of being driven the other way.

While lavas may and probably do reach the surface in the way outlined, yet it seems true that great bodies of them must stand in the fluid condition near the surface for long periods of



MOUNT BOGOSLOF, ALEUTIAN ISLANDS, ALASKA.

time. We find, for example, that the same vent in a long course of eruptions yields different kinds of lava: first a medium grade of moderate specific gravity, next successively lighter kinds, until in its expiring gasps a dense, heavy variety closes the series. It is exactly as if a vast, complex, molten mass

cesses, they burst suddenly into action, labor with more than herculean effort, and subside. In a few seconds, by the former, continental masses may be moved, vast sections of the earth may rise or fall, fissures may open, and land and sea may change places. In a few hours, by the latter, floods



HALE MAU-MAU (THE LAKE OF FIRE), VOLCANO OF KILAUEA, HAWAIIAN ISLANDS.

that stood fluid in an internal reservoir broke up into a lighter portion which floated on the top and was first tapped off, and a heavier portion which at the end came forth as the dregs and settling.

CONCLUSION.

No phenomena deserve the descriptive title of "The Great Natural Cataclysms" so well as earthquakes and volcanoes. Instead of attaining results by slow and gradual pro-

of molten rock as large as single mountains may be poured from the depths and spread out on the surface; clouds of fine material may float away for hundreds of miles, while fire and heat hold undisputed sway. They are in direct contrast with the ordinary course of nature.

And through the mind of him who contemplates them a not unbeneficial humbleness must penetrate, for he is face to face with forces beside which the best efforts of his kind seem puny.



The Last Days of St. Pierre.

I. A GRAPHIC RECORD OF THE MARTINIQUE DISASTER.

BEING A LETTER WRITTEN BY THE VICAR-GENERAL OF THE ISLAND IN THE FORM
OF A JOURNAL (MAY 2-21, 1902) TO THE ABSENT BISHOP OF THE DIOCESE.

At the very beginning of the disturbances on Mont Pelée which resulted in the destruction of St. Pierre on May 8, the Bishop of Martinique, Monseigneur de Cormont, was in Paris. The historic letter which follows was written to him in French by the Very Rev. G. Parel, Vicar-General and Administrator (i.e., Acting Bishop) of the Diocese of Martinique, by whom a copy of it was given to the Rev. Joseph F. MacGrail, U. S. N., chaplain of the *Dixie*, in response to a request for information concerning the disaster, during that vessel's visit of relief to Fort-de-France in the latter part of May. It is perhaps not too much to say of this narrative that it is indispensable to the history of the events of those terrible days. It recalls the less detailed account by the younger Pliny of the great eruption of Vesuvius (reprinted in this number). Rather, it suggests the record the elder Pliny might have made, had he survived that catastrophe. One is at a loss which to admire the more, the specific clarity of its testimony on many important points, or the touching sympathy and lofty courage which pervade it. As a contribution to the melancholy record it has unique and lasting interest and value. The translation is by Miss Aline Gorren.—EDITOR.

FORT-DE-FRANCE, May, 1902.
MONSEIGNEUR: A catastrophe such as that which has befallen us was never before heard of. It has no parallel in history. Yet, in the midst of our great dismay and the confusion that surrounds us, I should like to give you a brief account of events as they have happened and are happening day by day.

You are familiar with the configuration of Mont Pelée (4428 feet). You know that it dominates the entire northern part of the island, and that it is the starting-point of

numerous narrow valleys and of many torrents, here somewhat inaccurately called rivers. These valleys and rivers stretch out in every direction from St. Pierre to Grande Anse. The highest peak of the mountain is Morne Lacroix, which can be seen distinctly from St. Pierre on clear days, and at the foot of which lies the ancient crater that is known as Étang Sec, the "dry pond," in contrast to the lake situated on the opposite slope of the same peak, the waters of which are always high.

Friday, April 25. On the morning of April 25, although the weather was very clear, the summit of the mountain wore a splendid cap of white vapors. I was able to enjoy this spectacle (I had been at St. Pierre since the night before) in taking the half-past-six-o'clock boat to return home. When I reached Fort-de-France the despatches had already announced a volcanic eruption. Every one was deeply interested, and excursionists set out immediately for the crater, quiescent for centuries, except that, in 1851, it had thrown out a harmless shower of cinders, which had fallen upon St. Pierre overnight. The fathers of the college were not the last to reach the mountain. From the summit of Morne Lacroix they could discern that Étang Sec, which has the shape of an immense basin inclined toward St. Pierre, was filling up with boiling water that gave out a strong smell of sulphur.

Friday, May 2. Eight days later the nature of the eruption had changed. The volcano now emitted cinders instead of vapor. At six o'clock in the evening I received from the parish priest of Le Prêcheur the following despatch:

Serious volcanic eruption. Since morning we have been under ashes. We ask your prayers.

At half-past eleven o'clock that night St. Pierre was awakened by the noise of terrifying detonations, and beheld one of the most stupendous of natural spectacles—a volcano in full eruption, sending forth an enormous column of black smoke, which rose into the sky, jagged through by flashes of lightning and accompanied by formidable explosions. A few moments later a shower of cinders descended on the town, extending, though with less density, as far as Fort-de-France and over the entire island.

May 3. When it awoke Saturday morning the whole colony saw cinders scattered everywhere, even in the interior of the houses. Another despatch, more alarming than that of the night before, having come to me from Le Prêcheur, I left at eight o'clock for St. Pierre, which I found covered with cinders, as if a grayish snow had fallen. The black smoke of the volcano ascended in opaque clouds. Every six hours its cannonading redoubled in intensity. Under a rain of cinders from which came the same strong sulphurous smell, I visited Ste. Philomène, Le Prêcheur, and Morne Rouge, towns nearest the volcano. These three places were filled with people from the country fleeing from the

hills to the coast. The churches, which had been thrown open all night, were never emptied of their congregations. The parish priests did not cease baptizing, hearing confessions, and sustaining the courage of their distracted flocks. I did what I could to reassure the people. In returning from Le Prêcheur I was enveloped in a cloud of cinders so thick that the darkness fell like night. During the afternoon, in the midst of a ceremony at the cathedral, there was a terrible panic. The people, with outstretched arms, besought of the preacher the general absolution. All the priests of the city passed that night once more in the confessional. The college, the Lycée, the *pensionnat* [boarding-school], all were closed.

May 4. On that day, the wind having changed, the shower of cinders took a north-easterly direction and fell at Ajoupa-Bouillon, Basse-Pointe, Macouba, and Grande Rivière; and St. Pierre breathed more freely.

May 5. Since the morning Rivière Blanche, so called because of the milky iridescence of its waters, and which for some days had been swelling to disquieting proportions, although there had been no rain, had assumed suddenly the aspect of a menacing and muddy torrent, the violence of which attracted the curious. At the same time a moving column of vapor was seen in the high valley that extends from the crater. Some said that a new crater was forming, but this proved not to be the case. It was an avalanche of black and smoking mud, ejected by the crater, and swollen by successive discharges, until it became a rolling mountain, though still an invisible one, while it was breaking its way through the deep gorge. The moment it approached the delta where the Guérin factory stood, its presence was betrayed by the ascending vapors and by a great noise. The few persons who witnessed the sight quickly raised the cry: "Run for your life!" Too late. In the twinkling of an eye the works, the villas of the owners, the houses of the workmen, were engulfed. The avalanche spread its incandescent mud, several meters deep, over an area several hundred meters in extent, and even to the small hills near by. M. Guérin fils, his wife, M. du Quesne, the head overseer, and twenty-five employees or domestics, were buried under the mass. Nothing but the smoke-stack of the works, a little bent to one side, remains to tell the tale of the disaster. This was about noon.

At the same time, in the roadstead of St. Pierre, the sea withdrew, as if af-

frightened. The steamboat *Girard* of the Fort-de-France service was left on the bottom by the receding water; then suddenly the sea returned in a tidal wave that swept the Place Bertin and the first streets beyond, and spread terror throughout the city, so that the people began to flee to the hills. Twenty minutes later all was calm again.

When news of this reached Fort-de-France the governor immediately called the *Suchet* [the French cruiser] into service to take him to the scene of the disaster. I requested permission to join him, but my request was politely refused, as it was feared that my presence might increase the panic.

May 6. I was therefore not able to leave until the following morning by the ordinary eight-o'clock boat. Accompanied by Abbé Le Breton, I went to Rivière Blanche. It was a roaring torrent, rolling rocks, tree-trunks, and smoking mud onward in its crashing course. With its streaming line of smoke it resembled a locomotive rushing headlong into the sea.

I could see the sides of the crater covered with rocks and mud, and dug into vertical grooves by the waters pouring out from its mouth. Two peaks which seemed to frame the crater formed for it an advanced valley, and into this the waters gathered, then precipitated themselves in zigzags into the foaming torrent that passed before us.

May 7. At four o'clock in the morning I was awakened in my room at the Séminaire-Collège by loud detonations, and I beheld a display of lightning comparable only to some stupendous exhibition of fireworks. Sometimes it was a fiery crescent seeming to glide over the surface of the crater, sometimes perpendicular gashes of light rent the column of smoke, sometimes a fringe of fire encircled the dense coils rolling above the furnace of the crater. Two red craters, like fire-filled caldrons or blast-furnaces, were visible during half an hour, one, that at the right, a little higher than the other.

I could distinguish clearly four kinds of sounds: first, the claps of thunder following about twenty seconds after the lightning; then the muffled, powerful explosions of the volcano, like the firing of many cannon together; third, the continual rumbling of the crater, which has been likened, in the city, to the roaring of a lion; and finally, as the bass note of this sinister harmony, the mighty noise of overflowing waters, produced by the rising, beyond anything that has ever been known, of all the torrents issuing from the mountain. This enormous rising of

thirty streams at once, without a drop of rain having fallen near the coast, gives an idea of the cataracts that must pour down upon the summit from the storm-clouds attracted by the crater.

When daylight broke over the roadstead of St. Pierre there was one great cry of stupefaction: it was completely covered, as far as the eye could see, with little floating islands—the wreckage of field and forest, trunks of gigantic trees, pumice-stones, flotsam and jetsam of all sorts, carried down by the streams. The mouths of the rivers, gnawed away by the impetuous rush of the waters, disappeared in the sea, and all those black and turbid torrents, mixing with the sea's waves, tinged them for a space with a little yellowish line, which ceased abruptly, as though each torrent had been drifting molten lead. Everything on this fateful eve was extraordinary.

I had taken with me Père Ackermann and Père Fuzier, and in a rowboat we made our way, not without danger, through the wreckage of the roadstead toward Ste. Philomène and Prêcheur. All the bridge crossings of the road that skirts the shore had been carried away. I brought the parish priests of both places, together with my encouragement, some material aid for their unfortunate people. I found them both, harassed with fatigue and sleepless nights, always in their churches, preparing their people as for a great sacrifice, yet full of zest and courage, and faithful to their post even in the jaws of the volcano. Half of the inhabitants had taken refuge at St. Pierre, where the barracks and schools had been thrown open to them by order of the governor.

As for me, I resisted the urgent wish expressed that I should remain, thinking it to be my duty to be at home for the Ascension, and I left St. Pierre by the half-past-two-o'clock boat, with a promise that I would return the following evening, or, at latest, Friday morning. The boat was crowded with fugitives from St. Pierre. I stepped out of the rowboat that had brought me from Le Prêcheur just in time to go on board.

Was it my good angel protecting me? Or, rather, would it not have been better for me not to survive, but to die?

THURSDAY, MAY 8. THE ASCENSION. This date should be written in blood!

Toward four o'clock in the morning a violent thunder-storm, with torrents of rain, broke over Fort-de-France. Toward eight o'clock the horizon in the north, in the di-

rection of the volcano, was as black as ink. The clouds were moving rapidly toward the northwest. The sky was darkening more and more, when suddenly I heard something like hail falling on the roofs and the leaves of the trees. A great noise rose from the city. In church, where the eight-o'clock mass was in progress, a terrible panic seized the congregation, and the priest was left standing alone.

Night had descended on us, and the crash of thunder was continuous. The sea retreated three times for a distance of several hundred meters. The boat which was putting out for St. Pierre turned back.

I stepped out on my balcony to take in the situation, and immediately it was covered with a hail of stones and still hot cinders. People stood petrified on their door-steps. Others ran wildly here and there through the streets. All this lasted for about a quarter of an hour—a quarter of an hour of terror.

But what was happening at St. Pierre? No one dared to think. Telephonic communication had been cut off abruptly in the middle of a word. Some persons asserted that they had seen, above the tops of the mountains separating us from St. Pierre, a column of fire rising into the sky and spreading outward toward all points of the horizon. Boundless anxiety seized upon us all. At eleven o'clock the *Marin* set out to reconnoiter. It witnessed a sight appalling beyond imagination. St. Pierre was nothing but one vast brazier! When the truth, like the funeral knell of Martinique, reached us at about one o'clock, a cry of horror went up not to be described. I will not try to give a picture of such scenes. To write of them would take the pen of Dante and the accents of Jeremiah.

I learn that a boat is to be sent out to rescue the wounded. I am fortunate enough to obtain a place in it, together with one of my vicars. The police and gendarmes cannot keep back the crowd struggling to make its way on board. The expedition is composed of the public prosecutor of the republic, an officer, and a platoon of marines. People refuse to believe in the reality of so horrible a disaster. They cling to every hypothesis that may still make hope possible. We say to ourselves that, at least, a great part of the population must have had time to flee!

When, at about four o'clock in the afternoon, we turn the last promontory that separates us from what was once the mag-

nificent panorama of St. Pierre, the first sight that strikes our eyes, at the farther end of the roadstead, is Rivière Blanche, with its stream of smoke, throwing itself furiously, as the day before, into the sea. Then, a little farther out, a large steamer [the *Roraima*] in flames. We hear that it is an American packet, just arrived that morning, in time to be enveloped in the catastrophe. Two other steamboats are burning nearer the shore. Wreckage and the upturned keels of boats strew the roadstead. And this is all that is left of the thirty or forty ships anchored here the day previous. All along the quays, for a distance of two hundred meters, piles of lumber are burning. There are smaller fires on the hills about the city, visible, through the smoke, as far as Fonds Coré. But St. Pierre, that city this morning alive, full of human souls, is no more! It lies consumed before us, in its winding-sheet of smoke and cinders, silent and desolate, a city of the dead. We strain our eyes for fleeing inhabitants, for men returning to bury their lost ones. We see no one! There is no living being left in this desert of desolation, framed in a terrifying solitude. In the background, when the cloud of smoke and cinders breaks away, the mountain and its slopes, once so green, stand forth like an Alpine landscape. They look as if they were covered with a heavy cloak of snow, and through the thickened atmosphere rays of pale sunshine, wan, and unknown to our latitudes, illumine this scene with a light that seems to belong to the other side of the grave.

With what profound emotion I raise my hand over these thirty-five thousand victims sleeping, in their dread tomb, their last sleep!

Beloved and unfortunate beings, old men, women, children, young girls, fallen so tragically, we weep over you, we the unhappy survivors of this desolation, while you, purified by the peculiar virtue and the exceptional merits of the horrible sacrifice, have arisen, on this triumphal day of your Lord, to triumph with him, and to receive from his own hand the crown of glory! It is in this hope that we seek the strength to survive you.

In the face of this desert the company of soldiers sent out for the rescue could have nothing to do. We returned, utterly cast down, to Carbet. There new emotions, indescribable scenes, awaited us. In one house fifteen dead bodies lay heaped in a mass. Elsewhere were dying men shockingly burned.

Women and young girls, scarcely clothed, their flesh tumefied and falling to pieces, were taken on board, and expired almost in the same moment. Fathers are weeping for their children, wives weeping for their husbands. Many are coming in from the country, still ignorant of the terrible truth. One would seek to keep it from them, but they divine it. The cries tear one's soul. Some there are who have lost their reason. The embarkation goes on for four hours. The *Suchet* and the *Pouyer-Quertier* come to our assistance. We get into Fort-de-France at ten o'clock at night.

It is time to explain to ourselves how the frightful catastrophe took place. That is not so easy as it would seem; in the first place, because none struck by the scourge has lived to tell of it, and, secondly, because those who were saved by finding themselves on its confines do not entirely agree in their descriptions, having been doubtless too profoundly agitated by the sights they witnessed. This, however, is what I have gathered as being certain:

The rumbling of the volcano had become more alarming, and the ejections of cinders blacker and denser, since that morning—May 8. The people all about the mountain, and in the city, which was in its festival dress, were growing momentarily more and more anxious. Suddenly, at ten minutes before eight o'clock,—as shown by the hospital clock, which stopped precisely at that instant, and which alone has remained providentially standing above the ruins, as if to mark through all history the second at which the justice of God had struck,—a tremendous detonation shook the whole colony, and an enormous mass was seen to mount with vertiginous rapidity straight into the air from the mouth of the crater. The black spirals of the column, shot through with electrical discharges, unfolded, rolled off into space, and, driven by an invisible power, went afar, to throw off the incandescent matter contained in their flanks. A spout-like column of flame meanwhile had abruptly disengaged itself from these great masses, and had burst over St. Pierre like a hurricane, enveloping city, roadstead, suburbs, in one dreadful net. It extended from the promontory of Carbet to the Morne Folic, near Le Prêcheur, describing in the country round about the city a regular curve of from two to three kilometers. Nothing could convey an impression of the atmospheric disturbance produced by this fiery hurricane. What did it contain? Matter in

fusion? Burning gases or vapors? All these things together? God knows. "Everything went down before it," said to me a witness who was in a good position to see; "everything went down, and everything caught fire." Deep night spread over the land, but it was immediately illumined by the flames of this inferno. From the grass of the savannas to the produce of the fields, from the houses and edifices of the city to the ships in the roadstead, everywhere, on sea and land alike, there is but one great conflagration consuming thirty thousand human lives! Oh, how dreadful, in this terrifying clamor, must have been the moment of death-agony of a whole population! Who will ever describe the lamentations that must have risen from the dying city into the bosom of a merciful God?

While the fiery tornado, passing toward the south and west, widened the sweep of its destructive power in order to extend its devastations farther, another remarkable phenomenon came to stop it in its course. Two strong atmospheric currents, laden with rain, moving, one from the southeast, the other from the north, fell of a sudden upon the sides of the fiery spout, and, encircling it along a distinctly marked line, cooled it to such a point that I have seen persons who, finding themselves precisely upon this line of demarcation, were struck on one side by fiery missiles, while on the other, and only a few feet away, nothing was falling but the rain of mud, cinders, and stones which descended on the countryside everywhere.

We may seek to explain these phenomena by natural causes, but yet we realize that we are here in the presence of circumstances truly mysterious. It is evident that a hand capable of mastering the forces and laws of nature presided over all these cataclysms, and that this hand, after having given free rein, for an instant, to the powers of evil, commanded the homicidal cloud to stop in its fury. "Hitherto thou shalt come, and shalt go no further, and here thou shalt break thy swelling waves."

Friday, May 9. I have just sent two priests, Père Woegli and Abbé Auber, with the expedition to St. Pierre, in order that they may pronounce the absolution and sprinkle holy water over the bodies that are to be buried or cremated. While this is being done (I have just had occasion to welcome, by the French mail-boat, Abbé Duval, Vicar-General of Guadeloupe, and Abbé Amieux, parish priest of the cathedral of Basse-Terre, whom Monseigneur Canapé

had had the kindness to send us, as soon as our trouble was known, in precious testimony of his condolence and his sympathy for Martinique) I shall attempt, Monseigneur, to draw up the budget of the situation.

According to the statistics of the parishes of St. Pierre, contained in the ordo of the diocese, the city comprised somewhat more than twenty-seven thousand souls. Add to this number perhaps two thousand refugees from the surrounding communes who had fled into the town seeking safety, and at least five hundred sailors from the ships in the roadstead, with a thousand souls who succumbed to the scourge in the parishes of Carbet and Le Prêcheur, and we have a total of victims exceeding thirty thousand. Taking into account, however, that, for two or three days prior to the disaster, many persons, and women in particular, had begun to leave St. Pierre, I think I am very close to the truth in placing the number of our dead at thirty thousand.

It was the will of God, Monseigneur, that the bishop of the diocese should not be the first victim. Who among us has not thanked Heaven for your providential departure!

I do not need, in this frightful hecatomb, to call to your remembrance the governor of the colony, M. Mouttet and his worthy wife, nor Colonel Gerbault and Mme. Gerbault, nor the twenty-four priests whose names you already know, eleven of them of the secular clergy, and the thirteen Reverend Fathers of St. Esprit. Nor do I need to ask your pity for MM. Le Breton, Bertot, Ackermann, all that group of young vicars, of deserving young professors; nor for that holy company of seventy-one religious women: twenty-eight Sisters of St. Paul de Chartres, thirty-three Sisters of St. Joseph de Cluny, and ten Sisters de la Délivrande.

And how many more! Of the numerous professors of the Lycée only five are left. Of the colonial pensionnat no one survives but the directress. Those who escaped happened, of course, to be absent from St. Pierre.

Functionaries, magistrates, merchants, honorable and Christian families, all have been mowed down by the fatal scythe! I have told you that the college, the pensionnat, and the schools had been dismissed; but there remained the two orphan asylums, the workshop and the asylum of Ste. Anne. Mistresses and scholars alike perished.

This is the moral balance-sheet, which will never be sufficiently deplored.

Saturday, May 10. The administration, owing to the death of the governor of the colony and of so many other functionaries, civil and military, is disorganized. The chief of the bureau of public health declares that there will be no danger in waiting until Monday, the 12th, before cremating the bodies lying in the ruins. In addition—would one believe it?—preparations for the elections are going forward for to-morrow, at least in the arrondissement of Fort-de-France. That of St. Pierre has ceased to be!

M. Lhuerre, secretary-general, is fulfilling provisionally, as decreed, the functions of governor.

My colleagues of Guadeloupe and I, thanks to the kindness of the provisional governor, obtain passages on the *Suchet*, going to St. Pierre, with a mission to visit the vaults of the bank. We are very courteously received by the officers of the *Suchet*.

The hull of the American packet is still burning in the roadstead at St. Pierre. There rises from it a great stench of putrefaction. We disembark, provided with disinfectants, on the Place Bertin, once so full of life and movement. We pick our way through the wreck. The Place is now nothing but a heap of confused ruins. Here and there are decaying bodies, horribly disfigured, and showing by the contraction of the limbs how awful must have been the death-agony. Among the seared branches of a fallen tamarind-tree, which proved inadequate to protect him, we find the body of a poor creature lying on his back, with his head raised, and his arms stretched to heaven in a gesture of supplication. The legs are drawn and twisted, the flesh has been torn away from the entrails. That gesture of supplication alone consoles us as we look upon the dread sight. God was merciful to him. May he rest in peace! At my suggestion a photograph is taken of the body.

It was with difficulty that we could reach the cathedral, it being impossible to recognize the streets. In the interior of the houses, the walls of which are standing in places, there are still flaming and smoking braziers. Hot stones, iron, lime, cinders, materials of all sorts, scorched the soles of our feet. It was imprudent even to touch the charred walls, which crumble at the slightest shock.

One of the square cathedral towers, with its four bells, is still upright; but it is ridged throughout, and we dare not approach it. The left tower has been thrown down, together with its great bell. The statue of

the Virgin, belonging to the façade, seemed to me to be intact as it lay among the ruins in front of the cathedral. The walls, with the exception of a part of the apse, have disappeared. We made our way in through the Rue du Collège, and saw several bodies in the ruins. Here, as elsewhere, most of the victims are buried under the piled-up masonry.

We did not succeed in getting as far as the altar, whose tomb alone still remains submerged under stones and cinders. I regret that the head of the mission could not have lent me the two men whom I asked for in order to help me to make some excavations. But who could then have dreamed that human beings, worse than jackals, and come from no one knows where, would descend on the luckless city and finish, by pillaging it, the work of destruction begun by fire!

What shall I tell you of the parsonage? All this cluster of houses is almost on a level with the soil, and amid its ruins lie our dear confrères, to whom we are powerless to give the honors of burial. I entered the episcopal dwelling through the wall giving on the savanna. I might have left it by walking over the houses of the Rue Toraille. Of your episcopal palace, Monseigneur, nothing is left standing but a few walls at both ends. The middle portion is razed to the ground. One wall of the chapel has not yet fallen. The safe is charred, with everything that it contained at the time of your departure. Your three domestics, whom I have not been able to find, perished near it. All the trees of the savanna are torn up, and lie half burned toward the south.

I was in haste to leave all this desolation. On returning to the Place Bertin I tried in vain to find the church of the Fort. The Séminaire-Collège is *tabula rasa*. I am even told that, in the center, it is impossible to distinguish the spot where the church stood!

This is the sum of our losses: your episcopal residence, your cathedral, all the churches of the city, that of Ste. Philomène and of Trois-Ponts, the parsonages, all the coffers of the factories and of the episcopate, the coffers of the ecclesiastical retired lists, etc.

The *Suchet's* mission, after it had recovered the treasury of the bank, was to help in the evacuation of Le Prêcheur. Two hundred inhabitants were taken aboard under a heavy shower of cinders from the volcano. Two small boats filled with women

and children capsized under the ship. The sailors of the *Suchet* showed the finest courage and saved all souls.

May 11 and succeeding days. I cannot tell you in detail, Monseigneur, all our anxieties, troubles, and preoccupations. All I can do is to give you a general account of the principal occurrences. While St. Pierre was perishing under fire, Le Prêcheur was being submerged by water. The Le Prêcheur River overflowed, on May 8, the church, the parsonage, and the town. All are now covered with from one to two meters of sand and rocks. Abbé Desprez could, happily, save the Host, but could not celebrate mass on the day of the Ascension. Those of his parishioners who were still left were rescued on May 12, and he and the mayor were the last to abandon a spot now become uninhabitable.

Monday, May 19. Two devoted priests have daily accompanied, by my orders, the cremation society, so as to bless those poor remains. For three days past, however, the mission has been returning without having landed. The violence of the volcano appears to be increasing, and the clouds of cinders are falling everywhere over the colony. Today the party disembarked, but orders were immediately given to put to sea again. A mighty eruption has taken place. We live under ashes here at Fort-de-France, only twenty-five kilometers [about fifteen miles], as the crows fly, from the crater, and, I may add, in continual anxiety.

Basse-Pointe has been under water from the river's overflow on several occasions. Several houses have been carried away, and there has been one victim. All bridges from Basse-Pointe to Grande Rivière are swept away. All these localities have, however, been evacuated. The inhabitants have deserted Grande Rivière and Macouba. Their priests are here. The priests of Basse-Pointe and of Ajoupa-Bouillon go for the night to Grande Anse, and return home every morning to say mass, to spend the day, and to be at the disposal of the few stray inhabitants who have not yet fled elsewhere. As for Père Mary, he is left almost alone at Morne Rouge, bravely true to his post under the very jaws of the monster, but under the guardianship of Notre Dame de la Délivrande. I wrote to congratulate him; but there is no postal service! If he perish, he will know only in heaven that we honor and admire him.

Fort-de-France and the whole southern portion of the colony are filled with refugees. An effort has been made to distribute them

among the various communes, but we still have more than seven thousand with us.

Monday, May 20. Another date for Martinique!

On this as on preceding days I had designated two priests for the St. Pierre expedition. I had hoped that they might be fortunate enough to recover the sacred vessels of the different churches. Alas! this is what occurred:

At a quarter past five o'clock, while I was dressing, I heard two of the loudest and most prolonged volcanic explosions, I think, that have yet taken place. I called to Abbé Recoursé, who has been sleeping in the room under mine since having given up his own house to a family of refugees. "The volcano is behaving badly," I said. "Something is going to happen." At the same instant I beheld, above the peaks of Carbet, toward Mont Pelée, in the distance, a rolling fire of lightning-flashes, issuing from a black spot in the sky and accompanied by the deep rumbling of thunder. Thereupon the first spirals of the dread column began to mount upward from the black spot. I called to Abbé Recoursé once more: "Come! Come quickly!"

We both looked on, not without terror, as this strange meteor went up, and still farther up, unfolding its convolutions, reaching incredible heights, then drawing nearer us, spreading out to all points of the compass, filling the upper spaces, still rolling onward until it hung above our heads, giving us the feeling that this was the end of Martinique! What would come next? Were we to perish under fire like St. Pierre, or under ashes like Pompeii?

We were ready. We continued to watch the immense cloud, reddened in the east by the rising sun. I had fallen on my knees, awaiting God's hour, when a veil of vapors, like a curtain drawn across a scene at the theater, completely closed off the aerial column from our sight.

And the town, just awaking? A great sound arose, and then every one was fleeing for life. The church was looked upon as a place of safety by many. The crowd surged into it and up to the altar-steps. And in what costumes! The two vicars who were to have gone that morning to St. Pierre could continue the mass only with great difficulty. The third vicar bade all the peo-

ple pray with their arms crossed upon their breast. No more solemn sight was ever seen by the eye of man. Here were such scenes as might take place if the end of the world had come.

A quarter of an hour of anguish passed thus. Then began the rain of lava and cinders.—When the first stones fell I looked for the flames; but I was soon reassured. We were saved once more. We had suffered naught but fright. We had incidentally collected a fine assortment of volcanic stones, some of them of the size of an egg. Nearer the volcano others were found that were much larger.

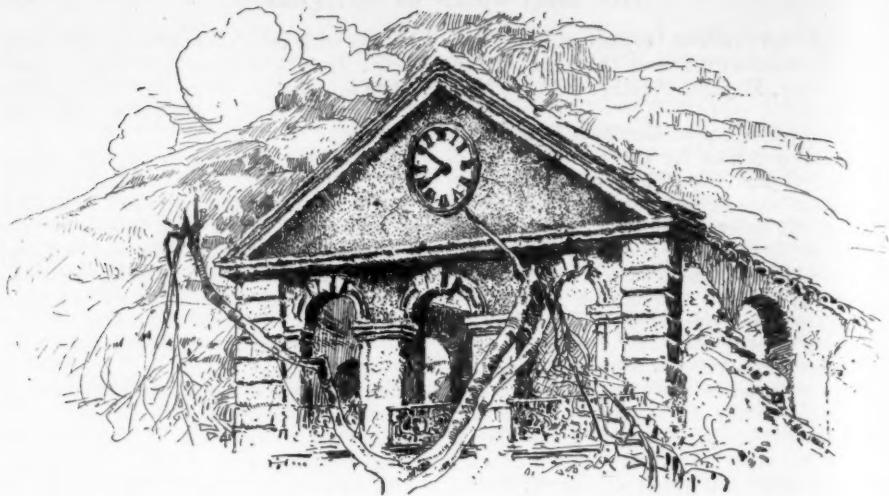
But what of the parishes closer to the mountain? The *Suchet* left at once on its reconnoitering expedition. The news that it brought back was that the phenomenon which had annihilated St. Pierre had recurred under exactly the same conditions. Whatever was left standing in the ill-fated city had been razed by the second fire-spout. Not a stone of St. Pierre now stands upon another. A few houses on the confines of the first scourge were reached and demolished by the second. There are no new victims.

A tidal wave has swept over Grande Anse and carried away several houses. The few remaining inhabitants of Fonds St. Denis, Carbet, and Morne Vert have fled southward. The parish priests have just arrived. And I learn that Père Mary has at length left Morne Rouge, being the last to abandon the place, and leading with him the few faithful ones who had stood by him. One more overflow would have utterly destroyed Basse-Pointe, which was already abandoned. We have now the total exodus of the north of the island toward the south.

Wednesday, May 21. The consequences of this last day are incalculable. All those who were beginning to regain a little courage have sunk into profound despair. Thousands are taking ship for St. Lucia, Guadeloupe, Trinidad, France, and the United States. This is not only the exodus of the north toward the south, but of the whole of Martinique toward the outside world.

Here, then, Monseigneur, is the life that we are leading. However it may be, since Providence has chosen that I should witness such events, I can only follow the example of Père Mary and of our other colleagues. I shall be the last to abandon Martinique.

G. Parel.



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN, BY PERMISSION OF THE JUDGE CO., FROM A PHOTOGRAPH REPRODUCED IN "LESLIE'S WEEKLY."
THE HOUR OF DOOM. (SHOWN BY THE STOPPING OF THE CLOCK ON THE HOSPITAL OF ST. PIERRE.)

II. LIFE IN THE DOOMED CITY.

AS REFLECTED IN THE LEADING NEWSPAPER OF ST. PIERRE, "LES COLONIES,"
IN ITS EDITIONS FOR MAY 1-7, THE WEEK PREVIOUS TO THE DISASTER.

THE material which is here presented is, so far as we know, the only full translation of the notes and articles in the above-mentioned newspaper referring to the disturbances of Mont Pelée or to life in St. Pierre at the time. It constitutes an historical document of rare importance and interest. Like the remarkable letter of M. Parel which precedes, these newspapers were furnished to *THE CENTURY* by the Rev. Joseph F. MacGrail, U. S. N., chaplain of the *Dixie*, who relates below the circumstances under which he procured them. The relief-ship arrived at Fort-de-France Wednesday morning, May 21. The chaplain at once made his visits of ceremony and met many priests. He writes:

A REMARK to me by the Rev. Jean Altéroche of Morne Vert, near St. Pierre, concerning an article by Professor Landes that had appeared in "Les Colonies," a daily paper, reminded me that naturally the local newspapers would give the most accurate account of the events preceding the eruption. Every copy of "Les Colonies" in St. Pierre had been burned; none of the priests whom I met could find a single copy in their house, so I was left to my own resources to procure a file of this valuable journal. Remembering that in French countries newspapers are soon destroyed, being commonly used as wrapping-paper, even in large stores, I set out on my search.

I first went to a Chinese grocery and asked to be allowed to look over the old newspapers which were on the counter. Fortunately I found one of the desired copies. I paid the Chinaman two sous for it, just what he had paid. I then inquired for the papers at a variety-store. A search was made, but none was found. I hopefully put the same question to a woman who kept a little shop near by, who replied that she had cut up all her copies to send to her son in Madagascar, finding that easier than writing letters. The proprietor of a large dry-goods store to whom I next applied kindly sent to his home near by, where after a long search his wife found two more issues. She brought them to me herself, pleased, she said, to be able to favor an American. Both man and wife were profuse in praise of the generosity and the friendship manifested by the United States. After one or two failures I was again successful at a large hardware-store near the church. The proprietor at first said he had cut out the continued story, a romance then appearing a chapter at a time. When I told him that the remaining pieces would serve my purpose, he sent a man to his home, who returned in fifteen minutes with the wrong papers. On a second, longer hunt the other needed copies were found, unmutilated. The cheerful donor was willing to sacrifice the continued story, and I returned to the *Dixie* with my precious papers. Strange to say, no one else had found even a single copy.

That evening I translated certain parts here and there for a number of newspaper correspondents gathered in the ward-room. They nearly all rushed home from our first port, Kingstown, St. Vincent; otherwise I probably should have imparted to them the full contents of these most interesting records. The extracts which I gave out were published in the New York papers and elsewhere, but the story was not only incomplete, but lacked the most important articles contained in "Les Colonies." More than half of this material has remained unpublished, so far as I know, including the full and authentic history of the eruption of May 5, which destroyed the Guérin sugar-refinery; the exciting street scenes in St. Pierre; the graphic descriptions of the last tourist to ascend the mountain; the careful, minute account of the last scientific observations at the crater; the article on volcanoes, probably written by Professor Landes; and many incidents of the five days of fear preceding the eruption. Thus the record that follows is the first full and accurate history of the conditions which existed about Mont Pelée and at St. Pierre during the last days of the ill-fated city.

The hiatus of May 4 is accounted for by the fact that that date fell on Sunday, when there was no issue of the paper. The translation is by Miss Aline Gorren, who has supplied also the introductory notes to each day's contents. A sketch map of Martinique will be found at the close of this article.—EDITOR C. M.

[THURSDAY, MAY 1.]

At the beginning of May there was but one subject possessing capital importance for St. Pierre, and for Martinique in general, and that was the election of deputies to the French Chamber, then in progress. M. Hurard, editor of "Les Colonies," was a firm supporter of the Progressist-Republican party of Martinique, the party of the more intelligent whites, which opposed the race prejudices of the Socialist-Radicals, and believed that all races should live and work together in harmony on the island. The first balloting had already taken place, and the vote between the two parties had been very close; the second was to occur on May 11. Excitement ran high—so high that while Mont Pelée had been showing signs of unmistakable activity since April 25, and this after a period of rest extending over fifty years, the startling fact evidently inspired only a mild curiosity and some interest among excursionists, certainly no serious alarm. On May 1, while the front page of "Les Colonies," indeed the greater part of the whole issue, was filled with local matter, the following was the only reference to the volcanic disturbances among the various items of brief intelligence daily published by the journal under the heading of "Echoes":

MANY persons at St. Pierre affirm that day before yesterday, between three and five o'clock in the afternoon, they felt several shocks of earthquake.

[FRIDAY, MAY 2.]

"LES COLONIES" was an evening journal. It must have been apprised of the cinder showers which had been falling steadily over Prêcheur all day, and which, at six o'clock in the evening, had caused the par-

ish priest to send to the vicar-general the telegram reproduced in M. Parel's letter. The issue of Friday, however, like that of the day preceding, was entirely given up to the electioneering disputes of the rival candidates. Was some degree of apprehension beginning to be felt throughout the city and island which the editor thought it wise to make light of? Had he an eye to the commercial interests of some of his subscribers, whose business had already suffered at the first suspicion of panic? Or was he really without anxiety himself, and impatient of the nervous fears of others, which threatened to interfere with the proper intensity of effort he wished to see thrown into the approaching political contest? The jocular tone of the subjoined notice—the sole reference to the state of things existing on Mont Pelée anywhere in that day's paper—can perhaps be accounted for on one or all of these suppositions.

TOWARD MONT PELÉE.

WE remind our readers that the grand excursion to Mont Pelée organized by the members of La Société Gymnastique et de Tir will take place next Sunday, May 4. Those who have never enjoyed the panorama offered to the view of the astonished spectator at a height of thirteen hundred meters, those who desire to see, close at hand, the still yawning hole from which, in the last few days, thick clouds of smoke have escaped, much to the consternation of the inhabitants of Prêcheur and Ste. Philomène, should profit by this fine opportunity, and register their names, this evening at latest, at the society's headquarters in the Rue Longchamps.

The meeting of the excursionists will be at the Marché du Fort at a quarter past three in the morning, and the departure for Mont Pelée will be at half-past three precisely. The excursion will go to Rivière Blanche, to the Isnard place, where

guides will be found waiting. Those who do not care to trouble themselves about food should pay an assessment of three francs. They will not regret being relieved of the trouble of procuring food. To judge from the list of those who are going, the company will be a very numerous one.

If, therefore, the weather be fine, the excursionists will pass a day that they will long keep in pleasant remembrance.

It is understood that on the day of the excursion there will be no target practice at the Botanic Gardens.

But on the Saturday before that pleasure-party was to have taken place it was abandoned. This notice is inserted among the "Echoes" of Saturday evening's paper:

THE EXCURSION TO MONT PELÉE.

THE excursion which had been organized for tomorrow morning will not leave St. Pierre, the crater being absolutely inaccessible. Those who were to have joined the party will be notified later on when it will be found practicable to carry out the original plan.

The eruption of Friday night, May 2, had made it impossible for "Les Colonies" longer to pursue its policy of suppressing and ignoring facts concerning the eruption, if such had been its policy. The front page of the issue of Saturday is still devoted in part to fighting the battles of MM. Clerc and Duquesnay, the Republican candidates. But the danger of the situation is coming to be recognized. A subscription is promptly opened in favor of the sufferers of the night before. The editor heads it with a contribution of fifty francs. The letter signed "Hey-Pet" is printed, with its significant second sentence. That there had certainly been for several days many signs that Mont Pelée was "in a state of genuine and serious eruption" is made plainly apparent, as well as the fact that help for the sufferers of the heights above St. Pierre was not being called for without ample cause.

[SATURDAY, MAY 3.]

THE VOLCANO.

YESTERDAY the people of St. Pierre were treated again to a grandiose spectacle in the majesty of the smoking volcano. It would seem that many signs ought really to have warned us that Mont Pelée was in a state of genuine and serious eruption. Thursday night the Rivière Blanche, which was rolling masses of black mud, threatened an overflow. There were several slight earthquake shocks. Detonations were also heard, and the rattlings of stones cast forth by the crater.

While, at St. Pierre, the admirers of the beautiful could not take their eyes from the smoke column of the volcano, and timid people were commanding their souls to God, very different things were happening on the heights. The wind was blowing *d'est-nord-ouest* [from the east-north-west]. The inhabitants of Grande Savane, of Mont Guirlande, of Prêcheur, of Grande Case, and of Anse Céron had been enveloped, since eight o'clock in the morning, in black smoke and cinder showers. They gathered their belongings together and repaired to the market-towns of Ste. Philomène and Prêcheur. At two o'clock in the afternoon the smoke was so dense that it was as dark as night, and lights were lighted.

At seven o'clock in the evening the wind began to blow from the north, and the ejections of the volcano to take the direction of the city. The inhabitants of Sur-le-Morne were the first to abandon beasts and baggage and to flee to town. At half-past nine o'clock the cinders had reached Pavillot and St. Martin. The inhabitants of both places, being sound asleep, remained in ignorance of the fact. Awakened abruptly at half-past twelve o'clock by the bellowing of oxen, the detonations of the volcano, the lightning flashes that illumined their cabins, and the repeated thunder-like mutterings, the people of Pavillot, St. Martin, and Rivière Blanche, seized with panic, left everything. Those who were well took charge of the children and the sick, and all turned out into the road. About thirty of these unfortunates, relatives and friends, arrived at my house. It was then one o'clock. A rain of cinders was falling over the town. A whitish coating three centimeters [nearly an inch and a fifth] in depth incrusted the streets, the roofs of the houses, and the trees in the public squares.

At half-past two o'clock there was a change in the wind. As it now blows from the east, it seems to presage another evil day for the inhabitants of the heights of Prêcheur, Ste. Philomène, Grande Case, and Anse Céron.

HEY-PET.

LAST NIGHT'S ERUPTION.

YESTERDAY the volcano's cinders fell lightly at Abymes and Prêcheur and as far as Rivière Blanche.

During the night this ashen rain grew so much denser that at about two o'clock the city looked as if there had been a fall of snow.

The illusion was complete. St. Pierre was in a state of agitation. One could hear voices everywhere through the night, as at the time of a nocturnal earthquake.

The older inhabitants immediately recalled the eruption of 1851; the younger generation went into admiration over a spectacle so absolutely new to them.

A dust as fine as millers' grit had by this time sifted into every room and over every piece of furniture. There were coughing and sneezing on every side.

Fort has a deeper coating than Centre and Mouillage. [These are the three quarters of the city.] By six o'clock in the morning the ashes were already a centimeter thick; they were soon two centimeters thick.

Brooms were plied without ceasing.

The cinder rain never stops. At about half past nine o'clock the sun shines forth timidly. The passing of carriages no longer resounds through our streets. The wheels are muffled. The old trucks creak along languidly on their worn tires.

Gusts of wind bring ashes down from the roofs and awnings, and blow them into rooms wherever windows have imprudently been left open.

Shops which had unclosed their doors half-way are now barred up securely.

The following business houses are closed to customers: the *maisons* Saint-Yves, Deplanche, Doliret, Reynoard, Boissière, Célestin, Constance Esope, Boulangé, Guichard, Dupuis et Cie., Vinac, Andrieux, Villemain, Lejeune, Delsuc, Lalanne, Médouze, Lathifordière, Croquet, the Bazar du Mobilier, the Bazar Sans Rival, etc.

Some provision-stores are closed. The city is depressed.

The governor and the colonel arrive on the *Rubis* at ten minutes past nine, and leave at once for Prêcheur.

M. Mouttet places the infantry barracks of our city at the disposal of the Prêcheur people. The sufferers, who, it appears, are many, will be cared for in a proper way.

Attempts are being made to reach the country to the south of Mont Pelée, but they are fruitless. The horses refuse to advance. Moreover, all trace of the roads has disappeared.

The proprietors of the large places in the environs are breaking up and coming to St. Pierre. The exodus is continuous.

Morne Rouge, which it was hoped might be exempt because of the habitual direction of the winds, is likewise covered with cinders. A fearful roar of thunder is heard.

Last night Père Mary threw open the church. A large crowd of people assembled there precipitately and received communion.

The sea is black. The rivers are full of muddy water, as during the great overflows.

With cinders incrusting and burning up the grass, what is to become of the cattle? one asks anxiously.

This morning the market was full of impatient housekeepers chaffering over the few vegetables brought in from the country.

It is going to be difficult to feed the people these days.

Toward a quarter past ten o'clock the sky darkens over again. The bell-ringers go through the streets ringing the watering-bell. The canals of the town are full of muddy water, and this is sprinkled over the streets.

"What a lot of cement is going to waste!" exclaim the house-masons. It is nearly twelve o'clock before the mayor calls out the fire-brigade and has the streets watered with the waters of the Goyave.

The scholars of the Lycée, the pensionnat, and the primary schools are given a holiday.

At Grande Savane forty centimeters of cinders have fallen. Birds are lying on the ground. The people are hastening distractedly to Prêcheur.

Animals are dying of hunger.

A fact which may serve to exonerate the editor of "Les Colonies" from the odium of having, by wilfully neglecting to arouse the inhabitants of St. Pierre to the gravity of the impending peril, caused indirectly the loss of thirty thousand lives, is suggested in an article on "The Volcanic Eruption of 1851," republished in this paper of Saturday, May 3, from the Official Bulletin of 1852. It is made clear by this account that on the night of August 5, 1851, the environs of St. Pierre were shaken by rumblings from Mont Pelée exactly similar to those which had startled the inhabitants of the city and "caused consternation" all through the countryside on the night of May 2, 1902. Says the Official Bulletin:

The rest of the night was passed in the greatest anxiety. Lighted torches could be seen moving rapidly on the different *mornes* [hills]; people were fleeing along the highroad, announcing that they were going to the churches of the city to implore the divine mercy. No one knew what had happened. To every inquiry the answer was: "The Soufrière is boiling."

When morning dawned we found that St. Pierre had been no less frightened than we. [The narrator in the Official Bulletin lived on a sugar-plantation in Fonds Canonville.] The noise had been heard by many, and, on awaking in the morning, St. Pierre had found the roofs of the houses, the pavements of the streets, the leaves of the trees, covered with a light layer of gray cinders which gave to the city the aspect of some European town silvered over with the first frosts of autumn. This cinder-fall also covered the countryside between St. Pierre and Mont Pelée, Morne Rouge, and even Carbet. The river called Rivière Blanche no longer deserved its name. Its waters were as black as a solution of cinders or slate, and their trace, at the mouth of the river, could be seen far out at sea, as happens after the great floods.

In 1851 this had been all. No further damage had befallen. The renewed activity of Mont Pelée may thinkably have seemed to many in St. Pierre, in the week or two preceding Ascension day, May 8, 1902, to offer no more ominous danger to human life.

[MONDAY, MAY 5.]

THE next issue of "Les Colonies" was on Monday evening. It bravely appeared with

the usual electioneering activity filling its columns. In the lower corner of the last column of the front page, the matter of really vital concern is taken up, however, and goes on almost uninterrupted to the end.

THE VOLCANIC ERUPTION.

AT half-past six o'clock Saturday evening the excursion from Fort-de-France tried to approach Prêcheur on the *Topaze* [a small steamer which ran as a ferry between St. Pierre and Fort-de-France, a distance of about eleven miles], in order to obtain as close a view as possible of the phenomena. The fog of cinders was so thick that the coast-line was obliterated. The steamer was obliged to put to sea again.

Communication by land was no easier. Many excursionists who had started afoot and on horseback were compelled to turn back.

After three in the afternoon communication ceased between the customs-service posts of St. Pierre and Prêcheur.

The rain of cinders began again at about seven o'clock in the evening.

Every one in that quarter passed the night in mortal fear.

The exodus began at daybreak. When our friends reached Prêcheur with food, tafia (rum), and six small barrels of water, it was the last that was most eagerly welcomed.

The sea in places is covered with dead birds. Many lie asphyxiated along the roads. The cattle are also suffering greatly, being asphyxiated by the cinder dust. Children of cultivators are wandering aimlessly, like little human wrecks, about the countryside with their little donkeys. A group of them goes hesitatingly down the Rue Victor Hugo. They are no longer black, but white. They look as if a hoar-frost had fallen over them.

Since half-past two o'clock Saturday the steamers of the Compagnie Girard have been crowded at every trip. Many families from the neighboring countryside, not feeling that they would be safe in St. Pierre, are leaving for Fort-de-France and the south.

All schools were dismissed Saturday.

At Basse-Pointe and Lorrain the laborers did not assemble for the cane-cutting Saturday morning. Those who live on the heights especially declared that they would rather not move than die far from their poor little homes. The detonations which they hear at night, and the sinister and incessant lightning flashes, make them think that terrible earthquakes are going to take place.

Neither at Basse-Pointe nor at Lorrain is a vegetable or a fruit to be bought.

The cinder dust has spread over the whole island. Basse-Pointe, to leeward of the crater, has suffered less than Ducos.

In this last quarter, where rain-water is of usual consumption, people are asking anxiously whether it will be safe to use the water of future

rains after they have absorbed the cinders on the roofs and in the gutters.

We may observe in passing that in the eruption of 1851 the cinder rain did not extend so far.

This morning the rivers that flow near the city, and that have their springs in the southern slope of Mont Pelée, are blackish and overflow their banks.

It is believed that this superabundance of water is ejected by the crater forming a siphon with the sea.

Most of the shops in St. Pierre were open this morning, but the town does not yet wear its customary aspect. There is uneasiness everywhere to be felt, and a certain apprehension.

It is very difficult to expose merchandise on account of the ashes that fall from the roofs and awnings.

RELIEF FOR THE MONT PELÉE SUFFERERS.

THE list of those who have contributed to the fund started by us in favor of the sufferers of Mont Pelée will be found farther on.

At half-past five o'clock yesterday morning M. J. de Laguarrigue, M. F. Winter, M. Joseph Plissonneau, and M. Jean Sailleron, delegates from the provisional committee of St. Pierre, went to Prêcheur on the steamer *Diamant*, which had been courteously placed at their disposal by M. Léon Girard. These gentlemen begged Mayor Grelet to appoint a relief committee of which he was to be president.

The mayor at first accepted the presidency with great readiness, but we hear at the last moment that the committee is composed of M. R. C. de Saint-Cyr, president; of M. le Curé, treasurer and commissary; and MM. Oct. de Lachenotière, Elie Victor, George Nadeau, Montredon Dominique, Duno Emile, Symphorien Marine, Léonide Emile, Théroset Joseph, Pierre Emile Joseph, Donné Charly, Alfred Descailles, Ariès Zébina, Ninel Ladurier, Manotte Bertrand, Samazan Emile, Théodule Thomert. All the members will seek out, in the fairest way, the most needy.

Our friends had immediately placed at the mayor's disposal four hundred francs, ten barrels of water, two barrels of tafia, a bag of white beans, and a tierce of codfish. From the governor there had already come five hundred francs for the sufferers.

At half-past nine o'clock yesterday morning the mayor of St. Pierre sent a cart to Ste. Philomène, driven by Guard Bouteillé, with a quantity of eatables. All efforts are being made to relieve our unfortunate neighbors, but much still remains to be done. We beg particularly that all will give aid to the numerous sufferers from the eruption.

INCONVENIENCE OF THE CINDERS OF THE CRATER— SHALL WE HAVE AN EARTHQUAKE?

THE cinders that fall near the crater are full of iron, and darker than those falling elsewhere over the country. These cinders travel farthest,

therefore, and are lighter in color according as they are less laden with iron.

They are found to contain neither lime nor sea-salt, nor any chemical substance that could be injurious to vegetation. Yet they are destructive to it, because they prevent the respiration of the plants. Moreover, their weight has caused much damage. The branches of many bread-trees have been broken. The wood of a bread-tree is of course very fragile.

The dangers of this dust should be called to the attention of all. The crystal particles which fill the atmosphere have sharp edges; that is why they cause a certain inflammation of the eyes. They can cause trouble also in the bronchial tubes, whence it is difficult to eliminate them.

So far as possible it would be well to keep indoors while the present conditions last. Children are better off there than in the streets.

Shall we have earthquakes?

It is not probable. The crater's chimney eliminates the cinders to a certain extent. There might be some danger of earthquake if we should have an eruption of lava. In cooling the lava might solidify, and obstruct the natural chimney through which the cinders pass freely. If this were the case, the lava might afterward be ejected so violently as to produce seismic shocks. Men competent to judge, however, believe that we should have no reason to fear even should we have a lava flow at the present time, as it is unlikely that lava would cool in the short time since the crater became active.

M. Landes says that he has seen fumeroles since April 2.

THE DAY AFTER THE ERUPTION.

IMPRESSIONS OF A PEDESTRIAN — THE RIVIÈRE BLANCHE A CHOCOLATE-COLORED RIVER — STORY OF A GUIDE FROM MORNE PAVILLOT.

AN excursionist made his way yesterday up to the first foot-hills of Mont Pelée.

Along the valley of Rivière Sèche he reports the fall of cinders to be over fifteen centimeters deep. Walking through these cinders gives one, he says, the impression of walking delightfully through American flour. Unfortunately, they rise in great whirlwinds with the least breeze and with the passage of carriages. In order not to suffer too much from suffocation a handkerchief is tied about one's face.

Along the slopes of Isnard, soil and plants and little houses are all alike powdered with a grayish snow; the sugar-cane bends low under the weight of cinders in the fields, and one examines the leaves, in spite of one's self, for the gashes made by this storm of strange hail.

In the countryside desolation, aridity, and great silence prevail. Under the bushes little asphyxiated birds may be found. In the meadows the animals are restless, and they bleat, neigh, and bellow despairingly. At ten o'clock Rivière Blanche became suddenly swollen with blackish water, oily on the surface; it looked like a torrent

of chocolate rushing toward the coast. It is expected that the old bridge will be carried away at the next freshet.

Rivière Sèche more modestly winds its yellow course regretfully through its mournful landscape. The leaves of the cocoanut-trees show strangely in this fantastic winter view, and one longs for the green splendors of the distant gorges and their intoxicating odors. One thinks of the violets shivering on their mossy beds under the cinders, and one would like to find words gentle enough to describe the emotion of the little plants crushed under the heavy dust and exchanging furtive kisses.

Every now and then cinders in lumps drop down from the roofs of the cabins.

The district of Rivière Blanche has certainly suffered more than Pointe Lamarre. We hear that night before last, perhaps at the same time that the panic occurred in the church of Mouillage, a traveler, blinded by the dust, very nearly fell into the bed of the river. He lost his way and ran into a tree, wounding himself lightly on the forehead. While the excursionist M. Portel was resting in the house of a friend, a guide from Morne Pavillot was presented to him.

THE GUIDE'S STORY.

THE guide, M. Julien Romain, who is one of the Morne Pavillot property-holders, went up the mountain ten days ago, after the awakening of the volcano. We reproduce the substance of his interesting account, which was very gracefully related.

The mountain has for its highest summit Morne Lacroix, and describes a vast circle, the bottom of which measures close upon six hectares [nearly fifteen acres] in surface.

This circle, which we are now defining according to lines upon the guide's indications, is limited on the south by Piton Marcel, on the east by the three peaks of Ti-Bolhommes, on the northeast by Morne Pavillon, and on the west by Morne Lacroix.

The funnel measures, he says, more than thirteen hectares at the opening.

Étang Sec lies almost in the center of this immense basin.

Étang Plein is on the other side of the Morne.

The crater is on the southern slope of Morne Lacroix, and therefore on this side of Étang Sec.

This crater, which resembles a great sugar-pan, has nearly the form of a rectangle, thirty meters long and, at the minimum, twenty meters wide.

In this pan, or rather this oblong caldron, was boiling a singular black mixture resembling bitumen. It rose in little puffs, emitted from time to time jets of white steam and boiling water, then fell back like creole *matelé*, or molasses, only to rise again. Étang Sec was acting as a reservoir for the boiling waters escaping from the crater.

The sources of Rivière Blanche are below, and on the slopes of Ti-Bolhommes.

But since [this visit]? No guide knows what has become of that uneatable matété. Since then we have been having cinders.

What has to-morrow in store for us? A flow of lava? A rain of stone? Jets of asphyxiating gas? Some cataclysm of submersion? Or simply an inundation of mud? There is a secret here, and, if one knew it, there are many who would not want to carry the weight of it.

R. L.

ECHOES.

ON the Rue Macary, at Fort, about two and a fifth kilos of cinders have fallen to the square meter.

The country in the Rivière Blanche valley must have received four times as much.

On Saturday the sidewalks of the Rue Hurtault were covered with a layer three centimeters deep.

A VIOLENT freshet of Rivière Blanche at 8 A.M. has just been reported. The old bridge has been carried away.

The river is full of bodies of dead animals.

CABLE DESPATCHES.

ST. PIERRE, MARTINIQUE, 5 A.M.

THE Mont Pelée eruption seems this morning to have entered into a period of calm. Cinders continue to fall at Prêcheur and at other places to leeward of the craters.

Three tenths of a millimeter of cinders have fallen at St. Pierre during the night, which makes a total of four millimeters of cinders for this city. Five centimeters have fallen over the market-town of Prêcheur, and from twenty-five to thirty centimeters over the middle slopes of the mountain (between St. Pierre and Prêcheur). The country is deserted, owing to the complete lack of food and drink.

Animals are dying of hunger and thirst; branches are breaking off the trees under the weight of the cinder-fall. Last night there was renewed intensity of the phenomena of the eruption, with great discharges of atmospheric electricity, thunder and lightning, and tongues of fire. Cinders fell in showers during the night on Macouba. At the last moment we hear that Rivière Blanche is rising extraordinarily and threatening the Guérin works. M. Guérin is packing up and leaving for town with all his family.

Latest. At 12:55 P.M. the sea withdrew about a hundred meters from the shore, and then rushed back upon the beach.

Agitation is extreme. Thousands are running toward the village [Prêcheur].

The air is full of the cries of women and children. Shops are being closed in haste.

The *Topaze* and some pirogues grounded on the coast, but the steamer manages to haul off again.

A strong southwester is blowing. There is universal consternation.

The Guérin factory has been swept over by the sea.

Evidently this is the result of seismic action.

1:45 P.M. The Usine Guérin is said to be destroyed. Many deaths are reported.

[TUESDAY, MAY 6.]

THE little emotional Latin touches so spontaneously inserted in the account of the "excursionist" M. Portel's trip to the mountain indicate suggestively the prevailing temper of this West Indian population, in its traditions and habits half-French and half-tropical. Those who have lived in tropical or semi-tropical countries become quickly aware of the fatalism of the native mind with respect to extraordinary disturbances of nature. Such disturbances are, in those lands, always potentially within the limits of daily occurrence. Stray reports from refugees from St. Pierre who reached other islands in the Antilles in safety show that there was dread in Martinique during the last week before the destruction of St. Pierre. And yet the fact that the city was not evacuated by Thursday morning, not even after the breaking of the dike of Étang Sec, indicates that the half-incredulous fatalistic tranquillity in the face of portents, which has been noted as typical, was probably the mood of a vast number of people. M. Hurard's journal of Tuesday evening, May 6, is doubtless a very fair reflection of this mood. The shocking tragedy at the Guérin works occupies the whole first part of the paper. Yet the editor remarks, with reference to the panic in St. Pierre the night after, "the alarm, upon the whole, was not justified," and the *farceur* whose jest about the volcano's noisy sleep he quotes was more than probably not the only "philosopher" in St. Pierre.

THE USINE GUÉRIN CATASTROPHE.

YESTERDAY'S CATASTROPHE — THE OVERFLOW OF LAVA.

WE published yesterday a despatch relative to the Usine Guérin, and the fact that it was threatened by an overflow from Rivière Blanche. Also, under the heading "Latest," what special news we had received of the terrible catastrophe following upon the overflow.

Let us hasten to say that the flux and reflux of the sea were not due to seismic action, as might be supposed, but were caused by the terrific shock produced against the sea by the enormous mass of earth and lava which has completely wiped out the Guérin works, bringing death to M. and Mme. Eugène Guérin, to M. du Quesne, and others whose number is not yet known.

The Rivière Blanche had for several days been darker than its customary hue. On Sunday it grew still darker, and the movement of the waters

became precipitous. At about two o'clock in the morning the quiet river was a torrent. The head machinist of the works, M. Louis Benoit, who had remained there alone overnight, having been careful to send his family into town on the preceding Friday, was awakened by the tremendous roar of the waters.

The situation had been somewhat disquieting since yesterday morning, but no one surely could have foreseen so terrible a tragedy. Some parts of the works appeared to be menaced, but the damage did not seem likely to be excessive.

A number of M. Guérin's friends, as well as many persons led by curiosity, visited the works. M. Eugène Guérin was depressed and a trifle nervous, but objected to leaving, as he was asked to do, saying that he did not believe there was any danger.

He breakfasted quietly with his wife and father. Then the order was given to get up steam on the yacht *Carbet* in case of emergency. The understanding was that, at the first sign of danger, every one should repair to the yacht, which was to make for Fort-de-France, where were M. Eugène Guérin's children and his mother.

Let it be said, to render the story complete, that the Guérin family had not spent the night at the works. They had gone down to town night before last, and returned at half-past five o'clock in the morning.

The works had shut down on Friday on account of the cinder-fall.

The family, after getting up from table, were making their last preparations, when the superintendent of the Isnard plantation, M. Clémencin, hurried up, exclaiming: "Hurry! hurry! Get away quickly, or you are lost! An avalanche is rolling this way! Run!"

M. Clémencin called out the same thing to M. L. Benoit, and to the crowds assembled along the road to see the overflow, and, not without trouble, succeeded in getting many away.

Then he too fled. M. and Mme. Eugène Guérin, M. Joseph du Quesne, head overseer at the works, M. Guérin *père*, and three maids carrying packages left the house for the yacht on foot. It was agreed that the yacht should put in at Case-Pilote to land M. du Quesne.

M. Guérin *père* delayed to give an order. As time was pressing, his son, who had reached the quay, sent the yacht's engineer to beg his father to hurry.

To this circumstance the engineer owes his life.

When he met M. Guérin *père* he found him yielding to the urgent request of M. Ste. Marie Monégut and M. Louis Benoit, and preparing to leave the works by land, as his son had vainly been advised to do.

They reached a small door on the Rivière Sèche side. It was closed, oh, fatality! No. It yielded. M. Benoit's hat caught on one of the telephone wires. He stepped back to pick it up.

They crossed the threshold.

THE CATASTROPHE.

At that same moment—it was a little after twelve o'clock—a boiling waterspout burst from

the mountain, and, not following the river-course, but overleaping all obstacles in gigantic bounds, flowed over the works, submerging M. Eugène Guérin, his wife, M. du Quesne, and the three servants, and foundering the *Carbet*, which lay awaiting them, and another yacht, the *Précheur*, anchored a hundred and fifty meters out.

M. Guérin *père* then ran in the direction of Rivière Sèche and succeeded in saving his life, as did also the yacht's engineer, M. Ste. Marie Monégut, and M. Louis Benoit.

It was only after this terrible prologue that the torrent of waters, laden with rocks and earth, came pouring down to raze the whole region, and to form a mud-plain that extends from the sea to the buildings of the Isnard plantation, Rivière Blanche, some of which have been hurled away. In all, this plain measures several hundred meters in width, and has a depth that extends, in places, to fifty meters, the flood having passed at the level of the dwelling-house of the Neuilly plantation, only a part of the wall of which has been destroyed.

THE DAY'S PANIC.

AT the moment of the catastrophe a great volume of smoke, which people found it difficult to account for, was visible at St. Pierre. "The works are on fire," said some. "A crater has opened at that point," said others.

The crowds which the enormous wave had drawn together in the streets and on the shore were running to this side and that in extraordinary agitation. The women especially seemed to have escaped from a madhouse.

A human flood poured up from the depths of Mouillage. It was a flight for safety without knowing where to turn. Shop-girls were fleeing with bundles, one with a corset, another with a pair of boots that did not match; and all these people in burlesque costumes which would have caused laughter if the panic had not broken out at so tragic a moment.

The whole city is on foot. Doors of shops and private houses are closing. Every one is preparing to take refuge on the heights.

Morne Abel is soon black with people. The neighboring roads are covered with package-laden crowds. Mattresses are being carried in all directions.

Fonds Coré soon descends in a body on St. Pierre. Its houses are deserted, one and all. There is a caravan of nurses, with crying infants in their arms. All these men, women, and children are weeping, crying out excitedly, imploring the mercy of Heaven.

And while Fonds Coré is being emptied of its customary inhabitants, a great concourse assembles to view the terrifying spectacle.

THE FONDS CORÉ ROAD.

THERE are ten centimeters of cinders along the Fonds Coré road. The rails of the tramways have disappeared completely. The charming aspect of this quarter is quite gone. It is a lamentable

sight. Most of the villas are closed. In others there is feverish activity; the tenants are moving out. Hand-carts transport their furniture and few belongings, piled up in the pell-mell confusion of haste and panic.

Fonds Coré is like a village which has just been visited by the scouts of the enemy's army, and the inhabitants of which are deserting before the approaching bombardment and invasion.

We pass several of these carts, witnesses of this breaking up of human lives, and their wheels, though ten arms may be pushing them at once, turn only with great difficulty through the cinder bed beneath. Two men carrying a hammock suspended from a strong bamboo pole hurry by us. They have been sent for, they say, to bear away the remains of one of the victims of the horrible catastrophe, the unfortunate Sarah Bourrouët, now lying at the special police station of Fonds Coré. As we reach the station a dense crowd surrounds it. The dripping body is stretched on a sash on the veranda, and the removal takes place. A little farther on, in front of the machine-buildings of the cooperage, we come upon a cordon of gendarmes, commanded by a quartermaster who courteously permits us to pass on to the site of the disaster.

ON THE SITE OF THE CATASTROPHE.

WE cross the bridge of Rivière Sèche. A rill of blackish water crawls along the river's bed. Cinder tornadoes whirl about us at every gust of wind, and choke the hardiest. A few steps more, and we pause abruptly before—a great plain, freshly plowed.

Such, indeed, is the never-to-be-forgotten spectacle before our eyes: a sea of motionless mud, absolutely level, broken at intervals by little clouds of vapor, like puffs of tobacco-smoke, which burst with a bubble-like sound.

And the sugar-works? Where are they? The glance turns to the left, toward the sea, and, as far as it can reach, meets nothing but the same plowed land—nothing. Nothing is left. Yes, over there is the chimney of the works, slightly inclined, like the leaning tower of Pisa.

We pass on toward the left and skirt the back of one of the two large wooden houses that used to give shelter to a part of the employees of the works, and which alone seem to have escaped with but little damage. We approach a small wall which emerges from the enormous lake of smoking mud, and, from behind that wall, look upon the saddest, the most lugubrious sight to be conceived. The works and all their outhouses have gone down in the lava bed. Nothing remains but that sheet-iron chimney, held by two of its six guys, and the end of one of the piles of the large scales. On the shore four heavy iron barges have been capsized and thrown against one another. One of them is still laden with sugar-cane.

Near the wall on which we are leaning is a shed whose supports are almost wholly demolished and whose roof hangs in place by some prodigy of equilibrium.

This is all. And here, but a moment ago, was a

center of prosperity and activity for a world of workers, now swept either out of life, or into misery and ruin.

Over the scene hangs the silence of annihilation, broken only by the low surge of the waves on the shore and the muffled sound of the breaking puffs of steam over the mud. The spectators cannot shake off an indescribable feeling of anguish. How many human lives wiped out by that sea of mud! How many fathers of families gone forever with the rush of the avalanche! Will the exact number ever be known?

Those who have been allowed to pass the line of gendarmes and to reach this spot stand speechless. There is nothing to say. The reality is far more terrible than anything that could have been imagined. At our side a working-man, who escaped death by a miracle, tells us what he witnessed: "Just beyond this little parapet where we are standing was the basin of the works, a sort of wet-dock into which the barges were floated to unload them. The lava has filled up all that. At least eight lighters are sunk here. What you see there, to the right, emerging by about two meters, is the top of one of the piles of the scales. Including the base, the construction measured about eight meters in height. The lava depth at this point must be, then, at least six meters."

THE VICTIMS OF THE CATASTROPHE.

THE following names of the victims are sent in just as we go to press:

M. Eugène Guérin, director of the sugar-refinery.

Mme. Eugène Guérin, *née* Rollin, daughter of the ex-president of the Council-General of Guadeloupe.

M. Joseph du Quesne, married three months ago to Mlle. Prévile.

Mary, English nurse in the employ of M. Guérin *père*.

Marie and Cécé, nurses in the employ of M. Eugène Guérin.

Labrune, sister-in-law of Captain Coucoute, formerly yacht's cockswain.

Mme. Henri Albert Coucoute, her sister.

Roland Dufréneau, captain of the yacht *Carbet*.

Ti-Joseph, one of the yacht's sailors.

Labrune and her daughter, employed at the works.

Mémé Léandre Marius, M. Guérin's coachman.

Rémy Barbe, who happened to be alone on board the yacht *Préteur*.

Georges Hugoné, machinist.

Antoine, the weigher's apprentice.

Sarah Bourrouët, lived in the Rue Longchamps. Formerly nurse in the family of M. Apo. She had gone to Rivière Blanche to see the overflow.

Pauline Fleurisson, huckster; found dead on the road. Her remains have been carried to the machine-buildings of the cooperage.

Julie. Had gone to see the overflow of Rivière Blanche. She went by the name of the Queen of the Coal-women. Used to unload coal at St. Pierre.

Mauléon Pierre, fisherman; Sylvestre, cooper; Lucien Corinne; Césaire Corinne. These four, with a fifth person, unknown, were passing before the refinery when the avalanche came down.

It is thought that there are other victims. The list is not yet complete.

Among the wounded are: M. Lauverger, muni-

cipal councilor at Morne Rouge, and head barge-master at the works; his feet were caught under a lighter; wounded on the legs and head—not seriously: and M. Isambert, rescued from under the ruins, a few light contusions.

M. LOUIS BESSARION LABATUT, stoker, told us that, as he saw the avalanche coming, Captain Eucher, from where he stood on the shore, gave the order to back engine, but there was neither machinist nor stoker on board. He, Bessarion, and the captain jumped on board. They put on pressure at $3\frac{1}{2}$. Immediately a terrible mass of lava rolled over the yacht. The shock threw them both into the sea. They were two lengths from the quay, in the lava, and under the lighters. The *Carbet* was still afloat, and only foundered three hundred meters from the quay.

THE CITY IN DARKNESS.

To complete the confusion in St. Pierre, the city was plunged in darkness. The electric plant would not work last night. Some persons have thought that the failure came from a diminution in the outflow of the water of the Morestin, and therefore was due to insufficient pressure of water. It took but little more to suppose that the Morestin might run dry entirely, hence an increase in the panic.

In reality the sudden failure of the electric service is due to the atmospheric conditions into which St. Pierre has been plunged ever since the eruption of Mont Pelée has attained its present proportions.

The dynamo is set in motion by a little auxiliary magneto-electric machine, the charging of which has become extremely difficult owing to the prevailing atmospheric currents. Water-power is not lacking, but it is impossible to excite the dynamo.

This is the reason why we had no electric light all last night.

It is easy to understand what was the state of mind of this unfortunate population, who felt themselves threatened by imminent danger, and whose nervous tension was heightened by the darkness everywhere.

THE NIGHT'S PANIC.

PEOPLE slept with one eye open, dreading a new catastrophe in the night, the darkness adding to the terror.

Toward 2 P.M. there were terrific mutterings, like those of thunder in a great storm. The dwellers at Fort thought that another lava wave had burst from the crater, and that Fort River would overflow. Rue Levassor was in an indescribable commotion.

All began to move out. The noise, the broken fragments of conversation in the night, increased the alarm.

In the Rue Victor Hugo there were people at all the windows, calling out to know what had happened. Some replied that it was the Roxelane that had leaped from its banks, others that it was the Pères River.

The streets of Mouillage were invaded by crowds without a place for their heads.

In fact, the alarm was not justified.

We heard some one, at about 5 P.M., remark from a window: "We can get no sleep while the volcano sleeps so soundly that he snores." That man was a philosopher.

THE GUÉRIN FAMILY.

THE Guérin family is receiving from all sides despatches and letters proving the sympathy of the whole population in the dreadful disaster that has befallen them.

M. Eugène Guérin, as is well known, was very popular. He, as well as his young wife, leaves regrets in the hearts of all. He had no enemies.

We express to the Guérin, Rollin, Du Quesne, and Préville families our sincere condolences.

TOWARD RIVIÈRE BLANCHE.

THE *Diamant* made a trip to Rivière Blanche yesterday and returned with numerous passengers.

The same steamer repeated the trip at eight o'clock this morning, and returned with two gendarmes, who, with their horses, and a carriage belonging to the Delsuc livery-stable, had been left at the factory at the time of the avalanche. The steamer brought back in all one hundred and twenty-five passengers, and towed in four row-boats filled with people.

THE ISNARD PLANTATION.

THE avalanche carried away a great part of the Isnard plantation. No lives were lost.

BETWEEN ST. PIERRE AND STE. PHILOMÈNE.

COMMUNICATION by land is interrupted between St. Pierre and Ste. Philomène, and exists only by boat.

The mud flow has deepened the coast-line in front of the sugar-works by about thirty meters.

A RESCUE.

M. RAOUL RÉNUS of Ste. Philomène has saved five persons who were in a boat near the factory, among others young Dupuis-Nouillé, son of the director of the school at Carbet; M. Elysée [Fleurisson] of Rivière Blanche, and three other persons. We congratulate them.

[WEDNESDAY, MAY 7.]

THE following day, Wednesday, May 7, a first step is made toward a consideration of the eruption of Mont Pelée as a serious scientific event. After an article on "Volcanoes," probably by M. Landes, who was evidently the leading scientist of Martinique, there follows an interview with that gentleman. And in the "Notes Relating to the History of the Eruption of 1902" there is a visible desire to collect whatever trustworthy data could be secured. Why was not the report of the Boulin-Berté exploring party pub-

lished before? Why was it not given to the readers of "Les Colonies" to learn until ten days after that expedition that Mont Pelée had a new and an active volcanic crater? That is what will never be known. The little provincial paper closes its history with the close of the history of the beautiful little city of St. Pierre.

VOLCANOES.

FIFTY years ago a geologist would have had small fear of compromising his reputation by affirming that wherever active volcanoes were to be found there also there must be, at some unknown depth, enormous masses of matter at a very high temperature, and sometimes in a permanent state of fusion. Some geologists have imagined that our entire planet was, at the beginning, in this state of fusion, and that it has only solidified upon the surface, while preserving, at its center, a great part of its primitive heat. This is the internal-fire theory. Mathematicians, however, have calculated what the minimum thickness of the earth's crust would have to be to enable the planet to maintain the stability of its conformation, as well as to describe regularly its known orbit in the solar system; and with this result: that the thickness would have to be equal to two fifths, or even to a fourth, of the earth's diameter.

It is a familiar fact, furthermore, that the temperature rises as one goes deeper into the interior of the earth, and while this rise is not the same at all points, it may be set down as a mean advance of 1° for every thirty or thirty-five meters of depth. If this progression continued proportionately we should have a temperature of more than 1500° at a depth of forty or fifty kilometers. Such a degree of temperature would melt almost every metal known to us—which would be in contradiction to the preceding condition.

There are a quantity of other objections to the theory of internal terrestrial fire. In the first place, a fluid mass of this sort would be subject to a species of tidal movement; and nothing of the kind has ever been verified. Again, to presuppose such a mass would also be to presuppose a much greater energy of volcanic action in the past ages of the earth than any of which we have a record in historic times. But all examinations of the earth's strata in the various geological periods teach us, on the contrary, that volcanic eruptions have, in every period, been confined to restricted spaces. Great stretches of the earth's surface, as in North America, for instance, and Russia, have been quite exempt from all volcanic phenomena since the earliest geological ages, while other regions which, in those early ages, were subject to showers of cinders and to lava streams are now quite free from similar disturbances.

There is a continuous displacement, from one part of the terrestrial surface to the other, of the principal centers where volcanic action is developed. The original fluidity of the inside of the earth and the gradual solidification of its outer crust form

one of those numerous hypotheses that appeared to rest on firm foundations, but the supports of which have crumbled away one after the other.

It is quite possible that important masses of molten matter may lie under the various volcanic centers, even in the periods when these centers are inactive; but we must look upon them as isolated masses without mutual relations.

To what, then, are we to attribute the fluidity of these masses and their eruption at certain times?

It appears to be well established that in all eruptions it is water that plays the principal rôle. It was first held that there existed vast subterranean cavities, at a depth of several kilometers, in which the lava accumulated, and that when water, mixed with air, penetrated into these cavities the result was to produce vapors exerting a certain pressure on the lava and forcing it upward into the conduit of the volcano. Thus it was observed, in one of the eruptions of Mount Etna, that the gaseous emanations were identical with those which would have been produced if enormous masses of sea-water had entered the reservoirs of subterranean lava and, decomposing there, had expelled the lava. This, nevertheless, would not explain the presence of lava in the volcano.

Another established fact is that a great deal of hydrogen, especially in combination with carbon, is liberated in eruptions. These carburets of hydrogen, burning in the orifice of the crater, are caused by the action of water on multitudinous metallic carburets in the interior of the soil. Hence the modern chemical theory.

This theory has gained in plausibility since M. Moissan has realized the synthesis of these carburets, explaining their most remarkable properties. The decomposing action of the water is accompanied by a great liberation of heat. To make the point clear, one may imagine the production of acetylene by the action of water on carburet of calcium. We have but to admit that there may be reserves of carburets in subterranean rock to understand how the heat resulting from their contact with water may bring all neighboring parts to a degree of temperature at which they crumble or melt away.

AN INTERVIEW WITH M. LANDES.

M. LANDES, the distinguished professor of the Lycée, was kind enough to give us an interview yesterday on the subject of the volcanic eruption of Mont Pelée, and of the phenomena which preceded the catastrophe of the Usine Guérin.

This is what I gathered from our conversation:

At five o'clock in the morning [May 5] M. Landes saw torrents of smoke escaping from the upper section of the mountain, at the spot known as Terre Fendue ("cleft earth"). He noticed that the Rivière Blanche was swelling from time to time to a volume five times greater than that of its greatest known rising, and that it was carrying down great blocks of rock, some of which might have weighed as much as fifty tons. M. Landes, who was then in the Perrinelle settlement, went, at ten minutes before one o'clock, to

Étang Sec. While there he saw a whitish mass descend the mountain slope with the rapidity of an express-train, and enter the river valley, marking its passage with a thick cloud of white smoke. It was not lava, but the mass of mud that submerged the Guérin works.

Later on, at the foot of Morne Lénard, it appeared to M. Landes that a new branch existed, and that this, perhaps, was ejecting lava.

The phenomenon of Monday M. Landes regards as unique in the history of volcanoes. It is true, he says, that muddy lavas form very quickly, but the catastrophe at the Guérin works was due to an avalanche rather than to a lava flow. The valley below has received the contents of Étang Sec, which broke its dike, dropping mud-thickened waters from a height of seven hundred meters. If there was no quaking of the earth under the shock of this enormous fall it was because the sea acted as a stopper, a plug, or pad.

According to M. Landes's observations yesterday morning (May 6), it would seem that the central orifice of the volcano, situated in the higher fissures, was emitting in larger quantities than ever, albeit intermittently, dusty masses of a black and yellow substance. It would be safer to leave the lower valleys, and to live at a certain elevation, if one wished to be sure of escaping the fate of Pompeii and Herculaneum, and not be submerged by muddy lava. "But," adds M. Landes, "Vesuvius has never made many victims. Pompeii was evacuated in time, and few bodies have ever been found in the buried cities."

Conclusion: Mont Pelée is no more to be feared by St. Pierre than Vesuvius is feared by Naples.

NEVERTHELESS, this morning, the mountain being clearly visible, scrutiny revealed the fact that there was, at the base of Morne Lacroix, on the site of Étang Plein, a gash one hundred meters long and forty meters deep. The partial fall of this peak would not be impossible, and it might cause some slight earthquake shocks.

A CATASTROPHE—PRÊCHEUR.

THE unfortunate people of Prêcheur are in a deplorable state of mind. Their nerves are badly shaken, and M. Grelet, the mayor, in spite of all his efforts, is unable to restore confidence. Yesterday, by order of the governor, a new convoy of supplies was carried to Prêchotins. This consisted of six thousand kilograms of codfish, salted meats, and beans. The representatives of the administration are encountering many obstacles in the distribution of relief. The boat conveying yesterday's supplies had barely touched the shore before it was invaded by the crowd. The officer in charge had great difficulty in making the people understand that to draw food it was necessary to present a signed order from the mayor.

M. Grelet, mayor of Prêcheur, admirable as is his activity, is overburdened and driven to death. The government boat brought back to St. Pierre a number of families from Prêcheur who refuse longer to remain in that locality. Many more

there were who could not be accommodated, and the boat was obliged to put to sea in order to avoid sinking with all its passengers.

The merchants of St. Pierre who have been furnishing the administration with the necessary food-supplies for the people of Prêcheur are consenting to notable reductions. For instance, they have lowered the price of codfish twenty francs on every hundred kilograms.

THE PRÊCHEUR RIVER.

THE Prêcheur River overflowed its banks yesterday and the day before. It carried down enormous blocks of rock. A very curious phenomenon has been observed at its mouth. Soundings taken at that point yesterday reveal an excavation. The water, which used to have a depth of a meter, now measures eight meters. The cause of this excavation has not been determined.

THE PÈRES RIVER.

SOMETHING analogous, the result of a terrific overflow, has occurred at the mouth of the Pères River.

Yesterday, at about seven o'clock in the evening, the waters increased in volume. Their color was blackish. Every one supposed that the rise had simply been due to the rains. Suddenly, however, a torrent bore down, bringing with it great quantities of bamboo branches. Then came trees and large blocks of stone, which may still be seen in the bed of the river. The bridge at the Perrinelle place has disappeared under the rocks, so to speak. If the wall of the dwelling had not been very massive the stables would have gone down in the torrent. This first overflow lasted until about ten o'clock, and then diminished. The water rose again at about two o'clock in the morning.

At the mouth of the river the water is engulfed in an enormous hole which it has dug out here. Into this hole the flood precipitates all the vegetable and mineral debris it has torn up along its course. A little out at sea the current comes up to the surface again, still laden with drifting wreckage.

THE OVERFLOW OF ROXELANE RIVER.

THE Roxelane also overflowed suddenly at seven o'clock yesterday evening. This rise was caused solely by the heavy rains on the heights. The water holds, in suspension, all the ashes it amasses on its way, and it is therefore very dark. At the river's mouth great quantities of dead fish were found.

THE PANIC AT ST. PIERRE.

THE departures from St. Pierre are increasing in numbers. From morning to-night, and even during the night, one sees hurrying people, carrying packages, trunks, and children, on their way to Fonds St. Denis, Morne d'Orange, Carbet, and other places. The steamers of the Compagnie Girard [plying between St. Pierre and Fort-de-France] are never empty. A few figures will give an idea of this mad flight. The customary number of travelers to Fort-de-France by this line is

eighty a day; for the last three days the number has risen to three hundred daily.

We confess that we cannot understand this panic. Where could one be better off than at St. Pierre?

Do those who are invading Fort-de-France imagine that they would be safer there than here in case of earthquake?

This is a foolish mistake, and it is necessary to put the people on their guard against it. We hope the opinion expressed by M. Landes, in the interview we publish, will be convincing to those who are most afraid.

THE VOLCANO COMMISSIONERS.

FORT-DE-FRANCE, May 7 (10 A.M.). The governor has appointed a commission to study the nature of the Mont Pelée eruption. The commission is composed of the following gentlemen: Lieutenant-Colonel Gerbault, chief of artillery and president of the commission; M. Mirville, head chemist of the colonial troops; M. Léonce, assistant engineer of colonial roads and bridges; and MM. Doze and Landes, professors of natural sciences at the Lycée of St. Pierre.

The public will be kept informed of the results of the commissioners' investigations.

AT BASSE-POINTE.

THE Basse-Pointe River has been rising since yesterday. The waters of the overflow are blackish. There is a rumor, which, however, cannot be verified, as telegraph wires are down everywhere, that several houses have been torn away by the flood.

AT LORRAIN.

THE Capot, whose waters had been growing slightly turbid, is now so muddy that the mouth of the river is full of dead fish.

About one hundred and fifty kilos of dead or torpid fish have been taken out of the irrigating canal at Vivé.

MUDGY RAINS.

A FINE black rain fell almost all day yesterday in the north. It was so full of cinders that carrying an umbrella was attended with discomfort.

A RESCUE.

A FISHERMAN by the name of Thomas was, with M. Réhus, instrumental in the saving of lives reported yesterday. The act was of the most perilous sort, for the boat, which was being navigated by M. Stéphane Larade, and in which were M. Dupuis-Nouillé *frère*, M. Louis Claude, M. Elysée Fleurisson, and three other passengers, was capsized and shattered by the muddy torrent and its cargo of tree-trunks.

THE DEAD.

IN spite of reports to the contrary, the body of Mlle. Pauline Fleurisson has not yet been recovered.

To the death-list must be added two children of

M. St. Just Prosper (one sick, the other an infant), who were in a boat next to that of M. Réhus.

LIST OF SUBSCRIBERS TO THE RELIEF FUND FOR THE MONT PELÉE SUFFERERS.

[THE names of the subscribers of the fund, which now footed up 966.25 francs, are here omitted.]

NOTES RELATING TO THE HISTORY OF THE ERUPTION OF 1902.

SUNDAY, April 27, 1902, Mont Pelée was visited by MM. Boulin, Waddy, Décord, Bouteuil, Ange, and Eugène Berté, in order that they might examine, if that were possible, the point of issuance of the smoke columns visible on Friday, April 25. The winding path which leads to the mountain-top forks when it reaches what is known as Petite Savane, or Morne Paillasse. One side goes to Étang Sec, the other to the lake which lies at the foot of Morne Lacroix. People do not take the Étang Sec pathway, unless it be occasionally a few individuals in search of palmetto-cabbages; and they do not push on as far as Étang Sec, where there is nothing to see. The excursionists, with several guides, whom M. Emm. Isnard had courteously placed at their disposal, turned in the direction of this ancient lake. The path led downward for more than an hour. It was choked with fallen and intertwined trees, and was absolutely impassable. The excursionists, hands aiding feet, crawled over bridges of branches and decayed trunks forming fantastic entanglements. Meantime they were breathing an atmosphere tainted with nauseous gases. Suddenly, at the end of the hour, they came to a clearing, and stopped short, dumb with admiration, before a most unexpected and magnificent spectacle. They stood in the presence of an immense lake and of an active volcano.

ÉTANG SEC, according to the oldest inhabitants, was full of water before the year 1852. After the eruption of that year the waters dried up, and sulphurous emanations were perceptible, from time to time, coming from fissures in the soil—fissures which had become barely visible before the present eruption. This being all that was left of the lake, it soon went by the name of La Soufrière. Since 1852 the pathway to it has been known only to a few hunters and cultivators. Grass had grown over the bottom of the basin, and here and there high trees had shot up.

When the excursionists found a crater in front of them they were thunderstruck. Here was a gigantic bowl measuring, approximately, three hundred meters in diameter at the bottom and eight hundred meters at the top. All along the sides of this excavation were trees uniformly covered with a metallic black coating. At the bottom was a lake two hundred meters in diameter. To the east, back against the walls of the basin, and overhanging it slightly, rose a cone ten meters high and fifteen meters in diameter across the summit!

It was then eleven o'clock in the morning; the

sun shone perpendicularly into the circle; there was a strange illumination on everything. The surface of the lake, covered with black cinders and swept by a strong wind, was like a sea of molten lead or quicksilver. The trees sparkled under the dust that covered them.

As they stood there the excursionists had the water directly in front of them. They could hear the tumultuous rumble of liquid in ebullition. Smoke rose in great puffs from the volcano's mouth. Water was spouting from the borders of the crater, and pouring down into the lake below.

THE water of the new-formed lake is of the temperature of the body. There is no sensation other than that of a liquid when the hand is plunged into it. This would make the temperature about 37°. There is reason to believe that the water is at boiling-point when it leaves the crater, but the extent of the superficies of the lake, coupled with the violence of the wind, causes it to cool quickly. Hot water has been found on a steeper slope below the lake. One is led to suppose that the center of the crater communicates with this hot-water spring by a conduit running at a great depth in the soil under the lake.

The lake water is grayish in hue. Inclosed in a corked bottle and left to stand, it deposits a fine powder and grows limpid. This impalpable dust is slate-colored; it resembles graphite and binoxid of manganese. It is this which, sifted over the lake and over the environing trees, produced, in the sun's rays, the curious illumination above alluded to.

Great quantities of gas are also contained in the new lake water, notably sulphurous and sulphhydric gas. When bottled it drives out the cork with great force. Silver turns black under the influence of the gases that emanate from crater and lake.

THE excursionists made many efforts to draw nearer the crater, but in vain. They would have had to cross the lake at one of its broadest points, about three hundred meters. They looked for a ford, and thought they had found one, but the voice of the guide warned them to desist. Here and there in the water there were leaves still green and lying motionless, which had led the excursionists to think that they might find a footing across. The guides, however, affirmed that those minute islands were no more nor less than the emerging topmost leaves of a tree, probably twenty meters high.

Was the volcanic cone in existence before the eruption? The excursionists do not think so, as the cone seemed to them to be of the same substance as the lapilli. The cinders escaping from the crater, and in suspension in the lake water, have accumulated about the orifice and formed a little hillock about ten meters high. When it ceases to be fed from the interior the cone will, then, probably crumble away.

THE lake has no visible outlet, and though the visiting party stood on its banks for an hour they saw no rise in its level. But the volume of Rivière

Blanche has increased so much that there may be fissures in the lake bottom.

The party found neither lava nor stones in the vicinity—nothing but black dust everywhere.

Friday night, May 2, the eruption became sensible to all by reason of the cinders which fell over St. Pierre and the neighboring country. Those cinders were entirely different in appearance from the cinder dust examined by the excursionists at the crater itself.

Wednesday, April 30, there were three earthquake shocks, not perceived by all, because horizontal. The first occurred at 3:40 P.M., the second at 5 P.M., the third at 6:10 P.M.

Since Saturday morning MM. Boulin and Berté have been insisting that the column of fire and cinders which is rising from the mountain comes from the precise spot at which the new crater has been formed.

WHAT has become of the lake and the new crater?

The same gentlemen propose, as soon as it is possible, to make a new excursion to the spot, and to ascertain, for the general information, what changes may have been wrought.

UP TOWARD THE CRATER.

THE phenomenon which, at one o'clock Saturday morning, enveloped all St. Pierre in a dense mantle of cinders, was far too attractive and interesting to pass by without exciting individual curiosity and causing many to wish to repair to the site of the disturbance and to see for themselves the boiling basin.

We left St. Pierre at six o'clock in the morning, the cinder rain still falling incessantly, and the people in a state of wild agitation. At Ex Voto the horses stopped short; the shower of cinders, increasing in violence and density, penetrated into our eyes and respiratory organs in spite of the handkerchiefs tied over our faces, and the terrified driver, refusing to go farther, returned to St. Pierre. We made our way on foot to the Pommier place, and reached it almost suffocated, with our clothing covered with a coating of cinders, which, mixed with perspiration, is converted, at the articulations of the body, into blackish mud.

The air was gray, and we could not see ten meters ahead. The wind blew violently in intermittent gusts, shaking down from the trees solid drops of black dust which were like the first drops of a tentative rain. The lowing of abandoned cattle, and the distressful cries of birds flying blindly above our heads, mingled with the deep rumblings and the terrible detonations of the volcano.

We took up our line of march again at half-past seven o'clock, along the road that leads by the dike; and here the workmen, grouped around their cabin, motionless and paralyzed by fright, warned us that we should surely fail in our undertaking. The rumblings had ceased momentarily, but the cinder rain continued. We went on by a path that leads to the Isnard plantation, which, with its outhouses, had been completely abandoned. The flight must have been precipitate,

for the doors of the huts on the left of the plantation have been left open. One terrified old woman in front of one of these doors shows us the road that leads to the mountain.

Sugar-cane fields, cinder-covered, lie before us. The saturation of the atmosphere being a little less dense, we can see farther. The mountain we do not see, for it projects, now and again, a cloud of black cinders which mounts upward in a thick perpendicular shaft and completely veils it from our view. Cinders go on falling, but there is less of them. Those which descend on us at that moment come from the trees in near-by fields at some elevation above us and from mountain heights that remain invisible. They are swept along by the wind, which blows in a westerly direction—that is, toward St. Pierre.

The turbid, grayish space before us lightens up a little as we approach. The wind is intermittent and laden with fine dust. This dust makes a deposit of one centimeter and a half on the leaves of the bushes and on the ground. Walking is not easy, but we finally reach the top of Morne St. Martin. It is ten o'clock. Everywhere cinders. Morne Bardury, on our left, is enveloped in them. Its trees are very tall, and their branches bend under the weight.

Suddenly there is an explosion, accompanied by muffled and prolonged rumblings; then a second, then four more, at different intervals. The sky immediately clouds over, and from the crater, which is now but about eight hundred meters away, there comes a cloud of black dust which moves in the direction of Prêcheur. We hear the bellowings of cattle; the cries of terror-stricken animals fill the stillness that follows each detonation. Oxen are galloping in every direction, coated with cin-

ders, and breaking into those melancholy bellowings. The little water-conduits have run dry. In the place of water there is a deposit of two centimeters of cinders. Many little birds lie along the road. There is no drop of water to keep them alive.

The top of the mountain is clear. On the right the sun's pale rays make the ashy whiteness that lies against the verdure of trees and summits still whiter. Nature is sad, there is no song of bird; there is no sound at all but the bellowing of the wild oxen and the underground rumbling of the mountain.

A phenomenon which will seem curious to those of our readers who have not been on the spot is the increased facility with which, drawing nearer to it, one reaches the crater. The cinders, which lie thick at the mountain's base, are only to be seen on the trees, and we think the organizers of the Mont Pelée excursion, who thought it best to postpone the same, were quite ill advised.

The mountain is perfectly accessible. It is our intention soon to return to it, and to lay before our readers a more interesting and complete account of this future ascension.

E. G.

ECHOES.

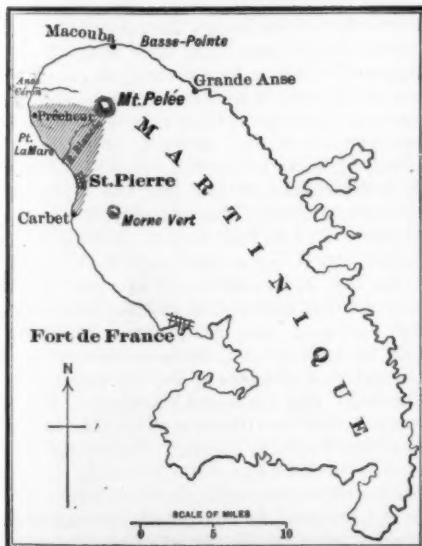
THURSDAY being the feast of the Ascension, the stenographic courses are postponed until next Thursday, May 15.

The adult course, which was to have taken place Friday next, is likewise postponed till May 15.

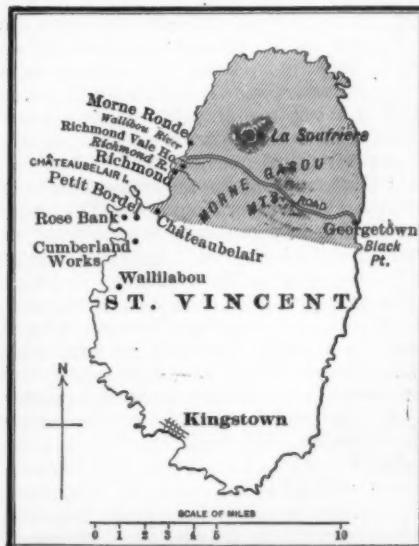
Almost the last word of the editor is this:

Our offices being closed to-morrow, our next number will not appear until Friday.

Alas! for St. Pierre there was no Friday!



MARTINIQUE.



ST. VINCENT.



THE CATASTROPHE IN ST. VINCENT

NARROW ESCAPES FROM THE SOUFRIÈRE—OBSERVATIONS AND NARRATIVES
OF TWO EYE-WITNESSES.

WITH INTRODUCTIONS AND NOTES BY S. C. REID.

THE following accounts of the recent volcanic upheavals in St. Vincent are written by prominent residents who were eyewitnesses of the phenomena described, and were placed in my hands by the writer or his representative, shortly before I left the island and in the *Dixie*, May 29. Both are men widely and favorably known on the island.

As a natural phenomenon, indeed, the Soufrière eruption was far greater than that of either Vesuvius or Mont Pelée. The former excelled it in picturesqueness, through the nature of the ruins it left behind; the latter was more deplorably destructive to human life. There is no Pompeii, no Herculaneum, no Stabiae, to be dug out from the volcanic deposits which the Soufrière has left behind. There was no populous city lying at its base to give the event a record as a holocaust.

But in itself the eruption was fiercer and more terrific. The territory which it devastated was far wider, comprising, indeed, a fourth part of the whole island: the merely natural results of the catastrophe were more awe-inspiring; the changes which it wrought were more astonishing.

As with many other of the great catastrophes of nature, its arrival was not unheralded. For a few weeks before the eruption, earthquake shocks had, from time to time, been felt on the island, less acutely, of course, in the capital city of Kingstown, situated in the extreme southwest, than on the northwestern portion of the leeward, or westward, side, which lies in the vicinity of the crater. It is a curious fact, too, that the windward, or eastern, side of the island was still less alarmed, and to this fact is attributed the larger loss of life in that region.

On May 5, fish-sellers on the west coast, both in Wallibou and in Châteaubelair, who had returned from a trip across the mountain to Georgetown, made statements that the waters in the lake of the old crater were unusually disturbed and discolored. But it was not until the afternoon of the 6th that the eruptions began in earnest. Steam was then seen to rise from the crater, a loud detonation was heard, and the earth shook violently. The police corporal in charge of Châteaubelair at once telephoned a report of the phenomenon to headquarters at Kingstown. Toward

nightfall these detonations grew more and more alarming. At 5 P.M. they were following each other with the rapidity, persistence, and tumultuous noise of broadside volleys. The older of two existing craters (the other being that of 1812) emitted columns of steam. It was now that Captain Calder, chief of police of the island, decided to go to the scene of action with eight constables. His report of what he saw and heard follows.

But first a word about the man himself.

Captain W. Jameson Calder was born in North Berwick, Scotland, and prides himself upon being "initially Scotch." He has been for twelve years in the colonial service, and was transferred to St. Vincent from Jamaica in April, 1902. Herculean in figure, standing six feet five inches in his shoes, he is a natural leader of men. He went to Châteaubelair in his eight-oared police boat. After landing, some of his men became panic-stricken, and pleaded with him to return to the boat, and two of them actually fled back to it. But Captain Calder induced them to return to duty by what he styled "a little Scotch persuasion." This, as I afterward found by questioning Dr. Hughes, the Leeward medical officer, who was a witness to the incident, consisted in pulling the two men bodily out of the boat and then knocking their heads together. But afterward, as I was told by another eye-witness, when the explosion was at its height, and death seemed likely at any moment, he turned to his corporal, a full-blooded Carib, and gave his men permission to take the boat and escape. "It is my duty," he said, "to remain with these people and lead them to safety, if possible." And he waved his hand toward the crazed islanders, many of whom were on their knees, praying and shrieking, and crying that the judgment day had arrived. The Carib corporal, however, was not to be outdone in bravery. Saluting, he replied: "Chief, we stay with you."

I have taken the liberty of adding a few explanatory notes to Captain Calder's narrative.

NARRATIVE OF CAPTAIN CALDER, CHIEF OF POLICE OF ST. VINCENT.

ON May 5, 1902, many rumors reached Kings-town that the Soufrière, near the middle of the northern end of this island, was showing unmistakable signs of eruption. On the following day these reports were more persistent, and it was further stated that the

people inhabiting the slopes of the mountain were flocking into Châteaubelair, the nearest village, about four miles from the volcano.

At 8:30 P.M. I left by boat for Châteaubelair, a distance of over twenty miles by sea, down the coast. As we approached the wharf, about midnight, the whole top of the mountain burst into flame, the long flashes of deep-red fire traveling from the top downward in a circular track, just like fire bursting from a heap of smithy coal when fanned by a strong draft from the bellows.

This was immediately followed by an explosion as if of much heavy ordnance, dying away in a long-drawn angry grumble. The top of the mountain emitted a dense volume of very dark, heavy smoke, rising in an angry manner straight up.

The village streets and the wharf were crowded with people in a great state of excitement, most of them having run from their homes on the mountain-sides a few hours before.

Between 2:30 A.M. (May 7) and 5 A.M. similar explosions occurred with only a little flame, and as daylight dawned the ordinarily quiet little country village had the appearance of a huge hive of bees, disturbed and angry. On all sides one heard of the short but ominous warning that had been given the poor settlers, and their hurried flight with only the clothes in which they stood.

In a bay near at hand were gathered as many as one hundred and fifty refugees, while Châteaubelair held at least twice that number, and with a continual stream of stragglers arriving, each with an account of a marvelously narrow escape, and the possibility that others, left behind, had perished.

About 10 A.M. there was a terrific explosion, shaking the land as though it were only a shrub, and on looking to the crater one saw an enormous quantity of dense, heavy smoke ascending. Its volume very quickly increased in force and density, and it became apparent that there was considerable force in the upward draft. Occasionally a little pale flame was visible, and as time went on the cloud of dust rose more rapidly and the flames appeared more frequently, until, about 11 A.M., the top of the mountain became invisible. After a slight lull of about half an hour the Soufrière, with an angry grumble, showed increased activity. Dark-red flames belched forth from the entire crater, and a volume of smoke, growing denser each second, ascended with ter-

rific force, accompanied by a continual grumbling and vibration so severe that the iron hand-rails on the wharf rattled loudly. The stupendous pillar of smoke and fire fascinated one by its awful grandeur.

About 1:30 P.M. the smoke had reached a height of at least two miles, getting lighter and lighter in color, until it assumed a very pale slate. As it was forced from the center it spread to each side in a most graceful manner, assuming a perfect imitation of thousands of groups of Prince of Wales feathers, with here and there faithful representations of the convolutions of the human brain.

As the top of this stupendous cloud bent over toward our little village, the weird fascination gave place to a feeling of impending doom. It was vividly apparent that in a very short space of time this dust-charged pall of sulphurous smoke must envelop the district for miles.

When the black people realized their danger most of them grew madly excited, and in a few minutes everything in the shape of a boat or canoe pushed off from the shore, weighted down to a dangerous degree with human freight, each one excitedly urging on the others. I could then have left with the police in our boat, but, with three or four hundred refugees on the shore, I quickly determined that our duty was to remain.

While I was speaking to the people in the street, the excitement and danger were increased by hot, half-melted stones falling from the enveloping cloud. I ordered every one in the streets to leave the town at once, and, to prevent injury by falling stones, I directed them to take old boards and shingles from the dilapidated houses and cover their heads. Stones up to half a pound in weight were now falling, while the sulphurous fumes and fine, light dust rendered breathing difficult. So, with at least three hundred refugees in front, we started out of the Châteaubelair valley, accompanied by the prayers of some, the excited yelling of others, and the feeling of despair of nearly all. Men, women, and children of all ages scurried up the steep hill as fast as possible, mothers urging on their young children hardly able to crawl, old men

imploring the assistance of the younger and stronger, each helping and encouraging the other, clearly showing the brotherhood a common danger engenders.

One poor woman, with a brood of at least eight, was kept behind by the inability of the youngest two to keep up the pace. Her agonized cry for help I can never forget, nor the thankful smile I got when I picked them up, one in each arm.

By this time the dense volume of sulphurous cloud, which had chased us like a death-pall, began to overtake us, and it was hard indeed to get the people to continue struggling on. As the darkness settled over us, a storm of lightning and thunder broke over our heads, and so near were the flashes that one thought that each surely must strike the people on the road, especially as the dry grass on the hillsides was ignited. It would indeed be difficult to be more uncertain of another minute's life than on that hillside that dark afternoon.¹

As we gained the summit of the next mountain, the poisonous, dusty cloud was held in check by a steady breeze coming in the opposite direction, but for which the death-roll by suffocation must have been appalling. I pushed on for nine miles until I got an opportunity of communicating with Kingstown, when I learned that sulphurous dust and ashes accompanied by semi-fused stone had fallen there. The stones measured, on the average, at least an inch in diameter.

When about four miles from Châteaubelair, thinking the danger from falling stones had passed, I removed the board I had tied over my head, and, as a result of my want of caution, I was struck down, and remained in a semiconscious state for over half an hour.²

It is impossible fitly to describe that awful trek through a continual blaze of lightning, driven, as we were, before that deadly and enveloping cloud of sulphurous dust and ashes. The awful grumbling and rumbling of the volcano continued throughout the night, and as the morning dawned, the deep green of the young arrowroot and cane plants had given place to a smooth leaden color of dust, several inches deep, not a single green leaf of any description being visible.

¹ In conversation Captain Calder admitted that when death seemed well-nigh inevitable for the whole party the thought of eternity came to him. He started to say a prayer, the effort recalling to mind the fact that he had not prayed for many years. He hesitated for a moment. The impulse, he felt, came only from fear. It would be cowardly and hypocritical, he thought, to

yield to it. He argued with himself and with the Almighty about as follows: "Lord, you will have to take me as I am. I have never been a cheap man, and — if I'll be one now!"

² I learned from an eye-witness that it was in taking up the two children, one under each arm, that Captain Calder necessarily had to cast aside the piece of board.

Having arranged that the boat conveying food-supplies from Kingstown should pick me up at this point (ten miles from Châteaubelair), I returned there to find the whole place covered with dust and ashes to a depth of several inches, and the volcano on the hill above us still active and surrounded by clouds of dense smoke, stretching for miles out to sea. Between 9 and 10 A.M. (May 8) this dense cloud descended on the district, and it became so dark that it was difficult to recognize any one a few yards away, while the heat was almost unbearable, although I was simply clad in light pajamas; the air had an intense sulphurous smell, and the pressure was so great on the ears that even the sound of one's footfall on the floor caused intense pain. This darkness was dispelled by half an hour's lightning and thunder, followed by a fall of rain.

The use of the telephone had to be entirely suspended.¹ A heavy limb of a mango-tree growing four yards from the police station was struck down.

About 2:15 P.M. the Soufrière was fairly visible, and clouds of smoke accompanied by fire were seen belching from the crater, while the molten lava was coursing down each deep ravine, clouds of white vapor marking its path over the damp earth. Numbers of people came in with wounds in their heads, more or less severe, inflicted by falling stones. These and the other persons from among the six hundred odd refugees then in Châteaubelair were attended to by Dr. Hughes, who had accompanied me from the start from Kingstown on the 6th. Nearly all the windows in the police station had been shattered, while the heavier stones had crashed through many a roof. The estates of Richmond and Wallibou and the surrounding settlements were covered with lava to the depth of several feet.

The whole appearance of that side of the hill and coast-line is completely changed, and it is said by those who had previous knowledge of the locality that there is a huge new fissure on the side of the Soufrière. No live animals were to be seen; numbers of dead goats and pigs were strewn on the beach and in the water.

The nice sandy beach below Wallibou estate has disappeared, and is replaced by a bluff evidently composed of lava and ashes.

4:15 P.M. The rumbling noise is becoming louder and more persistent, and the mist is again becoming denser.

5 P.M. A great deal of thunder and lightning; heavy black clouds descending from the mountain and traveling seaward.

6 P.M. Rain falling; all view to seaward and up the coast obscured by heavy, smoky, thunder-looking clouds.

7 P.M. Thunder-storm, with showers of rain at intervals; a great amount of lightning near at hand, continuing during the whole night.

4 A.M. (May 9). A very loud explosion, as if directly underneath the station, followed by heavy rumbling. Plenty of lightning near at hand, continuing, with light showers of rain, till 6 A.M.

7:15 A.M. Through a rift in clouds large quantities of boiling mud or lava seen rushing over Richmond estate to the beach. A very heavy black discharge rising from the crater to an enormous height.

8 A.M. Very heavy rumbling at intervals, accompanied by lightning. Getting dark again and breathing becoming difficult. Heat intense.

9 A.M. As clouds lift from Richmond Point it is evident that enormous quantities of mud and lava have been disgorged this morning, as a new promontory of slate-colored matter has been formed beyond Richmond Point.

10 A.M. Thunder and rumblings continuously since 9 A.M.

10:35 A.M. A very, very dense volume of steamy smoke is now rising from the direction of Richmond Point, without doubt indicating another heavy overflow from the crater.

12:30 P.M. Another similar appearance in the same direction. Crater very active. Heat again very intense. Oppressive feeling in the atmosphere. List of refugees being fed now over six hundred.

12:50 P.M. Stream of lava and mud increasing.

1:15 P.M. Heavy clouds of dust and sand falling. Heat continues almost unbearable.

2:05 P.M. Started in boat to inspect coast, but forced back by heavy indraft from the Soufrière and sea of dense sulphurous misty smoke. Rumbling more pronounced.

2:10 P.M. Air heavily charged with sulphurous mist. Have shut up all windows in the building.

2:20 P.M. Heavy rain began clearing the air. Rain at short intervals. Crater evidently quieter. Slight rumblings continue during afternoon.

¹ An admirable telephone system had recently been installed in St. Vincent, and it worked efficiently in the earlier hours of the catastrophe, undoubtedly saving a large number of lives.

6:30 P.M. Soufrière again showing signs of activity. Rumblings increased.

8 P.M. Rumblings fainter; mountain quieter.

5:30 A.M. (May 10). Top of the mountain visible for first time.

Small volumes of smoke of steamy appearance continued to rise during the day, but the worst is evidently past.

May 11. Distant rumblings and small volumes of smoke emitted during the day.

Over seven hundred refugees being fed twice a day.

3 P.M. Left by boat for Kingstown.¹

ANOTHER RECORD OF THE DISASTER.

OUR second account is transcribed from the original notes of T. McGregor McDonald, Esq., owner of the famous Richmond Vale estate, which was one of the finest and most profitable plantations in St. Vincent, and lay just outside of the village of Châteaubelair, and therefore within what is known as the death zone, the region of greatest destruction.

Indeed, the Richmond Vale House was situated on the coast, within less than two and a half miles of the crater of Soufrière. To-day only a few fragments of wall remain to mark the spot where once it stood. The hill slopes on which it was situated are covered with volcanic matter to a depth varying from thirty to fifty feet. The shore-line of the estate has greatly changed. Beds of streams are filled only with volcanic mud. There are no signs of vegetation: that which was not entirely overwhelmed and covered out of sight was obliterated by the fearful blasts of heat.

During the progress of the mountain disturbance Mr. McDonald jotted down his observations, and these he transmitted to Mr. H. Powell, curator of the Botanic Gardens at Kingstown, through whose courtesy they were obtained by the present writer. Like the careful observations at the close of Captain Calder's narrative, they will be welcomed by scientific students of these disturbances, while for the general reader the very staccato quality of the memoranda reflects the excitement of the perilous time,

¹ The eight-oared boat in which the captain and his men had reached Châteaubelair, and which he had left moored to the pier, was found to have sunk by reason of the ashes and volcanic matter that had fallen into it. Through the modesty of the above narrative are evident the singular energy, courage, and en-

which it is so hard for one at a distance to realize.

Mr. McDonald was summoned to his estate by telephone on the evening of May 6. He begins his record with some notes thoughtfully jotted down by Mr. Matthes, a German visitor in Châteaubelair, which begin with the first serious outbreak, before Mr. McDonald reached the scene.

PRELIMINARY NOTES BY MR. MATTHES, A GERMAN GENTLEMAN VISITING CHÂTEAUBELAIR.

TUESDAY, May 6, 1902, 2:40 P.M. First appearance of a white stream, in consequence of a noise like a gunshot.

4 P.M. The first people arrived at Châteaubelair who had fled from Richmond.

At 4:30 P.M. people arrived from Morne Ronde.

4:35 P.M. I saw the reflection of fire on the steam-cloud quite distinctly.

5:15 P.M. Very thick smoke arising from the foot of Soufrière on the right side, seen from Châteaubelair—new crater?

5:20 P.M. Reflection of fire in the old crater, and, now for the first time to be seen, issue of smoke, probably from the new crater on top of the mountain.

5:40 P.M. The smoke and steam-clouds disappear and leave the summit of the mountain clear and clean.

6:05 P.M. New eruption, with very thick smoke.

NARRATIVE OF T. MCGREGOR McDONALD, ESQ., OWNER OF RICHMOND VALE ESTATE.

LANDED at beach of Richmond Vale estate about half-past six on May 6, 1902. I was skeptical as to any eruption having taken place, as during our approach by sea from Wallilabou nothing unusual in appearance had been noticed, and the summit of the Soufrière was enveloped in its usual white cloud. Within a minute or two of landing, however, L. exclaimed, "Soufrière bursting now," and on looking toward the mountain, I saw enormous vertical columns of white vapor being ejected, virtually noiseless, and was now quite convinced that an eruption had been and was now taking

durance of this man, upon whom devolved so much of the work of relief. For as much as seventy hours at a stretch, with only insufficient food hastily swallowed at long intervals, he remained on duty, managing his constables in person and setting the example of devotion and loyalty to duty.

place. Sugar-boiling was going on at Richmond Vale estate. Found people coming in from the direction of the mountain in an agitated condition. Went up to Richmond Vale House, from which place the summit of the Soufrière can be well seen. Invited Mr. Matthes to come and stay the night with me and observe.

At about 7:30 P.M. a greater discharge of vapor took place, with flame, along the whole line of top of crater, forming a thin red sparkling line between the base of column of vapor and rim of crater. This was accompanied by a loud noise. At intervals of about two hours during the night similar discharges took place. The next considerable one reported to be also accompanied by flame, but not observed by me; one of unusual force occurring about midnight. Slept from midnight till about 6 A.M., May 7. Shortly after 6 A.M. a discharge took place with the usual tall column of white vapor, but beneath this was a much shorter column of almost dense black stuff which seemed heavier, as it quickly subsided back into the crater. This was the first appearance noted of probable solid matter being erupted, the white vapor being no doubt steam only. About 7:45 A.M. an enormously high column of vapor was ejected, and it may be here mentioned that these tall columns rose in a very short space of time, say about one minute, to heights of fully 30,000 feet—by comparison seven or eight times the height of the mountain, the altitude of which is 4000 feet.

Outbursts now took place at short intervals, and at about 10:30 A.M. the eruption became continuous, enormous volumes of vapor reaching enormous heights. Have now returned to the house, after having been out on horseback since from about 8 A.M. Notes from 11 A.M. are written from veranda of Richmond Vale House.

11:10 A.M. Thunder and lightning. Showers of heavy black material could now be seen thrown outward and falling downward from the column of whitish vapor, and were associated with great noise and more violent outbursts. Throughout, the old crater seemed the center of activity, but it seemed at times as if some of the discharges proceeded from what is known as the new crater, a little northeastward from Château-lair. The area of the escape of vapor seemed now to be extended in a direction corresponding with Morne Ronde (westward).

11:15 A.M. Lightning and thunder now

recurring and associated each time with a more violent outburst from the crater.

11:35 A.M. Discharge still violent and old crater still the center of activity. Observable from Richmond Vale House were seen enormous volumes ascending in curling, whirling waves, those beneath forcing those above higher and still higher. The color of the vapor now assuming a darker shade, white changing to light gray, the lower being still darker. Low rumbling noises audible.

11:40 A.M. The contour of the whole mountain apparently remained still unaltered, and vegetation showed green or dark, with one enormous pillar of vapor overhead. Slopes of old crater distinct to edge, belching out over entire area. Flash and peal continue.

12:25 P.M. Small vents seen forming on slope near old road, and facing Richmond Vale. Jets of vapor being emitted seemingly from them, then a more violent outburst, which appears to be extending the crater toward the left. Dark, blacker upheavals as if the size of the crater toward Morne Ronde broke away and crater enlarged in that direction—great rumblings.

12:35 P.M. Seems as if slope to left of old road up Soufrière has formed into fissures, as large escape of vapor seems now rising from small vents, leaving road and ridge side of road to the left intact.

12:40 P.M. Fissure and rent seem unmistakable. Discharge from crater now much extended to windward, as if crater was enlarging in this direction. A large escape of steam and vapor from fissure or rent above mentioned.

12:50 P.M. Enormous outburst through vent in front of mountain, the front of mountain, with exception of old road, all involved.

12:55 P.M. Enormous discharge to windward side, color darker.

1 P.M. Tremendous roaring, stones thrown out to windward thousands of feet. Began shutting up house a short time before this.

1:15 P.M. As I left Richmond Vale House activity seemed shifting to windward and Wallibou River valley, the eruption continuing with unabated violence.

1:25 P.M. Seeming still further extension of activity toward Wallibou River and Morne Garou, to right of old road.

1:30 P.M. Violent action to right, with heavy falls of streams of fine matter and black stones.

1:32 P.M. Violent to left (Morne Ronde), showers of black stuff.

1:33 P.M. Extension to left, volumes of vapor over whole area.

1:50 P.M. Black outburst to right, showers of small and large stones shot out toward windward, then falling downward, trail of fine black matter following stones. The stones issuing from an enormous cloud of vapor thousands of feet above the mountains. Some large stones were also seen falling from thousands of feet upon face of column fronting, and also falling to left, but not to windward side.

1:55 P.M. Rumbling—large black outburst with shower of stones, all to the windward. Enormous activity over whole of area. Black outburst and stones toward Wallibou River and Morne Garou, followed by enormous white volume.

Terrific, reddish, and enormous purplish curtain advancing up to lower Richmond estate. Have gone from home to get to boat. Hurried to boat and pushed off a few minutes after 2 P.M. Now saw vapors as we pulled hard across Châteaubelair Bay. The sea was level past Richmond Point. Sea peppered all around with falling stones; about one cubic inch fell into boat, in which there were eleven people. Enormous high, dense, reddish-purplish curtain advancing over sea—now racing boat before us. Same curtain over land advancing over both. Got through pass, never seemed to get out of range of stone; splashing showed stones to vary from the size of one's fist downward. Not to be able to increase distance from advancing curtain (Islet¹ curtain land gaining), felt that one's end was near; only question as to exactly what it would be. Some one cried, "We are done for, sir," from shore; acquiesced. Eventually beached boat half-way between Petit Bordel and Rose Bank. Told every one when near beach not to bother to take anything, not to pull up boat, nor to capsize by rushing out. All out and went along beach and up to the public road. Found streams of people. Mouth and throat very dry. We could walk only slowly and were quite satisfied we could go no farther.

At Rose Bank found strayed horse, which fortunately was very quiet. Every one had passed it, so I took it, and after some delay,

being thus left behind, mounted and went slowly along with the stream of people. Lightning and thunder incessant and terrific. Noises inland of us were appalling—thought break-up of the earth, both submarine and land. We were advancing steadily south. More light toward sea, but closed inland, and clouds and darkness seemed then coming toward sea. Overtook some of my party at Troumaca Hill, advised all to keep going, though it might be slow, and I would not leave them, although mounted; in any case, could not travel much faster, as horse was a very slow one. The bulk of the party overtaken refused to face descent into Troumaca Ravine, fearing "darkness" seen advancing down ravine. Two ran on; the remainder stayed at one of the last houses. I went slowly down and rode into the ravine; the above-mentioned two, and one other man with his little daughter, far outdistancing me, as they took a short cut down the hillside. Therefore met no one but an old woman, progressing by hands and extremity, as both feet were crushed; also saw an adult cripple crawling, a few feet in advance of whom was an old woman that I took to be her mother, as she said she had no one to help her, and did not wish to leave the helpless one. I advised her, if she could not go on, to get farther back and stay there, as small stones were coming down all the time in continuous rain.

Troumaca stream thick from ashes, but dismounted to wet my mouth with a handful of water. Until I arrived at first house of Coals Hill village met no one or was overtaken by no one. All the people in house looking in the direction of eruption. Continued until near Cumberland Works, where I met the men of my party who had started descent into Troumaca Ravine ahead of me. They no doubt felt comparatively safe there, and were awaiting arrival of others. At Cumberland Works borrowed saddle from Mr. York, the Cumberland manager, and journeyed hence to Wallilabou in bodily comfort. Arrived there about 6 P.M., finding everything covered with dust to an extent of nearly eighteen inches. Small stones had also reached there. Horses were despatched to assist Chief of Police Calder and Dr. Hughes, the Leeward medical offi-

¹ This probably refers to a cloud seen advancing from the direction of Châteaubelair Isle. In a personal letter of Mr. McDonald to Mr. H. Powell, which the latter gave me with these notes, is this passage:

"While we were pulling, trying to outdistance the cloud advancing over toward us, I thought a submarine eruption was taking place and advancing in our direc-

tion (southward), and that if it overtook us, as we fully expected it would, we should be either engulfed or tossed up. It seems to me a question of how much area the volcanic forces would require of St. Vincent to give themselves a proper vent, and that in the meantime all that we could do by land and sea would be to try and keep ahead of them."

cer, as a telephone message calling for help had been received from Cumberland. They and all others had made a general escape from Châteaubelair at the same time that I had, and all arrived exhausted. The above-mentioned two with constables, also Mr. Gentle, Mr. Matthes, Mr. and Mrs. Allen, arrived a short time before I had. Falling stones and earthquake shocks through entire night, therefore unsafe.

Returned next morning by boat from Châteaubelair.

May 8. Mountain still discharging slaty-colored vapors from old crater, and as the wind was blowing from the north, showers of dust descended and darkness set in, producing general alarm. Took up quarters at police station, Châteaubelair. Returned later to Richmond Vale estate.

2:20 P.M. Discharge of slaty vapors continued. New crater, or some point to the right, seemingly more active and volume denser and blacker.

May 9, 6:50 A.M. Continuous rumbling noise for about half-hour, then increased discharge from the crater. Steam and darker vapor appeared in large quantities. From the condition of the surface of the sea seen over Richmond Point from Châteaubelair police station, concluded it to be a discharge of lava. Slaty vapors discharged from crater continue. Went in police boat, in company with Captain Calder and Dr. Hughes, along coast to Wallibou to make observation. Could not safely proceed farther than opposite Richmond Vale estate, and could not see farther than the spur at which the flat lands of Fraser's terminated. The impression received that there were about three lava streams from the same number of ravines in side of mountain—one looking south at the back of the above-mentioned spur, which then turned about at right angles and flowed close to and parallel with the spur to the sea: the next one at the north side of spur, on crest of which ran the old Soufrière road; this reached the contiguous flats, Wallibou and Fraser's. The third stream issued up the slope of mountain to south of old road, and reached the sea seemingly over fields through center of Wallibou estate and also by valley of the Wallibou River to the north. Morne Ronde could not be described, but the general level of all the flat lands as far as Fraser's was raised forty or fifty feet more or less, and terminated in abrupt, almost vertical bluffs at the sea, the fronts of which bluffs frequently broke away and fell into the sea. The whole

of Richmond village was buried deep with volcanic matter and ashes, thirty feet more or less [the volcanic matter], highest nearest to flow of Wallibou River. Occasionally discharges of vapor, etc., would take place in the farthest and first new-formed ravine, and each was accompanied by flash and peal of lightning and thunder. Slaty vapors were discharged from crater continuously for a whole day.

May 10, A.M. Some time after daylight crater was almost free from discharge, or later very slight.

9:23 A.M. Soft gray outburst, discharge continued thereafter continuously, but force evidently lessened, as altitude was less and ascent sluggish; winds from the prevailing direction swept vapors down to the sea, so view, as before, was obscured beyond Wallilabou.

May 11. Discharge continuous and still slaty-colored. At about 11 A.M. left Châteaubelair in police boat with Chief of Police Calder and Dr. Hughes and another, on another visit along the coast; was able to proceed farther on this occasion, opposite Wallibou. Sea had encroached considerably along shore, beginning at the mouth of Wallibou River and reaching to a point somewhere beyond Wallibou Works. The hilltop, crest of ridges, and highlands generally had a comparatively thin coating of ashes, but the flats near the coast and the main ravines contained considerable depths of volcanic matter. The Wallibou River, for instance, which formerly was of considerable depth, is now almost filled to the level of highlands of Wallibou and Richmond on each side. The vapors still prevented a complete view of the mountains and coast farther than Fraser's, so that it could not yet be exactly ascertained what changes had been brought about by the eruption. A slaty vapor was discharged for whole day and observed to about midnight.

May 12. Virtually same condition, with sluggish movement of the vapor.

May 13. No slaty vapor, only white clouds, summit comparatively clear.

7:30 A.M. Slight earthquake shock, discharges began again, sluggish and slaty, and lasted two or three hours.

Heavy showers of rain at 11:30 A.M.

4 P.M. No discharge or dark cloud.

5 P.M. Discharge, light gray, sluggish.

5:45 P.M. Slow rumbling noise, clouds in form of tall, ragged vertical column, dark slaty at base, shading to pure white at top, about 10,000 feet high, no other cloud or vapor adjoining, sluggish in ascending.

6:30 P.M. Discharge from a point to the right of old crater about site of Rest House. Vegetation green as before; brown appearance marks limit of hot ashes.

8:30 P.M. Column still persisting, but less lofty; white at top, gray at base; no other clouds but this vertical one over crater. Wind more northerly, so dust brought to Richmond Vale direction and atmosphere dimmed.

May 14, 12:30 A.M. Few small fragments falling on galvanized roof of veranda. Discharge of cloud over crater still present, but less lofty. Fragments falling, due no doubt to wind above mentioned from direction of crater.

4 A.M. Atmosphere very murky, and everything covered with very fine dust. Even inside house gloomy.

6 A.M. Summit free from discharge and clear.

5:30 P.M. Summit very clear all day, but distinct small discharge of white steam from

old crater. This was probably being discharged throughout whole day, but happened to notice it more particularly at above time, as was on ridge above Châteaubelair, and view was very good and still quite clear.

6:30 P.M. Fairly bulky pure white clouds to extreme right. Does this simply mean steam from a new crater or vent in that direction (windward), or ordinary clouds brought up by prevailing winds?

8:30 P.M. No discharge discernible from old crater, but white cloud (smaller) still at extreme right, neighborhood of Rest House.

9:30 P.M. Summit quite free from clouds.

NOTE BY H. POWELL, CURATOR OF BOTANIC GARDENS, KINGSTOWN, ST. VINCENT.

ON Wednesday, May 7, the day of the greatest eruption, the maximum temperature was $83\frac{1}{2}$ °, minimum 79°. Barometric reading at Botanic Gardens, 29.20° 9 A.M., with virtually no variation.

THE ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS.

THE YOUNGER PLINY'S ACCOUNT: THE ONLY SOURCE OF KNOWLEDGE OF THE EVENT.

IN comparison with the remarkable letter of Vicar-General Parel, detailing the circumstances of the eruption of Mont Pelée, which we print in this number, it will be interesting to our readers to consider the description of the great catastrophe of Vesuvius in August, A.D. 79, as narrated in the two letters of the younger Pliny to the historian Tacitus, which are the only source of knowledge concerning that disaster. The following translation of these letters, made by Professor J. G. Croswell, is taken from Professor N. S. Shaler's volume, "Aspects of the Earth," by permission of the publishers, Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons.

The reader is reminded that it is the elder Pliny, the naturalist, whose death is described in the first letter, that the port of Misenum is the modern Baiae, and that the writer of these letters was at that time but eighteen years of age. The parts omitted are of a complimentary nature. The eruption began about midday. The height of the higher summit of Vesuvius is now 4200 feet, that of Mont Pelée before the recent eruption being 4428 feet and that of La Soufrière, St. Vincent, about 4000 feet.—EDITOR.

GAIUS PLINIUS sends to his friend Tacitus greeting.

You ask me to write you an account of my uncle's death, that posterity may possess an accurate version of the event in your history. . . .

He was at Misenum, and was in command of the fleet there. It was at one o'clock in the afternoon of the 24th of August that my mother called his attention to a cloud of unusual appearance and size. He had been enjoying the sun, and, after a bath, had just taken his lunch, and was lying down to read; but he immediately called for his sandals and went out to an eminence from which this phenomenon could be observed. A cloud was ris-

ing from one of the hills (it was not then clear which one, as the observers were looking from a distance, but it proved to be Vesuvius), which took the likeness of a stone-pine very nearly. It imitated the lofty trunk and the spreading branches, for, as I suppose, the smoke had been swept rapidly upward by a recent breeze, and was then left hanging unsupported, or else it spread out laterally by its own weight, and grew thinner. It changed color, sometimes looking white, and sometimes, when it carried up earth or ashes, dirty and streaked. The thing seemed to the philosopher of importance, and worthy of nearer investigation. He ordered a light boat to be

got ready, and asked me to accompany him if I wished; but I answered that I would rather work over my books. In fact, he had himself given me something to write.

He was going out himself, however, when he received a note from Rectina, wife of Cæsarius Bassus, living in a villa on the other side of the bay, who was in deadly terror about the approaching danger, and begged him to rescue her, as she had no means of flight but by ships. This converted his plan of observation into a more serious purpose. He got his men-of-war under way, and embarked to help Rectina, as well as other endangered persons, who were many, for the shore was a favorite resort on account of its beauty. He steered directly for the dangerous spot whence others were flying, watching it so fearlessly as to be able to dictate a description and take notes of all the movements and appearances of this catastrophe as he observed them.

Ashes began to fall on his ships, thicker and hotter as they approached land. Cinders and pumice, and also black fragments of rock cracked by heat, fell around them. The sea suddenly shoaled, and the shores were obstructed by masses from the mountain. He hesitated awhile and thought of going back again; but finally gave the word to the reluctant helmsman to go on, saying: "Fortune favors the brave. Let us find Pomponianus." Pomponianus was at Stabiae, separated by the intervening bay (the sea comes in here gradually in a long inlet with curving shores), and although the peril was not near, yet as it was in full view, and as the eruption increased seemed to be approaching, he had packed up his things and gone aboard his ships ready for flight, which was prevented, however, by a contrary wind.

My uncle, for whom the wind was most favorable, arrived, and did his best to remove their terrors. He embraced the frightened Pomponianus and encouraged him. To keep up their spirits by a show of unconcern, he had a bath; and afterward dined, with real or, what was perhaps as heroic, with assumed cheerfulness. But, meanwhile, there began to break out from Vesuvius, in many spots, high and wide-shooting flames, whose brilliancy was heightened by the darkness of approaching night. My uncle reassured them by asserting that these were burning farm-houses which had caught fire after being deserted by the peasants. Then he turned in to sleep, and slept, indeed, the most genuine slumbers; for his breathing, which was always heavy and noisy, from the full habit of his body, was heard by all who passed his chamber. But before long the floor of the court on which his chamber opened became so covered with ashes and pumice that if he had lingered in the room he could not have got out at all. So the servants woke him, and he came out and joined Pomponianus and others who were watching. They consulted together as to what they should do next. Should they stay in the house or go out of doors? The house was tottering with frequent and heavy shocks of earthquake, and seemed to go to and fro as if moved from its foundations. But in the open air there were dan-

gers of falling pumice-stones, though, to be sure, they were light and porous. On the whole, to go out seemed the least of two evils. With my uncle it was a comparison of arguments that decided; with the others it was a choice of terrors. So they tied pillows on their heads, by way of defense against falling bodies, and sallied out.

It was dawn elsewhere; but with them it was a blacker and denser night than they had ever seen, although torches and various lights made it less dreadful. They decided to take to the shore and see if the sea would allow them to embark; but it appeared as wild and appalling as ever. My uncle lay down on a rug. He asked twice for water, and drank it. Then, as a flame with a forerunning sulphurous vapor drove off the others, the servants roused him up. Leaning on two slaves, he rose to his feet, but immediately fell back, as I understand, choked by the thick vapors, and this the more easily that his chest was naturally weak, narrow, and generally inflamed. When day came (I mean the third after the last he ever saw) they found his body perfect and uninjured, and covered just as he had been overtaken. He seemed by his attitude to be rather asleep than dead.

In the meantime, my mother and I at Misenum—but this has nothing to do with my story. You ask for nothing but the account of his death. . . . (Pliny's Letters, Book VI, 16.)

GAIUS PLINIUS sends to his friend Tacitus greeting.

You say that you are induced by the letter I wrote to you, when you asked about my uncle's death, to desire to know how I, who was left at Misenum, bore the terrors and disasters of that night, for I had just entered on that subject and broke it off. "Although my soul shudders at the memory, I will begin."

My uncle started off, and I devoted myself to my literary task, for which I had remained behind. Then followed my bath, dinner, and sleep, though this was short and disturbed. There had been already for many days a tremor of the earth, less appalling, however, in that this is usual in Campania. But that night it was so strong that things seemed not merely to be shaken, but positively upset. My mother rushed into my bedroom. I was just getting up to wake her if she were asleep. We sat down in the little yard which was between our house and the sea. I do not know whether to call it courage or foolhardiness (I was only seventeen), but I sent for a volume of Livy, and, quite at my ease, read it, and even made extracts, as I had already begun to do. And now a friend of my uncle's, recently arrived from Spain, appeared, who, finding us sitting there and me reading, scolded us, my mother for her patience, and me for my carelessness of danger. None the less industriously I read my book.

It was now seven o'clock, but the light was still faint and doubtful. The surrounding buildings had been badly shaken, and though we were in an open spot, the space was so small that the danger of a catastrophe from falling walls was great and certain. Not till then did we make up our minds to go from the town. A frightened

crowd went away with us, and as, in all panics, everybody thinks his neighbors' ideas more prudent than his own, so we were pushed and squeezed in our departure by a great mob of imitators.

When we were free of the buildings we stopped. There we saw many wonders and endured many terrors. The vehicles we had ordered to be brought out kept running backward and forward, though on level ground; and even when scotched with stones they would not keep still. Besides this, we saw the sea sucked down and, as it were, driven back by the earthquake. There can be no doubt that the shore had advanced on the sea, and many marine animals were left high and dry. On the other side was a dark and dreadful cloud, which was broken by zigzag and rapidly vibrating flashes of fire, and yawning showed long shapes of flame. These were like lightnings, only of greater extent. Then our friend from Spain attacked us more vigorously and earnestly. "If your brother, your uncle," said he, "is alive, he wishes you to be safe; if not, he certainly would wish you to survive him. Why, then, do you delay your flight?" We said we could not bring ourselves to think of our own safety while doubtful of his. So, without more delay, the Spaniard rushed off, taking himself out of harm's way as fast as his legs would carry him.

Pretty soon the cloud began to descend over the earth and cover the sea. It enfolded Capreae, and hid also the promontory of Misenum. Then my mother began to beg and beseech me to fly as I could. I was young, she said, and she was old, and too heavy to run, and would not mind dying if she was not the cause of my death. I said, however, I would not be saved without her. I clasped her hand and forced her to go, step by step, with me. She slowly obeyed, reproaching herself bitterly for delaying me.

Ashes now fell, yet still in small amount. I looked back. A thick mist was close at our heels, which followed us, spreading out over the country like an inundation. "Let us turn out of the road," said I, "while we can see, and not get trodden down in the darkness by the crowds who are following, if we fall in their path." Hardly had we sat down when night was over us—not such a

night as when there is no moon and clouds cover the sky, but such darkness as one finds in close-shut rooms. One heard the screams of women, the fretting cries of babes, the shouts of men. Some called their parents, and some their children, and some their spouses, seeking to recognize them by their voices. Some lamented their own fate, others the fate of their friends. Some were praying for death, simply for fear of death. Many a man raised his hands in prayer to the gods; but more imagined that the last eternal night of creation had come and there were now no gods more. There were some who increased our real dangers by fictitious terrors. Some said that part of Misenum had sunk, and that another part was on fire. They lied; but they found believers.

Little by little it grew light again. We did not think it the light of day, but a proof that the fire was coming nearer. It was indeed fire, but it stopped afar off; and then there was darkness again, and again a rain of ashes, abundant and heavy, and again we rose and shook them off, else we had been covered and even crushed by the weight. I might boast of the fact that not a groan or a cowardly word fell from me in all the dreadful peril, if I had not believed that the world and I were coming to an end together. This belief was a wretched and yet a mighty comfort in this mortal struggle. At last the murky vapor rolled away in disappearing smoke or fog. Soon the real daylight appeared; the sun shone out, of a lurid hue, to be sure, as in an eclipse. The whole world which met our frightened eyes was transformed. It was covered with ashes white as snow.

We went back to Misenum and refreshed our weary bodies, and passed a night between hope and fear; but fear had the upper hand. The trembling of the earth continued, and many, crazed by their anxiety, made ludicrously exaggerated predictions of disaster to themselves and others. Yet even then, though we had been through such peril and were still surrounded by it, we had no thought of going away till we had news of my uncle. . . .

(Pliny's Letters, Book VI, 20.)



LEAVE-TAKING.¹

BY WILLIAM WATSON.

PASS, thou wild light,
Wild light on peaks that so
Grieve to let go
The day.
Lovely thy tarrying, lovely too is night:
Pass thou away.

Pass, thou wild heart,
Wild heart of youth that still
Hast half a will
To stay.
I grow too old a comrade, let us part:
Pass thou away.

¹ Copyright by John Lane, 1902.

TOPICS OF THE TIME

American Ideals and Current Occurrences.

WE had an artist friend of genius who in his early days of experiment and ambition, when his talent had few acknowledgers and proclaimers, did not disdain to insist, quietly but firmly, upon his own merits as a painter. If you encountered him on the street he was apt to pull a small—and truly exquisite—canvas from under his arm, and to call your attention to this or that of its excellences, comparing them, without wincing, to those of the greatest masters, living or dead. Years after, he reminded one of his admirers that nowadays he said less about the good points in his marvelous little pictures, as by this time there were plenty to praise them. So when a country's good points are generally acknowledged, and when it has, moreover, the unquestioned strength to assert its will, it is apt to concern itself less with self-laudation. With growing strength there is naturally a tendency toward a growth in the sense of responsibility. But, whatever the cause, the gross glorification of all things American, simply because they are American, is a device of the American demagogue which becomes increasingly ineffective and distasteful.

Yet there are national characteristics which we like to think are distinctively American and which it helps to make characteristically American by insisting upon and glorying in. Among these traits are energy and generosity. And these traits were magnificently illustrated in connection with the recent disasters in the West Indies in the action both of our business men, as typically represented by the New York Chamber of Commerce, and of the government, as represented by its executive as well as its technically "representative" branch. No American dependencies were involved in these catastrophes, and yet the private and public wealth of the country was poured out with a rapidity and profuseness that amazed the world, and relief was placed in the field with a speed and precision that excited universal admiration.

The love of freedom is another typical trait of the American. This passion has been somewhat confused in its expression of late years on account of events of a perplexing and hideously painful character. Our English friends have been grieved to see American public opinion, which was at the time of the Spanish War, and after, so strongly favorable, apparently turning against them, or at least greatly divided, in the matter of the Boer War.

So far as this unfavorable opinion was based upon irreconcilable hatred of England, it belonged

largely to that part of our population which has not been able to escape the influences of inherited prejudice. But even those Americans who find in Great Britain so many of our own ideals fixed in the principles and laws of the people, who feel that the British have of late been wise and generous administrators of colonies and dependencies, as witness Canada, Egypt, and the great Pacific islands,—even, we say, those Americans most friendly to England, who would indeed prefer to see her power extended in preference to that of any other nation, even they could not look without a natural sympathy upon the plucky under dog in a fight like that in South Africa. And to all Americans the satisfaction has been great that the war has ended not without acts and words of generosity on the part of the victors.

The American love of freedom has been somewhat confused in its expression, owing, also, to the unexpected and most lamentable condition of affairs following our occupancy of the Philippines. Concerning this we will only say, at the moment, that American ideals have had recently very marked expression in two notable deliverances: one, the noble and impassioned speech of the venerable Senator Hoar, in the Senate of the United States, which was listened to without interruption and with the most profound attention not only by sympathizers with its sentiments, but by those who strongly differed. The other notable deliverance was that by President Roosevelt at Arlington, where he did not hesitate to hold out the idea not merely of increasing self-government but of possible national independence—when the people should be fitted for it. Surely, as President Schurman has said, "the ideas and sentiments awakened by the very name of Theodore Roosevelt are an augury of good hope and promise to the Filipinos."

If America has, by accident, been placed in a false position with regard to the desire for nationality among the Filipinos, the good will of our people as shown in the beneficent and educational administration of Governor Taft and his associates, along with such assurances as those volunteered by our Chief Executive, may make the final decision of the inhabitants favorable to some closer union than would be implied in the friendliest independence. But the more successful our efforts to educate and inform, the quicker will approach the time when the Filipinos will themselves be given a voice by liberty-loving Americans in the decision as to their permanent status.

The Presidents and leaders of our nation are not likely to forget that no statesman, in our

day, can be admitted to the ranks of the altogether great, and hold the lasting affection of mankind, if he fails, in any emergency, to identify himself with those ideals of human freedom and fair dealing among men which have inspired our Immortals from the time of Washington to that of Abraham Lincoln.

The recent admission of Cuba to independence was an act thoroughly in accordance with the American principle of freedom, and on this subject there was no uncertainty of expression in America. Any defect, on the part of our law-makers, in any subsequent attitude toward this nationality of our own creation can only be temporary. In this last instance our President voiced, in his special message, the conscience and the sense of justice of our people.

Fair play among men we have mentioned as an American ideal. How far this ideal is preserved in the relations of capital and labor is a matter of dispute, the particular disputant being apt to find discrepancies on one side or the other according to his interests or sympathies. Yet there are many who are in a position to look on in the great debate—even when it takes the form of violent business disturbances—with a free mind and a cool judgment. These are likely to wonder whether the trade-unions are proper guardians of that American principle, freedom to work. They may wish well to the trade-union and to the working-man, and deeply sympathize with the latter in his desire to better his condition; but they wonder whether the enthusiasm of the managers of trade-unions may not carry things to such a pitch as to endanger America's industrial supremacy and seriously imperil the interests of the wage-earners themselves.

Many have thought that American independence of character is so great a safeguard against the possible tyranny of the trade-union that the hampering of industry seen in other countries, and accompanied there by industrial backwardness, cannot take place in America; but there are times when the well-wisher of American working-men has his anxieties for their future, owing to the lack of wisdom often shown by their leaders.

But fair dealing of the employer toward the employed is a necessary part of the mutuality of fair dealing between man and man. The employer who refuses to meet just demands, who lends a deaf ear to proper demands in favor of arbitration, offends against the American ideals of justice and fair dealing.

Fair dealing between man and man is a sentiment that sometimes seems absent from the conduct of certain of the great combinations that have so largely taken possession of the business of the country; and wherever that sentiment is absent, public opinion naturally asserts itself, acting through law. It looks to the outsider as if the principle of fair dealing was not always present in the formation of these enormous combinations, where the rights of minorities are disregarded with a colossal effrontery. Some of the business men most prominent in the public eye are setting bad ex-

amples, which will have effects in the future perhaps not dreamed of by them.

The statesmen and the men of affairs who run counter in precept or example to the cherished ideals of the American people are sure to suffer, if not immediately in estate, then in that good repute which is, to all honorable minds, the only success worth having.

"Human Documents" Concerning Pelée and La Soufrière.

THE immensity of the disasters of May in Martinique and St. Vincent is still uncomprehended. It is hardly to be realized in the mere statement of lives lost or square miles devastated. An intense and lasting interest attaches to this greatest natural catastrophe of recent years from the probability that it is, so to speak, symptomatic of subterranean disturbances in many quarters of the globe.

Bearing this in mind, THE CENTURY has undertaken a treatment of the subject commensurate with its importance from both the scientific and the human points of view—if these can be said to be separate. In the July number we printed a paper on "The Volcano Systems of the Western Hemisphere," by Professor Robert T. Hill of the United States Geological Survey, author of "Cuba and Porto Rico, with the Other Islands of the West Indies," prepared on the eve of his departure for Martinique, the week after the outbreak. In the present number Mr. James F. Kemp, professor of geology in Columbia University, makes a general survey of the most noteworthy volcanoes and earthquakes of the past—a paper which we commend to readers for its intrinsic interest and as a preparation for the articles to follow in our September number on the devastation wrought by Mont Pelée in Martinique and La Soufrière in St. Vincent—each written from careful observation of the scene of devastation and prepared at leisure.

Meanwhile we commend to our readers the important documents which we have been so fortunate as to obtain, and which are likely to make this number of THE CENTURY, for all time to come, a mine of trustworthy evidence relating to these events—evidence in comparison with which the bare narrative of Pliny concerning the great eruption of Vesuvius, here reprinted, seems regrettably inadequate. The touching letter of Vicar-General Parel is such a record as no other observer has made or could make, while the panorama of the life of the city shown in the first full version in English of St. Pierre's newspaper, "Les Colonies," has a graphic quality of entertainment in spite of its solemnity. That portions of this material—by no means the most important fraction—were given out to the press will rather add to the desire of readers to see the whole of it—and what is more inaccessible than day-before-yesterday's newspaper? Turning to St. Vincent, we have the good fortune to present contemporary records of a picturesque sort from two prominent eye-witnesses, both trained observers—the chief of police of the island, and one of the leading

planters, whose home was in the very path of the frightful scourge. But above and beyond the picturesque character of all these "human documents" we estimate the glimpses of heroism and of sympathy they contain. These remind us of the heights of nobility to which man rises in emergencies, indicating that he is something more than a plaything of the elements.

"A Rich Man Killed."

THE observer of American manners is called upon to note a curious tendency of some of our newspapers, and to question whether it is to be charged purely to sensationalism,—of which it is undoubtedly one form,—or whether it reflects a growing tendency of the American mind. We refer to the habit of recording accidents and other interesting occurrences as happening not to mortals, simply as such, but as to possessors, or prospective possessors, of worldly goods. In the journalistic "scare-heads" it is not John Jones of Jonesville who has been run over at the railroad crossing, but "A Rich Man Killed." It is not Miss Mary Marigold who has been struck by lightning while riding on the old Marlborough road, but "The Daughter of a Millionaire." "The Son of a Wealthy Contractor" has been hurt in an automobile smash-up; "The Great-aunt of One of the Richest Men in Laurel County" has fallen out of a second-story window; "A Millionairess" has come near getting drowned; "The Second Cousin of a Multimillionaire" has written a play.

Is this sort of thing plain snobbishness in the maker of the scare-head, and in that part of the public which is supposedly pleased with this method of identification, or is it a sign of a general greed for money and of curiosity concerning those who have it? There are those who hold that snobbishness is confined to the inhabitants of countries that exist under a monarchical system of government, and to the few in other countries who toady to foreign aristocracies. There are those who hold, also, that the possession of much or little money is not an important distinction in the minds of Americans. But we have noticed that those persons who have traveled farthest and best are apt to come to the conclusion that there is a good deal of similarity in human nature.

As a matter of fact, when you get three persons together of varying abilities or culture, you are in danger of having immediately, in any community, an upper, middle, and lower class, as the English call it; and if there come a fourth and a fifth person into the group, perhaps you will have in addition your upper middle class and your lower middle class. (How interesting it is, by the way, to hear an Englishman speak of himself, with perfect equanimity and self-respect, as belonging to the lower middle class!)

Human nature is indeed "much of a muchness," but if there is any exhibition of this muchness which ought to be offensive to the inhabitants of a democracy, it is the kind exemplified and typified and glorified in the journalistic scare-heads to which we refer.

● ● IN LIGHTER VEIN ● ●

Wiseacreage.

THE way to do some things is to do them.

LOVE is a fancy founded on fact.

CONTENTMENT is the result of a limited imagination.

FLIRTATION envies Love, and Love envies Flirtation.

PURITY is not ignorance; it is taste in the selection of experiences.

WOMAN is made for man to come back to.

Carolyn Wells.

Promises.

ONCE when I was very sick,
And doctor thought I'd die,
And mother could n't smile at me
But it just turned to cry,
That was the time for promises;
You should have heard them tell
The lots of good things I could have,
If I'd get well.

But when the fever went away,
And I began to mend,
And begged to eat the goodies
That Grandma Brown would send,
They said beef-tea was better,
And gave my grapes to Nell,
And laughed and said: "You're mighty cross
Since you got well."

Augusta Kortrecht.



Ballade of the Bygone Heroine.

WHERE now the heroine of old,
That being delicately bred,
With azure eyes and hair of gold,
Who "trifled," but who never fed?
Her appetite was limited;
Her fragile form was all her pride.
The heroine of old is dead—
T is little wonder that she died!

Down dewy lanes full oft she strolled,
In airy fabrics habited,
And tiny slippers, thinnest-soled,
She wore whene'er with fairy tread
Toward the trysting-place she sped,
Where dripping boughs at eventide
Rained benedictions on her head—
T is little wonder that she died!

Her interests were manifold:
She loved to work with crewel thread;
She swooned with ease and grace, we're told;
And much of poetry she read.
But oh, ere she was safely wed,
With frowning fate at last defied,
How many, many tears she shed!—
T is little wonder that she died!

ENVOY.

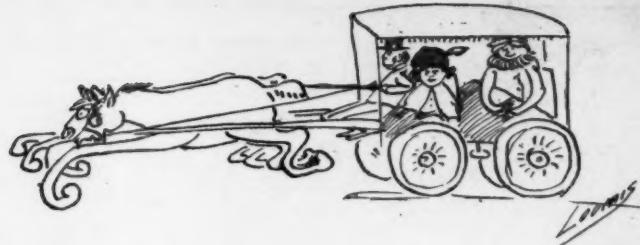
Prints of the past, her likeness dread,
The climax of her woes supplied;
By art and nature sore beset,
T is little wonder that she died!

Jennie Betts Hartwick.





THE BROWNIES' AUTOMOBILE CLUB.



The Mother of Little Maude and Little Maude.
A NONSENSE STORY.

With Nonsense Pictures by the Author.

ONCE upon a time there was a little girl named Maude and she went out a-driving in a four-wheeled carriage drawn by two four-legged horses and driven by one two-legged driver. And the dear little girl named Maude sat on the front seat by the two-legged driver and Maude's dear mama sat on the back seat by herself which is not the same as *beside* herself.

And all of a sudden the horses which had only been running before began to run away. And the dear little girl named Maude wished to let her mama know that they were running away but she did not wish to alarm her too suddenly for sometimes shocks are serious.

And the dear little girl named Maude saw a reporterman walking along the sidewalk looking for news for his paper. So she called to the reporterman and said "I wish to speak to you on business."

And the reporterman was agile and he jumped on the step of the carriage and the little girl said to him "Please get it into your paper that the horses are running away and I wish my dear mama to know it. I am none other than little Maude."

And the reporterman did not know that the lady on the back seat was the mama of little Maude so he raised his cap and jumped from the carriage and nearly fell down in so doing for the horses were now running madly on eight legs and the driver was getting nervous and the reporterman went to the newspaper office and wrote "The

horses of the little girl who is none other than little Maude are running away and it is a pretty serious business for her mama does not know it and there is no telling when the horses will stop."

And they slapped this news into type and then it was printed in the newspaper and a newsboy took the papers and ran into the street crying "Extry! Extry! Full account of the running away of the horses of the little girl who is none other than little Maude."

And Maude's mama heard the little boy and she beckoned to him to bring her a paper. And the newsboy was also agile and he leaped upon the step and sold a paper to the lady for a cent and then he jumped off again, for he had other papers to sell.

And the mama of little Maude began to read the news. And when she came to the part that said the horses of little Maude were running away she looked straight ahead and saw that it was indeed true.

And with great presence of mind she climbed over the back seat and dropped to the ground unhurt. And when little Maude saw that her dear mama had escaped she also climbed over the back seat and dropped to the ground unhurt. And when the driver saw that Maude's mama and little Maude had escaped he also climbed over the back seat and dropped to the ground unhurt.

And the two horses who were very intelligent and who had wondered what would be the outcome of their runaway got into the carriage and they also climbed over the back seat and dropped to the ground unhurt.

Charles Battell Loomis.



